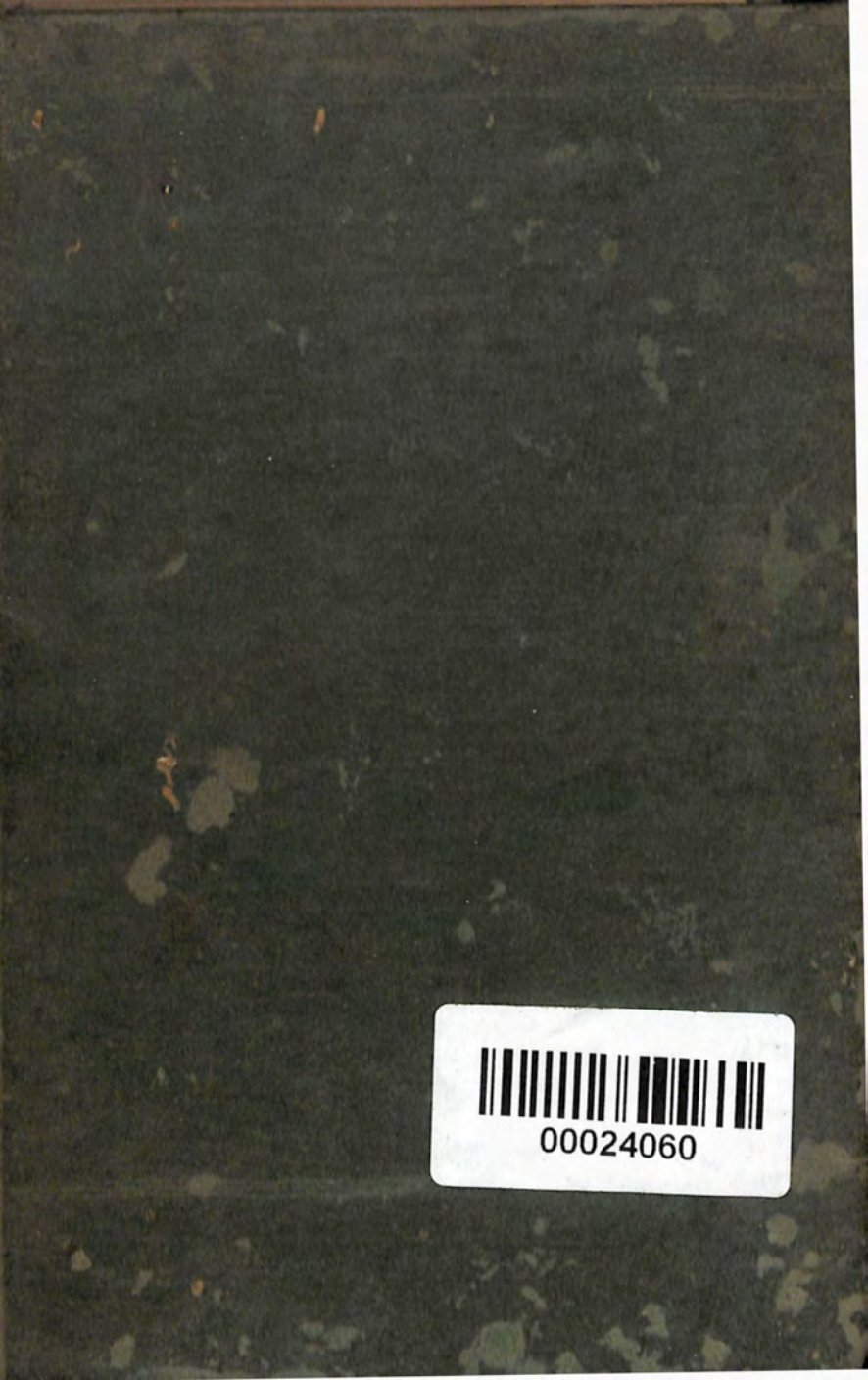
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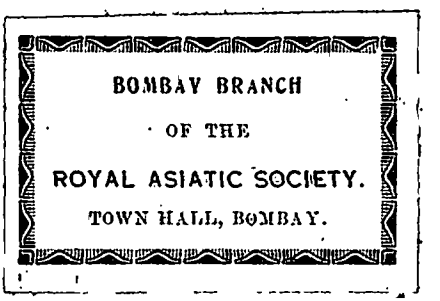

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LIFE

OF

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON,

Historical Painter,

FROM

HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND JOURNALS.

EDITED AND COMPILED

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS
1853.

24060

MEMOIRS

OF

BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON,

FROM HIS JOURNALS.

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1835.

HAYDON inaugurated this year with a picture of Achilles revealing his Sex at the court of Lycomedes, by his sudden forsaking of womanly ornaments for arms. But he was soon compelled to quit a large and heroic subject for smaller and more saleable works. His necessities this whole year through were severe; and embarrassments, continually accumulating, were met by every expedient that urgent wants and sanguine hopes could suggest. The year was one of keen political excitement. The Peel Ministry resigned, and the Whigs returned to power under Lord Melbourne. The burning of the Houses of Parliament the year before had given an opening for hope that some arrangement for art-decoration might be made in the new building, and provision for this was urgently pressed on the Ministry by Haydon in and out of season.

The appointment of Mr. Ewart's select committee of inquiry into the means of extending a knowledge of the arts and principles of design, including an inquiry into the constitution of the Royal Academy, and the effects produced by it, (the appointmen , of which may be attributed in a considerable degree to Haydon,) afforded him an opportunity he had long sought of impressing his views

on Parliament and the people. But these prospects and hopes were dimmed by the loss of one of his children, and his anxieties were not lessened by the birth of another.

"*January 6th.**—A pupil of David spent the evening with me. David said a good thing to him, 'When you cease to struggle, you are done for.' This is more like Napoleon.

"At the Polish ball the Lord Mayor (who squints) said to Lady Douglas, 'Which do you prefer, my Lady, Gog or Magog?' 'Of the *three*,' she replied, 'your Lordship.'

"Rubbed in Milton and his daughter selling Paradise Lost, and Eloisa and Abelard at their studies. Preparing for the year's work.

"The people are in a dreadful condition,—the excitement beyond all belief. I have not stirred from my painting-room. I hate to have my mind disturbed. The Tories say the people must go through a crisis. It is their obstinacy which has produced it.

"*7th.*—Rubbed in two new subjects—Milton at his Organ, dear Mary at her Glass. Saw Lady Blessington to borrow an armlet.

"*10th.*—Read Mignet's History of the Revolution. Extraordinary that all the murders of the French Revolution were perpetrated according to law, and on an abstract principle of virtue. '*La terreur sans vertu est une crime: la vertu sans terreur est une faiblesse*,' said Robespierre.

"*16th.*—In the city on business; much harassed in money matters.

"*17th.*—Rubbed in Samson and Dalilah.

"Raced the town to raise money. Got a commission

* The 21st volume of the journal begins with this year, with the motto, "A man shall not be established by wickedness, but the root of the righteous shall not be moved. They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Sion, which cannot be moved, but abideth for ever."

to paint the Duke on the field of Waterloo, from Boys the printseller. Sentiment with the Duke won't do.

"4. Burwood Place, January 19th, 1835.

"May it please your Grace,

"To permit me to intrude a moment, and to inform your Grace, with your leave, that I have received a commission to paint your Grace musing on the field of Waterloo, to be engraved as a pendant to the picture I had the honour to paint for Sir Robert Peel, of Napoleon musing at St. Helena — conqueror and captive.

"1st. May I presume to ask your Grace to give me leave to make a chalk sketch of your sword and dress, such as you wore at Waterloo under your cloak?

"2nd. Would there be any hope of being allowed to attend your Grace for half an hour, and make a rapid sketch of your Grace's figure, at any time early or late?

"I acknowledge to your Grace I approach you with every delicacy, and prepared to withdraw with every apology, should this intrusion, considering my feelings as a conservative reformer and whig, be considered unwarrantable or impertinent. But as I never scrupled to express my enthusiasm for your genius to any party, I anticipate your pardon, even if your Grace refuses consent.

"With the same respect as dictated my letter to your Grace when you relinquished the Government in 1830,

"I remain,

"Your Grace's faithful servant,

"B. R. HAYDON."

"To his Grace the Duke of Wellington, &c.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and has received his note.

"The Duke hopes Mr. Haydon will excuse him, but he really has not leisure at present to sit for a picture."

"London, March 22d, 1835."

"31*st*. — All of a sudden yesterday a new conception of the Duke burst into my head. I took up a canvas

and in two hours dashed in the best conception by far—the one that shall be engraved. Wrote a strong letter to The Times on the National Gallery.

"The month ends, and I have worked well. I have had comparative peace. I consider it a good beginning to have had an order connected with Wellington. The next month begins to-morrow, and dreadful pecuniary want I anticipate; but my old fire is revived. I have begun again on public encouragement, and again will I be in the thick of the fight. I trust for extrication and salvation to that Being to whom I have always trusted, and feel confident I shall not trust in vain.

"*February 1st.*—Sunday. Called on Lord Melbourne. He was lounging over the Edinburgh Review. He began instantly, 'Why here are a set of fellows who want public money for scientific purposes, as well as you for painting; they are a set of ragamuffins.' 'That's the way,' said I, 'nobody has any right to public money but those who are brought up to politics. Are not painting and science as much matter of public benefit as political jobbing? You never look upon us as equals; but any scamp who trades in politics is looked on as a companion for my Lord.' 'That is not true,' said he. 'I say it is,' said I; and he then roared with laughter, and rubbed his hands.

"He had been to Woburn, where he had met Chantrey and Landseer; I could not get him to touch on politics. 'Lord Melbourne, will you make me a promise?' 'What is that?' 'Pass your word to get a vote of money for art, if you are premier again.' Not a word.

"No old politician ever speaks on politics so as to give you a notion of what is going on.

"After chatting a good while about everything, I bid him good bye.

"*February 3rd.*—At the Duke's, and sketched the cloak he wore at Waterloo, the coat, plain hat, &c. To-morrow they are to be sent to me. The contrast of his house with Lord Grey's was extraordinary. I was

shown into a waiting parlour full of pistols and muskets. All about Lord Grey was anti-military, while everything seems to be martial about the Duke.

"Mugford, his steward, told me the Duke had given him the cloak, and God only knew where the hat was. Is this simplicity, absence of vanity, or want of sentiment in the Duke? Napoleon dwelt on, often looked at, and left to his son the coat he wore at Marengo, and the sword of Austerlitz.

"*9th.* — Worked unsatisfactorily. The Duke lent me his hat, belt, and coat."

Unluckily Haydon wrote to thank him for his kindness.

This, it appears from the next letter, was rather a mistake.

"London, February 7th, 1835.

"Sir,

"I received last night your letter of the 6th, in which you inform me that you had applied to, and obtained from my servant one of my coats, and that you had painted a picture of me which you wished me to see, and which was ready for the engraver.

"You wrote to me on the 19th January to inform me that you had received a commission to paint a picture of me. I told you in answer that I had not time to sit for a picture. You then wrote to desire that I would order my servant to let you see my coat, &c., to which letter I gave no answer.

"You thought proper, however, to go to my servant, and procure from him one of my coats, &c., without any order or consent on my part, and you now come to me to desire me to inspect the picture before it goes to the engraver.

"I have no objection to any gentleman painting any picture of me that he may think proper; but if I am to have anything to say to the picture, either in the way of sitting or sending a dress, or in any other manner, I consider myself, and shall be considered by others, as responsible for it.

"I must say that I by no means approve of the subject of the picture which you have undertaken to paint. Paint it if you please, but I will have nothing to say to it.

"To paint the Emperor Napoleon on the rock of St. Helena

is quite a different thing from painting me on the field of battle of Waterloo. The Emperor Napoleon did not consent to be painted. But I am to be supposed to consent; and moreover, I on the field of battle of Waterloo am not exactly in the situation in which Napoleon stood on the rock of St. Helena.

"But a painter should be a historian, a philosopher, a politician, as well as a poet and a man of taste.

"Now if you will consider the subject of the picture to which you desire me to be a party in the year 1835, in any one of these characters, you will see full reason why you should not choose that subject; and why I should not consent to be a party to the picture.

"I have the honour to be, sir,
"Your most obedient, humble servant,
"WELLINGTON."

Haydon wrote at once to explain the impression he had been under that it was with the Duke's permission that the valet had furnished the clothes, and afterwards sent this letter in addition.

"London, February 8th, 1835.

"My Lord Duke,

"Having, I hope, exculpated myself from the accusation of going to your servant, contrary to your wishes, to obtain, by tampering with him, what your Grace objected to grant, though I was ignorant of such objection, may I now venture to reply to the latter part of your letter?

"Your Grace says 'a painter should be a philosopher, a historian, a politician, a poet and a man of taste.'

"It really appears to me, your Grace, that imagining a great general visiting the field of his greatest battle after many years is both natural and poetical; that the musings that must occur to him there would be philosophical; and though it would not be strictly historical if it had not happened, yet there is surely no bad taste in contrasting the conqueror with the vanquished, or in showing the one in his deserved desolation, and the other in his deserved triumph.

"'I on the field of Waterloo am not exactly in the same situation as Napoleon on the rock of St. Helena,' your Grace adds. Certainly, I reply. It is because your Grace is in a dif-

ferent situation, that I glory in placing you there, and that the public and the army will glory in seeing you there.

"With respect to the subject, it occurred to me at the time I painted Sir Robert Peel's picture of Napoleon. I had always resolved to do my best to honour, as far as my pencil could honour, that man who dared in face of the world to break the chain of an imagined invincibility, who returned to his own country encircled by a splendour of fame, which will last as long as the earth he inhabits, who came back from the command of a victorious army a simple citizen, subjecting himself to the same laws, and paying allegiance to the same sovereign, as the humblest individual in the land he saved.

"Ah, your Grace, you were wanted, and your genius had full scope, because you were necessary; but it is not impossible to imagine a genius in another way, who loves his country with equal devotion, and feels equally conscious of being able to honour it, but whose talents are not in demand, and who is only aware of the extent of his power from the torture of suppression, who passes his life in vain aspirations for opportunities which will never be granted him, and who will go out of the world pitied, disappointed, and ruined.

"With respect to the immediate facts connected with the commission alluded to, they are as follows:—

"It was accidentally proposed by a printseller who had purchased the copyright of Napoleon that I should paint your Grace at Waterloo. I naturally seized the order with avidity, for I was totally without employment. Your Grace cannot blame me for this, when I tell you I have six children, one a midshipman in the Wolf, Captain Stanley, one a scholar at Wadham College, Oxford, and four at home, and that, as Johnson said, I have still to provide for the day that is passing over me. Your Grace cannot wonder then that I was ready to do what I conceived would honour you, as well as provide subsistence for my family, at least for a month more.

"Two-thirds of the purchase-money was paid, so that there is no method of stopping publication, but by purchasing the picture of them and the copyright, and this it is not worth your Grace's while to do.

"With respect to the large picture which I have begun and prepared for completion, the same size as Sir Robert Peel's Napoleon, which is entirely my own property, that, *now* I know your feelings, I pass your Grace my word of honour to proceed

with no further without your leave, and to obliterate it without delay if you desire it.

"I trust, therefore, I shall now regain your opinion as a gentleman, and remain

"Your Grace's admirer and servant,

"B. R. HAYDON."

"His Grace the Duke of Wellington, &c.

"London, February 9th, 1835.

"Sir,

"I have had the honour of receiving your letter of the 8th inst. In the letter which I wrote to you on Saturday, I stated my reason for disapproving of your having applied to my servant for my clothes without my previous consent.

"The same reason still exists. I am not and cannot be a party to or an encourager of the picture which you are painting of me. Do as you please with it. But I have nothing to say to it.

"There can be no doubt that your communication with my servants, without my previous permission, was not regular. I cannot say otherwise.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"WELLINGTON."

"I wrote his Grace, saying, I admitted it was not regular, but that I certainly had an impression the clothes could never have come to me but through his leave; that my thanking him for them was an evidence of my belief, and that he never could have known I had them if I had not informed him; that I had destroyed the large picture, and should destroy the small one if the purchaser was disposed to accede. To this I received the following answer.

"London, February 11th, 1835.

"Sir,

"I have already told you that I have not the smallest objection to your painting and engraving a picture of me in any way you please, and in any costume. It is impossible for me to

have any feeling on the subject, provided that it is clearly understood that I am no party to the picture.

"I have the honour to be, sir,
"Your most obedient, humble servant,
"WELLINGTON."

"*February 12th.* — Worked hard. At the first dawn of morning had a flash of an Imperial Guard musing at Waterloo, as a fitter companion for Napoleon. Finished it over the Duke! This is the first time an Imperial Guard extinguished the Duke."

The result of this correspondence, so characteristic on both sides, was that the publication of the print was arrested for the time.

"*14th.* — Out whole day — very much harassed — sold the Imperial Guard to Ackerman for 31*l.* 10*s.* Came home relieved. To work Monday, but still harassed. Thanks to God for this relief!

"*21st.* — These times are serious indeed. Never were political feelings deeper, more determined or more threatening. Literature and art will be sacrificed. I can get nobody to think of art, and the question, which was becoming one of great interest, is going out entirely. Individually my standing in society is decidedly improved. But my want of employment is as great as ever. I feel inspired, elevated in divine God! I feel internally in communication with the Deity, as if he were near, nearer than ever, as if I were sure of support, though in trial.

"God — what can these mysterious struggles mean — why, if gifted with high power in my art, is it always to be developed by trouble and want? Even now, I begin the day with only one sovereign in the world, and must send some sketches to the pawnbroker for existence. I wrote to Lord Melbourne, and offered him a study of himself for ten guineas. No reply.

"*26th.* — Began Lord Grey musing. Worked sottishly, stupidly, inefficiently, leadenly.

"*27th.* — Went to the city in a state of misery not to

be expressed. Called on Moon, the printseller. I told him of my dreadful situation. He is to call this day. I had written to Lord Egerton, offering to paint the fire of the Houses of Parliament for 50*l.* He answered he had not room for pictures, and sent twenty guineas. Horrid work, this perpetual charitable assistance. This is only additional evidence of what I have always said: when a house is full of old works there is no room for existing talent. Came home in better spirits. Went to Lady Blessington's in the evening.

"Everybody goes to Lady Blessington's. She has the first news of everything, and everybody seems delighted to tell her. No woman will be more missed. She is the centre of more talent and gaiety than any other woman of fashion in London.

"*March* 1*st.* — Called on Lord Melbourne, and found him reading the Acts, with a quarto Greek Testament that belonged to Samuel Johnson, given to him by Lady Spencer.

"'Is not the world, Lord Melbourne, an evidence of perpetual struggle to remedy a defect?' 'Certainly,' he mused out. 'If, as Milton says, we were sufficient to have stood, why did we fall?' Lord Melbourne rose bolt up, and replied, 'Ah, that's touching on all our apprehensions.'

"We then swerved to art. He advised me not to petition before Ewart's motion. He advised me to see Ewart and judge of his character. I told him that all the Ministers began with enthusiasm and ended by doubt, because they first saw the propriety of my propositions, and then asked advice of the Academy, who, perfectly contented with their monopoly and emolument, denied the necessity of State support.

"4*th.* — Nearly finished the Duke of Sutherland's small Napoleon.

"5*th.* — Idle. Went to Hamilton to consult about this Committee for the building of the Lords. Called on Hume, who was knocked up a-bed.

"*6th.* — Called on dear Hamilton. Carried him the petition *, and we laid our heads together to improve it.

* The following is the petition addressed by Haydon to the Commons' and Lords' Building Committee, which was presented by Lord Morpeth.

"The humble petition of B. R. Haydon, historical painter, to the Right Hon. the Chairman and Committee of the House of Commons' and Lords' Building Committee,

"Showeth, — 1. That it is now nineteen years since, at the period of the purchase of the Elgin Marbles, the committee appointed to make that arrangement concluded the report upon the subject by recommending to the attention of the Legislature the great advantage which had accrued to painting and sculpture in so small a state as Attica by the patronage of the government.

"2. That though indisputable talent has been developed in painting by very liberal though private patronage in England, of those branches which private patronage can advance, viz., portrait, peasant-life, landscape, sea views, animal painting, and still life; yet in historical painting enough has not yet been done, either by painters or by the state, to establish the character of Great Britain in the opinion of foreign nations as an historical school: this cannot be attributed to any deficiency of genius, because great excellence has occasionally been shown in individual and insulated works, but solely because there was no adequate space or existing necessity, it is supposed, to justify the state in affording that encouragement, by which alone in foreign countries those who attained eminence have been always supported.

"3. That it appears to your petitioner that the obligation to rebuild the two Houses of Parliament will at last give to the Legislature or to the Government the most favourable opportunity of developing the acknowledged talent now in England, by State employment.

"4. That if spaces were assigned in the old House of Lords for designs in tapestry to commemorate a great national triumph, no just reason can now be given why equal spaces should not be left in the new House for the commemoration by painting of other national triumphs equally important.

"5. That your petitioner has no personal object in thus intruding himself on your notice, having for thirty years of an anxious life given public evidence of being always more animated by a love for his country's honour, than by any desire for gain or emolument; but there can be no dereliction of principle in respectfully saying he is ready at a moment's notice to lay a series of designs before your right honourable Committee, to illustrate the superiority of the British Constitution as a fit ornament for a British senate-house: and he is equally ready, if others are considered more worthy, to contribute

He suggested a great improvement. I went to Halket's and wrote a fair copy. Drove to the House. The Building Committee were sitting. I sent it in to the chairman,

his support in helping to execute their designs; his anxious desire being principally to get the principle acknowledged and acted on, and to direct the attention of the Committee to the value of the great opportunity thus placed within their reach, and to urge them to consider the vast benefits which may accrue to the arts and the manufactures of this country, if this favourable moment be seized for the encouragement of historical painting, which has been so long, so ardently, and so helplessly expected, during the last century, by all the greatest men in the nation.

"6. That as the House has with the greatest liberality spent a vast sum, viz., 153,000*l.*, in procuring the finest examples to guide the native artists — as follows: viz., —

"Townley marbles - - - -	£ 20,000
"Elgin marbles - - - -	35,000
"Phygaleian marbles - - - -	19,000
"Angerstein pictures - - - -	58,000
"A Titian, Poussin, and Corregio - -	10,000
"Lord Londonderry's Corregios - -	11,000
	£ 153,000

surely something might now be done to reward those whose works have proved these examples were not afforded in vain.

"7. That the memorials of former times, which a few months ago received their last blow, and are now lost for ever, testified, that even in the middle ages the Sovereigns of this country gave large and liberal encouragement to historical painting; for the walls of St. Stephen's Chapel, and the Painted Chamber, were evidences of the conviction entertained that it was to the interest and honour of the State it should be fostered at that time.

"8. That your petitioner begs to conclude by appealing to your right honourable Committee, whether it will not be subject of regret to the future historian if an age so far advanced in knowledge, and so distinguished in talent, as the present, should prove itself less sensible of the great value of history-painting than one so remote and comparatively uncivilised as those of Henry III., when the two Houses of Parliament would certainly not have been rebuilt without the embellishment of historical painting.

"And your petitioner will ever pray,

"B. R. HAYDON.

"London, March 6.

"4. Burwood Place, Connaught Terrace."

Lord Granville Somerset, and prayed for success. God grant it! Thou knowest I have never given in.

"*7th.* — Finished the Duke of Sutherland's Napoleon. Called on Hamilton, who advised me to send a copy of the petition to the Duke of Wellington, which I did.

"I am most anxious about this matter, because it really is the climax of my efforts, to obtain which I have staid in England, neglected to go to Italy, and devoted my whole life to the accomplishment of this great national object. If the Committee, Lords or Commons, if the Duke take it up, it will go on. God only knows. The misery is, the art is considered but as an embellishment — a sort of gilding — nothing more.

"*9th.* — No answer. Went into the city for money. Came back disappointed.

"Rubbed in a grand subject — Orestes hesitating to murder Clytemnestra, — ghost of Agamemnon.

"*11th.* — Advanced Lord Grey musing. It will make an interesting thing. Exceedingly distressed in mind on money wants. Wrote to the Duke of Devonshire."

Haydon had painted at this time a small picture of Napoleon at St. Helena for the Duke of Sutherland. Just after the picture arrived at the Duke's, who should enter the room where it was placed, previously to being hung up, but Lucien Buonaparte. The Duke, who was there at the time, told Haydon that he had just time to turn the picture to the wall.

"*18th.* — Hard at work and completed my little picture of a Statesman musing after a Day's Fag.

"Cassandra much liked. One of the papers said the 'Veteran Haydon.' This is the first step towards the grave. By-and-bye, 'Old Haydon;' then 'Poor old Haydon.'

"*20th.* — Rubbed in Mr. Cowper and Mrs. Leicester Stanhope, from a *tableau vivant* I saw at her house, as a Scotch girl and lover; very pretty.

"*23rd.* — Saw Ewart, and had a long conversation

previous to the motion for a Committee. He is a sensible man, and regulated my enthusiasm. The difficulties are great, but he will do it.

"*25th.* — My trials are severe, yet I trust in God with all my heart; and if I had really begun a picture, all would be right, for mind in artists preys upon itself. *Nous verrons demain matin.*

"*28th.* — Took my dear little Georgy—beautiful little creature — to Sir Charles Clarke — was there all the morning. Then called on Lord Grey, who was looking well. He is going to put the Banquet in the dining-room which will do me good. Then came home and made a drawing for the Achilles; appointed a model for Monday but so many pecuniary anxieties will accrue next week, I dread to think of the loss of time.

"O God! what 50*l.* would do — float me entirely in, and lay the foundation again of triumph.

"I was obliged to take out five heads — dear Harry's * collection of Napoleons — and pawn them for 7*l.*; and now, Saturday, I am reduced to 1*l.* 15*s.*, with a dear infant ill, and bills to meet next week to the amount of 50*l.* Good heavens! But I despair not. Oh, no! I shall be relieved. Began Achilles again, which I wish I had never left for trifles. God bless me through it, as He has always blessed me through all my works, in spite of every misery.

"*29th.* — Drank wine with my old friend Billy †, the dearest friend I ever had, and went in the evening to Lady Blessington's. She described Lord Abercorn's conduct at the Priory. She said it was the most singular place on earth. The moment anybody became celebrated they were invited. He had a great delight in seeing handsome women. Everybody handsome he made Lady Abercorn invite; and all the guests shot, hunted, rode, or did what they liked, provided they never spoke to Lord

* His dead boy.

† Newton, his landlord, — a Phœnix of a man.

Abercorn except at table. If they met him they were to take no notice.

"At this time Thaddeus of Warsaw was making a noise. 'Gad,' said Lord Abercorn, 'we must have these Porters. Write, my dear Lady Abercorn.' She wrote. An answer came from Jane Porter that they could not afford the expense of travelling. A cheque was sent. They arrived. Lord Abercorn peeped at them as they came through the hall, and running by the private staircase to Lady Abercorn, exclaimed, 'Witches, my lady! I must be off,' and immediately started post, and remained away till they were gone.

"*April 4th.* — At work at the Achilles. I omitted to subscribe to Soane's tribute. I wrote to tell him I was too poor. He enclosed me directly a cheque for 10*l.*, for which I shall give him a share.* He ought not to have done so, and I ought not to have accepted it."

On the 8th of this month the Peel and Wellington Cabinet resigned.

"*May 1st.* — Hard at work, and nearly completed the 'We are a ruined Nation.' Being obliged to put in a couple of portraits spoils it; but to such hard uses does necessity drive one. Lord Grey's help to-day has secured me from immediate ruin, and under the blessing of Providence I will get through. On Monday I return to Achilles. There, there only is my energy fixed.

"*7th.* — I painted a sirloin yesterday on John Bull's table, in style. Finished the Old Tory."

This refers to a capital humorous picture of a lusty John Bull at breakfast, surrounded with every luxury, and proclaiming the ruin of the country.

"*June 1st.* — Anxious the whole day about my dearest Georgy. Sir Charles Clarke came and said she ought to do well. She looked like a suffering and prostrate lily. We had her baptized in case of the worst.

"*5th.* — Dearest Georgy will die like the last three

* In his picture of Xenophon.

from suffusion of the brain — a dreadful disease. As I watched her to-night in her convulsions, her beautiful head had a look of power and grief no one could forget. It's dreadful work. I tried to sketch her dear head, but could not. The look was of another world, as if she saw sights we could not see, and heard sounds unfit for our mortality — sweet innocent.

"*7th.* — My dearest Georgy died to-day at ten minutes before six.

"*14th.* — I have no employment. My landlord allows me to pay off my debt to him by Achilles, and allows me *5l. 5s.* a week for five months to do it in.

"*17th.* — Called on Ridley Colborne and had a conversation. It is extraordinary how ingenious men are to find excuses for the errors of power, and how very ready they are to join the hue and cry against unsupported opposers of it.

"Ridley Colborne put forth all the most common-place truisms with the gravest oratorical assumption, in answer to my questions. At last I said, 'Will you vote for the Committee?' He drew in and said, 'I make no promise.'

"The fact is the aristocracy are determined to carry the Academy through. The Academy is a necessary appendage to the spring fashions, and people of fashion can no more do without it than they can do without their valets or ladies' maids.

"*22nd.* — Excessively distressed. No employment but my landlord's charity. The Session is passing. The Academy has advanced in power. They will get into the National Gallery and laugh at the country.

"*23rd.* — Visited the tomb of my dear children.* I hope I shall be able to leave something to keep it in order.

"*24th.* — Opened the Bible in an agony of despairing thought. Hit at once on the following passage: —

"'I will go before thee, and make the crooked paths

* In Paddington new churchyard.

straight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut asunder the bars of iron.' Isaiah, chap. xiv., v. 2.

"A passage like this sent me through Macbeth in the middle of want, when my father left me.

"(Note. *October 30th.* — It sent me through Achilles, then painting, and will support me while I live.)

"*July 14th.*—I tried an experiment in 1830. I wrote to Sir Robert Peel I was in prison, and begged his protection of my family from the brutal tax-collector. He wrote to the Treasury instantly, and orders were issued to the collector to wait. As soon as I returned to my family I kept my word with Sir Robert, and paid up all my arrears.

"Now I am in such necessity I cannot pay up my arrears and register myself. I have written Charles Wood, and told him about Peel, and asked him to help me with 17*l.*, and I will repay him it 5*l.* at a time. We shall see. This will be a fair specimen, and I'll bet five to one Wood refuses.

"They may say what they like of Peel, he has a good, a tender, and a feeling heart.

"*14th.*—Hard at work. Wrote the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Morpeth, and Hume for help to pay my taxes. Not a sixpence from either, I'll bet.

"*15th.*—Lord Morpeth helped me."

At this time, to Haydon's great triumph, Mr. Ewart obtained his Select Committee 'to inquire into the best means of extending a knowledge of the arts and principles of design among the people (especially among the manufacturing population) of the country; and also to inquire into the constitution of the Royal Academy, and the effects produced by it." Haydon's unceasing efforts had no little share in producing this result, and the triumph he expresses about it is natural. To aid the promoters of the inquiry, he wrote letters to the newspapers, and determined on giving lectures at the London Mechanics' Institute, under the auspices of Dr. Birkbeck.

"18*th*.—Hard at work, and finished another little picture of We are a ruined Nation.

"26*th*.—I lecture at the Mechanics' Institute. It is quite an experiment. God support me. I hope I shall get through. As to matter I am quite sure; but self-possession in face of a multitude is different from self-possession in a study.

"22*nd*.—Finished Achilles, thanks to God! Began it April 1st. Painted three weeks on other things. Two weeks idling, *i. e.* not painting, but not idleness of mind.

"At half-past nine my dearest Mary presented me with a boy. Shall I call the dog B. R. Haydon?

"26*th*.—Began Christ raising the Widow's Son. God bless my commencement, progression, and concluding, and the same protection and courage to conquer difficulties as He has ever granted, and render this picture as well as Achilles beneficial to my dear landlord, Newton, for whom, and to pay off whom, they are painted. Amen with all my soul.

"29*th*.—Such was my necessity last Saturday, I was obliged to take down all my drawings in the parlour while Mary was actually in labour-pains, and raise money. But I shall carry my great object, and, glorious creature, she will suffer anything rather than that I should fail.

"Made another sketch of another conception, and a much finer one. I painted it in one continual agony. I was threatened with an execution, and expected at every knock to see the man enter. Heart-breaking apprehensions seized me at intervals of thought, but I got through, something constantly saying, 'Work away and trust in God.' I did so, and succeeded.

"*Sept*. 8*th*.—Worked hard, and brought on my picture to a resting-point. This evening, at last, I lectured * at the Mechanics' Institute. After all my humiliations, it was at first a rather nervous affair. The audience paid me keen and intense attention, and ultimately were en-

* This was the first of the published lectures.

thusiastic. One man said my delivery was perfect; another, who was deaf, said my delivery was the only thing wanting. Dr. Birkbeck said, as we went out, 'You have got 'em, it is a hit;' and I think it was. I laid down principles which must reform English art, and I had an audience who gloriously comprehended them.

"*26th.*—The agony of my necessities is really dreadful. For this year I have principally supported myself by the help of my landlord, and by pawning everything of any value I have left, until at last it is come to my clothes, a thing in all my wants I never did before. I literally to-day sent out my dinner suit, which cost 10*l.*, and got 2*l.* 15*s.* on it for to-night's necessities. Oh, it is dreadful beyond expression! I could not go to dearest Mary and ask her for her little jewelries; but I am now, if invited to dinner, without a dress to dine in.

"I finished the feet of the widow's son capitally, and if I can complete the hand left I shall have done the picture; but these wants press hard indeed. 'Great is the glory, for the strife is hard.'

"Painted all day, but in great anxiety.

"*28th.*—Lay awake in misery. Threatened on all sides. Feared the dreadful effect on my dear Mary. Doubtful whether to apply to the Insolvent Court to protect me, or let ruin come. Wrote to Lord Spencer and Mr. Harman in a state not to be understood. Improved the picture, and not having a shilling sent a pair of my spectacles, and got 5*s.* for the day.

"*29th.*—Sent the tea-urn off the table, and got 10*s.* for the day. Shall call my creditors together. In God I trust.

"*30th.*—My worthy landlord called, and I told him my horrid condition. He behaved well, but was hurt I had not told him before. Painted after he was gone, but in a harassed state not to be described. To-morrow is the meeting: God enlighten them! I go to sleep something like a culprit in Newgate, who expects to be awakened by the execution bell. God protect us! Let

me get out of debt this time; if ever I get in again punish me.

"*October* 1*st.*—Harass, threats, harass. Worked hard and finished the drapery.

"*2nd.*—Harassed. Awoke at two with heated consciousness of approaching ruin. Listened if dear Mary was ill; all dead, silent. The children expect something, and are nervous. The servants lag. What an instinct there is in a house. The creditors met last night. Some got up in the midst of examining my statements to look at my picture of the Widow's Son. A little, fat, worthy fellow said, 'Just returned to life; yes, indeed, beautiful!' All that came granted me time.

"*3rd.*—Out all day to see creditors. One at Margate, one in Devonshire, and so forth. Came home, tired and irritable. By way of a comfort, served with a writ in the evening by a fellow (who would not come to the meeting) for books. Hail Sunday—the solace of the dray-horse and the debtor. Hail!

"*5th.*—Out with my dear landlord, and quieted two important creditors. As a proof of this man's innate goodness of heart, he said as we went along, 'I hope I shall get you through.' Came home and looked at my picture in sorrow. Nothing Saturday or Monday.

"6*th.*—Worked hard, and finished the widow's son.

"7*th.*—Out and got another creditor to sign till June, 1836. Came home exceedingly tired, and fell asleep from sheer want of repose, as if my brain was in a stupor.

"8*th.*—Out uselessly—fatigued to death. Looked at my picture.

"9*th.*—Worked deliciously, as I was resolved to paint, let what would happen. This ruined me in 1823.

"Painted the mother's head.

"10*th.*—My wedding-day. Worked hard and finished the mother. This week ended so far well—nearly all my creditors have agreed to my terms, but still there are some who harass. Last Saturday I did not expect to get through this week; but I trusted, and have done it.

"13*th*.—Hard at work, and put in a beautiful head of dearest Mary.

"Called on Lord Melbourne and had an hour's interview. 'Is there any prospect, my Lord, of the House of Lords being ornamented by painting?' 'No,' he thundered out, and began to laugh. 'What is the use of painting a room of deliberation?' 'Ah,' said I, 'if I had been your tutor at college, you would not have said that.' He rubbed his hands again, looking the picture of mischief, and laughed heartily. I then said, 'Let me honour your reign.' He swaggered about the room in his grey dressing-gown — his ministerial boxes on the table — his neck bare — and a fine antique one it was — looking the picture of handsome, good-natured mischief. 'Suppose,' said he, 'we employ Calcott.' 'Calcott,' my Lord, a landscape painter!' said I. 'Come, my Lord, this is too bad.' He then sat down, opened his boxes, and began to write. I sat dead quiet, and waited till his majesty spoke. 'What would you choose?' 'Maintain me for the time, and settle a small pension to keep me from the workhouse.' He looked up with real feeling. 'Let me,' said I, 'in a week bring you one side as I would do it.' He consented, and we parted most amicably. God knows what will come of it.

"16*th*.—Worked very hard, and delightfully. Made a sketch of one side of the House of Lords, as I propose to adorn it—with a series of subjects to illustrate the principle of the best government to regulate without cramping the liberty of man.

Anarchy - - -	Banditti.
Democracy - - -	Banishment of Aristides.
Despotism - - -	Burning of Rome.
Revolution - - -	La dernière charette.
Moral Right - - -	Establishment of Jury.
Limited Monarchy - -	King, Lords and Commons.

"God grant this victory at last.

"20*th*.—Out again—was so miserable at not being

able to paint, I came home and set to work, come what would, and left my dear landlord to attend to it.

"21*st.*—Worked hard and delightfully at Christ's head. God only knows if successfully. What a condition mine is. No prints—no books—all gone as security for loans to support my family. Yet 'Go on' I ever hear, as I have ever heard for thirty years. God bless me with health and vigour of mind to my last gasp.

"28*th.*—On Sunday I sent down by Lord Melbourne's desire the sketch of one side of the House of Lords, containing pictures to illustrate the best government for man. He saw it, and seemed more nettled than pleased I had proved its feasibility. He objected to the picture of Revolution being taken from the French. He said the French Government would think it an insult; and said the subjects ought all to refer to the House of Lords and English history. I replied it should be an abstract idea, illustrated from the history of the world. After musing some time he said, 'It certainly does express what you mean, but I will have nothing to do with it.' He then went on bantering me, and I replying in the same strain —it was an amusing duel.

"30*th.*—God protect us—Amen. Sold some prints, which relieved our actual wants, and nearly finished the figure, though being so dark it may want supervision. I think I may say I am beginning to reap at last, in execution, those delights I looked forward to when dissecting.

"God in heaven grant me twenty years more of meridian powers."

At this time Lord Brougham's Discourse of Natural Theology appearing engrossed Haydon; and, as is usually the case, when any book deeply interested him, he has filled many pages of his journal with arguments and reflexions suggested by it, at the end of which he acknowledges he should have been painting instead of writing them.

"*Nov.* 4*th.*—Lord Brougham's book threw my mind entirely off its balance for painting, and I have not

touched my brush till to-day, and then very feebly. Such speculations always act thus on me.

"6*th.*—Up to this moment I have not actually painted. Why? Harass, anxiety, want of money, loss of time in being obliged to trudge about and sell my own prints, at fifty years old nearly, and after thirty-one years' intense devotion to the art. It is hard; but God's will be done.

"*Dec. 5th.*—Hard at work, and advanced well. An Academician said the sun of art had set in this country. The silly creature—it has never risen. The first streak of the dawn has but just appeared. The morning star is still glittering. The comets Reynolds, Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough, were blazing but irregular lights. We have never had the steady effulgence of the sun.

"31*st.*—The last day of 1835. Another last day. On reviewing the year, though I have suffered bitter anxieties, I have cause for the deepest gratitude to my great Creator in raising me up such a friend as my dear landlord, who has helped me when the nobility forsook me, as usual; and employed me to paint the Widow's Son and Achilles, paying me five guineas weekly, to the amount of 100 guineas, and then striking off 400 guineas for each from the gross debt. During the whole of that time I have not had a single inquiry as to what I was doing, or if I wanted anything to do, though they all know my necessities, my large family, and my misfortunes.

"I close this year, 1835, apprehending an execution; but I despair not. A star is always shining in my brain, which has ever led me on, and ever will.

"Though the Melbourne Ministry, in imitation of their head, have no feeling for art, a feeling is dawning among the mechanics and the middle classes. Day has broke, however far off may be the meridian sunshine."

Through all the sore struggle of this year Haydon had seen more of fashionable society than at any period since that of his early successes. I find constant mention of dinners, and routs, and charade-parties. Entered *pêle mêle* with notes of invitation to such gay and pleasant

parties are urgent appeals for commissions to great patrons, lawyers' letters, many notes refusing assistance, not a few giving it. No wonder that the constant battling with necessity had already begun to tell as well on Haydon's mode of working as on his powers. He was now painting pictures for bread,—repeating himself,—dispatching a work in a few days that in better times he would have spent months over,—ready to paint small things, as great ones would not sell,—fighting misery at the point of his brush, and with all his efforts obliged to eke out a livelihood by begging and borrowing, in default of worse expedients, such as bills and cognovits. In short, the net of embarrassment was now drawn closely about him, never more to be struggled clear of while he lived. A less elastic temperament and a less vigorous constitution would have broken down in one year of such a fight. Haydon kept it up for ten. One justice must be done him; if he pleaded hard for himself in his necessities, he pleaded as passionately for art.

1836.

"*January 1st.*—Prayed God to bless us through the year, and went into the city to beg mercy from a lawyer till Monday, though I have no more chance of paying then than now. To-day I had another sum due. I must beg money to-morrow for that. I came home to attend to my sick children, relying on the lawyer's honour. So has passed the first day of 1836.

"*2nd.*—Harass, harass, harass. Fred ill.

"*5th.*—Dashed in Adoration of Magi.

"*7th.*—Not fairly begun yet. The canvas came home to-day. God bless it, and what I put on it.

"*8th.*—Rubbed in the Magi. God bless me through it. Sketched from naked model the figures for the picture.

"*9th.*—Completed the rubbing-in of the picture, and made two sketches of lion and man, and had a kind letter from the Duke of Bedford, with 5*l.*,—a real bless-

ing. I took my dress coat out of pawn with it to lecture at the Mechanics' Institution.

"10*th.*—My house in great anxiety, from so much sickness. I hope the dear baby will not suffer. Marriage entails great interruptions, but I think it prevents a man's mind eating him up, which is the case in too much solitude.

"11*th.*—'Italy is the place for a painter,' said my friend. I say, 'No.' In Italy everything has been done. England is the place for enterprise, where everything is to be done.

"13*th.*—Read my second lecture at the Mechanics' Institution on the bones, with great applause, and introduced the naked figure.

"I told them all if they did not get rid of every feeling of indelicacy in seeing the naked form, and did not relish its abstract beauty, taste for grand art would never be rooted amongst them. This was received with applause, and I broke the ice for ever. I always said the middle classes were sound, and I am sure of it. I was obliged to take my black coat out of pawn to lecture in; and this morning, when all my friends are congratulating me, in walks an execution for 50*l.* I wrote to Lord Melbourne, Peel, and Duke of Bedford. Lord Melbourne sent me directly a cheque for 70*l.* This was kind-hearted. He told me I must not think him hard, but decidedly he could not repeat it. I concluded my grateful reply by telling him that I should think nothing hard but his building the House of Lords without pictures—at which he laughed heartily I will be bound.

"24*th.*—What a grand style the artists had got into their heads the last century.

Nothing natural was the - - -	grand style.
Bad colour - - - - -	grand style.
No light and shadow - - -	grand style.
Clothing a king and beggar alike -	grand style.
Dislocated knees, hip, wrists, and neck	grandest style.

"25*th.*—My birthday—fifty years old. Settled the

subject for Newton, Samson and Dalilah. God bless me through it! Amen.

"*26th.*—Another execution for *22l.* Wrote Lord Lansdowne. No answer yet. I shall stand it out; but the expenses are horrible. This is always the way after any publicity.

"*30th.*—Rubbed in Cassandra. (Released from execution, after a week's agony.)

"*31st.*—Passed the day in divine peace after the torments of the week. Read prayers to the children, and wrote my fourth lecture. How will the academic authorities of art in Europe stare to hear these rebellious doctrines promulgated by a simple Englishman in a Mechanics' Institute, No. 37. Southampton Buildings, Holborn. Why the cocked hats of all the presidents will rise up like Mahomet's coffin, and be suspended in horror between earth and heaven, uncertain which to fly to for refuge and protection.

"Hail immortal cocked hats!—the last of an illustrious race—hail! but carry with you this consolation in adversity,—nothing human is stable. Babylon, in all her glory, fell. Why should cocked hats escape the sentence of all things human?

"*February 3rd*—*10th.*—Being a little clear, I began to glaze the Widow's Son, drying oil and mastic, half and half.

"*16th.*—The R. A.'s complain I do not go on in 'a quiet gentlemanly way.' Exactly so. When I got into a prison nothing would have pleased them more than if I had died in a 'quiet gentlemanly way.'

"*19th.*—Glazed and completed, but I can look back with little satisfaction on the passing of the last two months. So much harass, and thinking for lectures, though they were triumphantly received. So much necessity and pecuniary want are sad occupiers of time. However, I trust in God, as I have ever done, and hope humbly he will have the mercy to permit my two last pictures to be sold for my sake, and for the encour-

agement of my worthy landlord, to go on helping me to finish other works.

"Called at the Duke's to see Cassandra; was not pleased. Her head is too small, and that is the fault of all the heads: and the foreground kneeling man is too large. One gets flattered so in one's own painting-room, and thinks so highly of one's immediate efforts — I was abashed at seeing so many faults. They shall not occur again.

"*24th.* — I dined with Lord Audley last night.* He gave me two handsome commissions. I trust in God they will turn out satisfactorily; and that He will bless their commencement, progression, and conclusion.

"*March 2nd.* — Hard at work. Lord Audley has given me a handsome commission — the Black Prince thanking Lord James Audley for his valour after the battle of Poictiers. This subject will bring me into English history, which I have long wished for.

"*4th.* — In the City, for what the City is only fit for — cash — and disappointed.

"*5th.* — In the City for cash, and, the best of the joke is, got it. Lord Audley called and sat while I finished his second son. Settled the size and everything. All now afloat, thanks to God! What I have gone through these pages testify! Let any man of feeling reflect that on the loss of a beautiful infant, we were obliged to pawn our winter things to bury her,—that when my dear Mary was screaming in labour, I rushed into my parlour, took down the drawings of my children, and raised *2l.* on them, after my landlord had advanced me *3l.* — that on the night of my most brilliant success, I took my coat out of pawn, and had the torture of being obliged to return it the next day, with the thunder of public applause ringing in my ears.

"Lord Audley seems quite aware of all, and says he hopes his example will be followed by the nobility in recording the deeds of their ancestors.

* Lord Audley was undoubtedly at this time insane.

"*7th.*—Lord Audley dined with us, an old George IV.'s man — the lineal descendant of the Lord James Audley who fought at Poictiers. He told us all about his poverty, of Lord Grey's getting him 300*l.* from the King's privy purse, and his losing it in a coffee-house; of his going to Lord Dudley at twelve at night, and stating his misfortunes, and that Lord Dudley went into the next room, and wrote a cheque for 1500*l.* for him.

"He said George IV., one day when he dined with the King in company with Sir E. Horne, said 'Audley, I must kiss your forehead,' and did so in honour of Poictiers.

"He drank freely and fell asleep. I could not help being deeply interested at seeing the descendant of Lord James Audley dozing by my fire-side.

"He said, since he gave me that commission, he had been advised not to do so, for fear his picture should be seized. He told us, 'he despised the scoundrel.'

"Lord Audley said, 'Money is at your command.' He talked of making my daughter presents, but this I shall not allow, and if he does anything out of the way in point of liberality for me, I will write to his eldest son, for I do think he is eccentric. He made me tell him how much I owed, and said, 'Would you not like to be cleared?' But it is a large sum.

"He praised my daughter, (who is beautiful), and said, 'if Bill likes her, and she will marry him, I will give him 50,000*l.** He told stories capitally well, and laughed heartily, and then stopped, and laughed, and looked serious. His manners were peculiar, and made me melancholy. What seemed to dwell on his mind was his former poverty. He told me our meeting was providential, and that I should never want. He got excessively tipsy with little wine. I went for a coach and sent him to the New Hummums. I feared after, I ought to have seen him home.

"Poor Lord Audley, he means to do us a service if not persuaded out of it.

* My simplicity in believing the vagabond! — B. R. H. 1845.

"He was very witty, and concluded always his stories of the nobility assisting him, by saying, 'You know I always brought in Poictiers.'

"10*th*. — Lord Audley called; was highly pleased, and left me 85*l*. He talked no more of Bill and 50,000*l*. He saw my little dear, who said, 'Lord Audley is different to-day.' I did not tell her, but the fact was he was *sober*— all the difference.

"11*th*. — Spent the day at the Museum, and read Hollinshed, Stowe, and Froissart. Stowe's is the best account. Looked into Stothard's beautiful Monumental Effigies, and into Meyrick.

"19*th*. — The private day at Suffolk Street. Sir Robert Peel was there in the morning and admired the Achilles. He went to the Falstaff, and said to a member, 'I don't know if this is not his *forte*.' Now this was very mischievous. It is not more my *forte* than Napoleon, or the head of Lazarus.

"20*th*. — Read late last night in Stowe's Chronicles and hurt my eyes. Sent the children to church, and read prayers to myself with the greatest delight. There is nothing like piety.

"Sir Joshua said no man would be a great painter who looked to Sunday as a relief. I say he will never be a great painter, the development of whose powers will be injured by one day in seven devoted to religion.

"Rubens arose at four, prayed, and entered his painting-room. Here was the most daring spirit in the art— a man who had only to use his brush as authors use their pens, and do little else but write his conceptions on canvas—not venturing to begin for the day till he had prayed for blessing on his efforts.

"I always used to remark that the idlest students worked hardest on a Sunday. Call on them in the week, they were never at their studies: call on a Sunday, and you were sure to find them buried in all the grubbiness of dressing-gown and dirty slippers.

"21*st*. — Hard at work and advanced rapidly. Pictures

that used to take me years I do now in months. Those which *now* take me months, I hope soon will only take me days.

"*30th.*—Lectured at the Mechanics on Composition; tried them on the Academy, and succeeded. The committee were in a funk.

"In the Committee afterwards they said, 'Your enthusiasm carried them on, or they would not have borne it.' No. It was their understandings carried them on. They have an instinct against oppression. They know I am the victim.

"*April 6th.*—Lectured at the Mechanics with great applause. Hamilton ('*ce cher* William Hamilton,' as Canova called him) went, and seemed highly gratified. He took his son, Captain Hamilton, a fine sailor-like, manly fellow. They seemed astonished at my hearty reception from the audience. They are of a different race to the audiences at the Royal Institution.

"*12th.*—In the City and succeeded. Curse the crowded, stinking, smoky, golden city, with its iron, money-getting, beastly, under-bred snobs!

"*May 3rd.*—Finished my lecture.

"*4th.*—Delivered it, and concluded the series triumphantly. Frank and dear Mary were there, and when she came in with her beautiful face, they gave her a round of applause. Ah, would my dear Harry had been present. How his magnificent young soul would have expanded!"

The picture of Xenophon was raffled for on the 9th of this month and won by the Duke of Bedford. The amount of subscriptions was 840*l.*, and the noble winner presented the picture to the Russell Institution, Great Coram Street, Russell Square, where it now hangs. There is great vigour in the work throughout, and parts of it, such as the head of the horse in the centre, the back of the rider who is carrying his wife, the wounded soldier and the female figure, are admirable. But it represents rather an episode in the march up Mount Theches than the discovery of the sea from its summit;

and the distribution of the picture is not pleasing; the foreground figures look too large, owing to the want of a group in the middle distance to connect them with Xenophon and his soldiers on the hill-top in the background.

On the 16th of the same month death took Haydon's youngest child, Newton. Passionately attached to his children as Haydon was, this blow fell heavily, and left him for many days in a melancholy apathy. "That dear, innocent quiet angel of a baby haunts my imagination," he writes on the 25th. And it should not be forgotten that the sorrow came at a time of grievous straits, when everything on which money could be raised was often pawned for necessaries. The success of the lectures, it is true, was some set-off against want and family griefs. Haydon was a most effective lecturer. His confident, energetic, and earnest manner carried his audience cheerfully along with him. His delivery was distinct and animated, and his style better adapted for hearing than reading. The two published volumes of lectures will be found to contain much the germ of which is to be found in the Autobiography and Journals, and their publication renders unnecessary more detailed notice of the lectures themselves in this book.

The lecturer's power of rapid and vigorous drawing also stood him in good stead, and the masterly effect with which he dashed down on his black board a figure or a limb, or illustrated the leverage of a bone, or the action and mechanics of a musole, always commanded interest and applause. Then he was never afraid of his audience; he ruled them, sternly enough sometimes, and never shrunk from a reprimand when he thought they deserved it. A friend who attended his lectures at Liverpool has described to me how once, when he had got up two wrestlers on the platform to demonstrate the laws of muscular action in the living subject, the audience having laughed at some contortion of the pair, Haydon fiercely addressing the laughers as "you fools," checked the merriment, and

ordered his hearers to observe and admire, with more respect for God Almighty's handiwork.

Lecturing, which Haydon had now fairly begun, became before long one of his main resources, and it must be added to the other means he took of inculcating his views of art and its relations to government and education.

"*June 21st.*—Out on business. Came home. Dashed in the composition of the Heroine of Sarragossa. Did little to Poictiers. I have had a great deal of money; have paid a great deal away; have none left, and am harassed out of my life."

"Mr. Ewart's Committee * commenced its sittings in

* The Committee consisted of Mr. Ewart (chairman), Mr. Morrison, the Lord Advocate, Mr. Pusey, Mr. John Parker, Mr. Wyse, Mr. H. T. Hope, Dr. Bowring, Mr. Heathcoate, Mr. Strutt, Mr. Hutt, Mr. Brotherton, Mr. Scholefield, Mr. David Lewis, Mr. Davenport.

It examined manufacturers, connoisseurs, picture-cleaners and dealers, Royal Academicians and artists. Its report adverted to the little encouragement hitherto given to the arts in this country, to the close connexion between arts and manufactures, and the want of means for instruction in design in our principal seats of manufacturing industry: and suggested, in addition to the Normal School of Design, which Government had now taken a vote for establishing, local schools to be assisted by grants; the formation of museums and galleries of art, and further, the formation of a cheap and accessible tribunal for the protection of invention in design.

With respect to Academies, the Committee inclined to the belief that the principle of free competition in art will ultimately triumph over all artificial institutions, and pointed out strongly the ambiguous half public, half private character of the Academy, without directly recommending any modification of its constitution.

With respect to the National Collections, the Committee recommended the compiling of a catalogue for the use of visitors, the fixing on the frames of the pictures the names of the school, the master, the date of his birth and death — the purchase of the works of living British artists, after they have stood the test of time and criticism — the deposit in the National Gallery of the Cartoons from Hampton Court — the admission of practical and professional critics among the persons entrusted with the duty of purchasing works for the National Gallery, and an improvement in the constitution of commissions for deciding on plans of public works, by subjecting them first to the test of public criticism, and afterwards to a tribunal consisting of artists in general,

June, and, as may be supposed, Haydon followed the progress of the inquiry with interest. What particularly pleased him was to see the Academicians brought to public examination. His personal grudge and his views of art, education, and patronage had now become too completely intertwined in his mind for him to separate, or for us to unravel them. His own examination took place on the 28th, and the result, he says, was glorious. In entering this fact in his Journal he adds, — "When I think that in 1804 I went into the new church in the Strand, and on my knees prayed I might be a reformer of the art; that often and often I have had those extraordinary inspirations of 'go on' supernaturally whispered; and that now I am permitted to see the beginning of the end of this imposture, I must believe myself destined for a great purpose. I feel it, I ever felt it, I know it."

"The result seems to be," (he says a little later,) "that the artists are disposed to compromise and save the Academy.

"If they do, they deserve all that may and will happen to them again. After thirty years' fighting, the Government have done all they wished; they have granted a Committee; if the artists have neither talent, skill or disinterestedness enough to make full use of so vast an advantage, then let them no more complain, but bend their necks to the chain and the padlock, and submit for another seventy

assisted by persons professionally acquainted with the subject of the work.

In conclusion they submitted, that in the completion of great public buildings, the arts of sculpture and painting might be called in for the embellishment of architecture, and expressed their opinion that the contemplation of noble works in fresco and sculpture is worthy of the intelligence of a great and civilised nation.

It will be obvious to all readers of these Memoirs, that many of the most important of these recommendations were the very things which Haydon had most vehemently urged on Ministers and the public. Haydon in his evidence suggested a constituency of artists who had exhibited three years, to elect annually twenty-four directors for a central school of art in London, in connexion with branch schools in the country.

years to the kicks they have so valorously grumbled under for seventy years past."

His learned and genial friend, Mr. Gwilt, whom Haydon often applied to for information on the History and Antiquities of Art, (on which he could hardly find a better informed or more accessible authority,) furnished him with matter for this examination.*

Haydon was not satisfied with the results of this in-

* Here is Mr. Gwilt's useful summary of facts in the history of Academies of the Fine Arts.

The Academy of St. Luke was founded by Girolamo Muziano, a native of Aquafredda, in the territory of Brescia, who was born in 1528, and died in 1590. Gregory XIII. made him superintendant of works to his chapel. Muziano endowed it during his life, and at his death left all his property to it. Muziano was of Titian's school. Louis XIV. having, in 1665, established a French Academy at Rome, with a pension for twelve scholars of the three arts, induced the Academy of St. Luke to let it be hung on to the original foundation.

The Royal Academy of Architecture at Paris was, through the intercession of M. Colbert, founded by Louis XIV. in 1671, and confirmed by Louis XV. in 1717. It was the practice for lectures to be delivered *constantly* by the members, who were twenty-six in number.

The Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture at Paris was founded in 1648, and confirmed through the interest of Mazaroni in 1653. Colbert procured it an endowment. It consisted of a director, chancellor, four rectors, a treasurer, twelve professors, &c. by whom daily lectures were given, and the model set. Prizes were given every three months. It sent the most promising students to Rome.

The Academy of St. Luke at Venice was the earliest regular association for the study of the arts, and was established about 1345, but did not take the name of Academy till 1350. *The Academy "delle belle arti" at Florence*, was founded by the Grand Duke, Peter Leopold in 1784. Premiums twice a-year, and a grand competition every third year.

The Institute at Bologna was originally founded by Eustachio Manfredi in 1690, but did not bear its present name till 1714, when it was joined by a sort of College bearing that name.

The Royal Academy of Sciences at Turin was founded about the middle of the eighteenth century. Its memoirs first published in 1759.

The Academy at Padua, end of the eighteenth century.

The Academy of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture at Vienna, in 1705.

Royal Academy, London, 1768.

quiry, nor the conduct of the artists examined. He complains that they showed no comprehension of a general principle, but kept driving away at individual grievances, till the patience of the Committee was exhausted. He was angry, too, that the anti-academic party among his brethren did not formally apply to him to be their leader and champion. Thus he complains: —

"The meanness of the behaviour of the artists to me is extraordinary. When I attacked the Academy in 1812, they all rushed to the Academy as to a father for protection from this madman — predicting my death, my ruin, my destruction, &c., but finding I have kept my ground, that I proposed and have got a Committee, they now hold their meetings secretly and privately; never give me notice, fearful of my taking the lead, as I should instantly do, which they know. They are absolutely intriguing to do all without me, and so get the honour which I have so successfully fought for. It is despicable, and just like them. They have been so cowed by the despotism that has ruled them, that they are like the Portuguese, not fit for the liberty we want to give them.

"In consequence of disappointment from Lord Audley, I am without a guinea; and now, this day, have not a coat in my drawer. Shocking!

"15*th*. — This day Thou knowest what is to happen. O God, I ask only for justice and truth to triumph. Amen.

"16*th*. — Justice, indeed, triumphed. Shee, the President, was examined.

"I came down at one, and found Ewart in the chair — the room full — Shee sitting in the bitterest agitation. I placed myself right opposite Shee, which seemed to disturb him. He arose, bowing, and affecting the strongest respect for the Committee, begged to know by what authority he was summoned, as he considered it was only by permission of the King he could be there. The chairman ordered the committee clerk to read the authority, which

being conclusive, poor Sir Martin was obliged to bow. He then entered on a rambling defence, and was repeatedly called to order by Ewart, and told to stick to the point. He accused the evidence of being personal and partial. Rennie jumped up and denied it, and was called to order. Shee shaking his hand at me across the table, in the most extraordinary manner, said, 'That's the respectable man,' alluding, of course, to my misfortunes. Honourable Sir Martin! First to drive me into distresses, and then grossly to allude to them before a Committee called for the purpose of inquiring into the effects of institutions. Mr. Pusey proposed the Court should be cleared. Shee begged the gentlemen round him might stay. The absurdity was so great, that leave was granted for all to stay, on the understanding that no altercation or personalities took place. Shee then dwelt on a mere incorrectness of diction in my evidence which gave a wrong sense, as if it was an intentional or gross ignorance of mine.

"I said the *esprit du corps* of portrait-painting became embodied by the Royal Academy, and killed Hussey, and embarrassed Hogarth. This reads as if the Royal Academy killed Hussey, who died long before it was founded, whereas I meant the *esprit du corps* killed him.

"It was too gross to suppose I am so ignorant of Hussey's period; but Shee chuckled over this, and Phillips, Wilkins, Hilton, and Howard, laughed inwardly with a delight at having caught Haydon napping, which was pitiable to see.

"Conscious I had all three of the Committee of 1809 in the vice, I smiled, and was dead silent. It was quite a scene. Shee went on, reading the diploma, and verbiaging away, Ewart repeatedly begging him to be concise. At last began his examination. 'Do you think Academies beneficial or no?' 'Extremely beneficial.' 'Do you think the Academy is conducted with a feeling for justice?' 'Certainly.' 'Do you think it justice that 600 artists should be kept out on varnishing days?' 'Certainly. This is one of the *privileges* of the Academy.'

"So may say Mahomet Ali when he bowstrings a minister.

"'Do you think forty enough?' 'Certainly. I know no man of great genius out of the Academy.' 'Do you not think Mr. Martin,' &c. 'Certainly, Mr. Martin is most respectable,' &c. And so it went on — blind to all genuine principle — seeing only the Academy and its bounded circle and including all that was great, illustrious, or immortal within its walls. He seemed like a man who was asleep amidst the stirring activity of mind abroad in the people. All he saw was the Academy and its members. He then again abused me for saying the Academy was founded on the basest intrigue, and mentioned Reynolds, Chambers, West, and Paul Sandby, as men whose characters were a security, when four more intriguing old rascals never lived. Why, the Academy obliged Reynolds to resign because he intrigued, they said, to get in Bonomi to please Lord Aylesford. Farrington was a thorough-bred intriguer.

"Shee said the Academy as a body had appealed to the King about high art, and no answer was returned. Mr. Ewart asked him if he knew Waagen's opinion of Academies. Shee imprudently said he did not, and he must have higher authority than Mr. Ewart's for his having an opinion against the Academy. This was gross. Mr. Ewart ordered the committee clerk to give in Waagen's evidence, wherein he read to Shee, with gusto, Waagen's opinion — that he considered Academies destructive; that Academicians became portion of the State; that it had been known that men of medium talent had obtained employment and distinction who were Academicians, while men who had not, though of the greatest genius, had struggled on in poverty and without employment.' There was I, a living instance, and was not the whole scene a scene of retribution? The very men, the very hangers — Shee, Phillips, and Howard — who, twenty-nine years ago, used me so infamously in hanging Dentatus in the dark, — by which all my prospects were blasted for ever,

—at which Lord Mulgrave so complained, — were now at the bar before me like culprits under examination. How Sir George would have relished this!

"Ah, little did they think in the despotism of their power, that I, a poor student at their mercy, would ever have the power to do this, — to bring them face to face, — to have them examined, — ransacked, — questioned, — racked.

"Ah, they are deservedly punished!

"*July 18th.* — Idle, and lectured at the Milton, a delightful theatre — cool. I felt like a lion and read like one.

"*19th.*— Attended the Committee; the impression Shee had made was decidedly unfavourable to his cause. Sir John Paul was examined, and gave very interesting evidence as to the state of design in manufacture.

"Sir John alluded to the fact that he had casts of some ancient tombs, and that he had given them to stone-masons; and that the people preferred them, and chose them for the tombs of their friends. Here Mr. Hope, with his peculiar delicate and dry manner, asked Sir John Paul if the shares in the Cemetery Company were not high. He said they were. Sir John was a director.

"Old Landseer was examined; but he was prolix and flowery. He quoted Shee against himself as to Academies, and made some good hits.

"The Committee will do immense good. Would any man believe that Hussey was living in 1774?* And Shee is the man to accuse me of ignorance of dates!

"*20th.* — Went to the British Museum, and found two interesting pamphlets connected with the Royal Academy, by which it appears decidedly that the directors who were expelled from the chartered body of artists became Academicians, and that not being able to carry their exclusive intentions in the constituent body, they resorted to the scheme of an Academy of forty, securing a

* The Royal Academy having been founded in 1768.

majority of their own way of thinking, that they might enact their exclusive laws. This is indisputable from Strong's pamphlet, 1775, and another in the Museum, 1771, entitled, 'Considerations of the Behaviour of the Academicians who were expelled the Chartered Body for 1760-69.'

"Reynolds promised the chartered body, of which he was member, not to exhibit with the expelled directors; but finding the King protecting them, he broke his word — did exhibit — and was expelled the incorporated body. This is not known, nor did I know it till to-day. Tickled by a knighthood, he joined the directors, and this was the origin of the Royal Academy—founded in intrigue, based on injustice, treachery and meanness.

"Dalton seems to have been a great scoundrel, and he was a prime instrument.

"Reynolds was properly and very severely punished after, but the art has suffered ever since.

"21*st.*— Shee objects to a constituency on the grounds that it would produce all the evils that it did before. What evils? What were the evils? These were the evils: — Twenty-four directors got in and kept in. The constituency complained, and passed a bye-law to make eight go out. The Attorney-General, Grey, gave it as his opinion that the bye-law was consistent with the charter. The directors had promised to abide by the opinion of the Attorney-General, and then refused. Sixteen of these worthies were voted out, and became Academicians, and eight more joined them, and these formed the bulk of the Academy; so that the evils complained of were not evils proceeding from a constituency, but because the laws of that constituency had been violated. Therefore, if the people who were conducting were improper people, these people founded the Academy, and brought all their improprieties into the Academy, and are the origin of the evils which we complain of, and which Sir Martin fears would be revived by a constituency, though these very evils were produced in spite of a

constituency and not in consequence of it. So much for Sir Martin.

"Sir Martin knows well that he, and all of his colleagues, are benefiting by the very evils he affects to apprehend, for if they were improper people who took the lead, he is the produce and offspring.

"*25th.*—Finished the fair copy of my first lecture and improved it much, but idle from exceeding harass about trifles. Lord Audley has completely deceived me about his resources; after telling me he was the richest peer, it turns out he is the poorest. I fear his honour and his character.

"*29th.*— The artists do not know the origin of this Committee. All are claiming the honour. They all deserve to share it—Foggo, Rennie, and all. But the morning Lord Melbourne was sitting to me, he had just sent out his circular letters about municipal corporations. I said, 'Why not give us a committee for the Academy?' He replied, 'you may have one if you like,' and this is the real origin.

"*30th.*—Out the whole day on bitter pecuniary harass, and yet all trifles, 4*l.* 10*s.*, 8*l.* 10*s.*, 13*l.* 4*s.*, 10*l.*, 3*l.* 10*s.*, 4*l.* 8*s.*, and suffered all my old agonies of torture as to probable ruin, interruption of the education of my dear children, loss of my property. If I could stick at my pictures I would not care, but Lord Audley has played me so shabby a trick that I fear, unless protected by my Great Creator, in whom I trust, the consequence may be ruin.

"These journals testify that whenever I have been free, I have flown to my canvas as a relief and a blessing. The Mock Election was the fruits of the peace I enjoyed in 1827. The Chairing the result of George IV.'s purchase. In fact, if I had 500*l.* a-year regularly, never would I cease painting, morning, noon, or night, and never have a debt.

"*August 30th.*—Awoke at four with a terrific conception of Quintus Curtius, after a sublime dream. I

dreamt I was with the Duke of Wellington near the sea. I stripped. It was a grand storm. I plunged in, and swam as I used in my youth. I saw an enormous wave rising, curling and black. Suddenly I found my Mary close to me. We were both looking at the sublime wave as it rolled towards us; at last it came quite close. I told her to hold tight. She smiled, rosy red. At the instant it was overwhelming us, a terrific flash of lightning broke from its top, and it roared in by us to the left without even wetting us. We saw it stretch in its gurgling sweeping glory on the beach, and break harmless. I awoke, and the moment consciousness came over me, Quintus Curtius darted into my head. This is a true description — exactly as I dreamt it — not added to, nor taken from.

"I know a storm is approaching, but I feel I shall weather it, under God. Success! Amen.

"*September 5th.*—Worked, but in an agony; at two I had a promise to keep for 8*l.* without a farthing; at four for 5*l.* without a halfpenny. I paid away 8*l.* on Saturday.

"I worked on till one. Lunched. Drove away in an omnibus; and got till Saturday for the 8*l.*, and put off the 5*l.* till Wednesday. I rushed home and worked.

"*6th.*—Hard at work, and succeeded in the foreshortened figure. At one time of the day my anxieties were hideous. I had not a farthing, and taking down some valuable Italian books worth five guineas, I sent them by my '*fidus Achates*' and got 7*s.* In the interval I worked away in great torture and succeeded. There is a period in working, when the result is not secure, that is excruciating. No wealth or honour would relieve or ease you. If it turns out successfully in the end, no torture is felt, but if you miss it, no happiness is remembered.

"*September 9th.*—At breakfast with the dear children. A timid tingle of the bell made us all look anxiously. A whisper in the hall, and then the servant entered with, 'Mr. Smith, sir, wishes to see you.' I went, and was taken in execution. After lingering two days at Davis's

lock-up house, Red Lion Square, on the 12th I was moved again to that blessed refuge of the miserable—the Bench.

"Newton, my landlord, offered to pay me out. I refused, and proceeded to prepare for the Court directly. Rather than go out to endure the horror this journal gives evidence of, I'd stay here for ever.

"My landlord took possession, and moved away my brushes and grinding-stone. Took the things at 133*l.* 10*s.*, paid the difference, and took the rest for his rent.

"What a fight it is! It is wonderful how my health is preserved, and my dear Mary's too. But trusting in God and doing our utmost to please Him, I have not the least doubt of carrying my great object,—a vote for money for art, and perhaps I shall then sink without tasting its fruits.

"From 14th to 30th in prison.

"Read Wraxall's two works with very great interest. Relieved my mind much after the harass of lawyers, insults of turnkeys, and torture of suspense. My mind in a state of blank apathy. O God, in Thee I trust.

"*October 1st.*—I heard from Ewart yesterday, and I fear the report. The fact is the Whigs arrest the keen edge of the scalping-knife of reform which the people have put into their heads. They will hesitate, and be content with pricking the corruption which ought to be probed, and the humours let out.

"*10th.*—The last time I was here I fell in with Dr. Mackay, who negotiated the commercial treaty with South America for Canning, and as we used to walk about by night in the racket-ground, he detailed to me the interesting particulars.

"Now I have got acquainted with ——, a species the Continent alone produces, dissolute and impious, unprincipled and reckless, full of talent and full of diplomacy, speaking seven languages—just such a man as Napoleon would have seized, and turned to every purpose on earth.

"He says he was chef d'escadron in the Garde du Corps, and private secretary to the Duc d'Angoulême.

"He is evidently possessed of state papers of great importance — how, he told me in a moment of drunkenness. He is evidently connected with, if not first mover of, the Portfolio.

"He showed me documents which prove he was acquainted with Fieschi's attempt. He has shown me a deed signed most sacredly by three, two Spaniards and one Englishman, Richard Sheridan, whereby 5000*l.* sterling is guaranteed to the Spaniards for the invention of a shell and machine which was to destroy Don Carlos. He has also shown me a letter from the Carlton Club, offering 3000*l.* for some letters he has.

"I believe it. And does not this prove how cautious Ministers should be? I believe him to have got by the means he told me the whole state papers already published in the Portfolio, and what he showed me (affidavits about Fieschi) is coming out in the next number. We shall see.

"*24th.*—The faces here are horrid; last night, all of a sudden, just after midnight, a roar as of fiends burst out from the racket-ground, and awakened me. Good God, on a Sunday! — swearing, fighting, cursing, drinking, gambling, and strumpeting! What an offering to the Almighty for the blessings of life!

"King's Bench, Oct. 26. 1836.

"Ah, Sir Robert Peel, I told you I was convinced my absurd* conduct about the Napoleon had staggered me, and would be the seed of future embarrassment, and here I am again, less in debt than ever I was in my life, yet, being unable to meet in time the balance due, a victim to that cursed law of imprisonment.

"When a man touches my property it is just, and I always exert my resources to pay the claim, but when he seizes my person, I let the law take its course, and ever will.

* After naming 100*l.* as his price for a whole length in answer to Sir Robert Peel's inquiry, he felt discontented that more was not paid him, and wrote to ask for an additional sum. Sir Robert paid him 30*l.*, but naturally was annoyed.

"I shall begin the world again with no more property left after thirty-two years' struggle than the clothes on my back.

"I appeal to you if I have been idle since my last troubles. I have never incurred in all my life a debt of vice, debauchery, or extravagance, and I have been brought to earth by a combination of circumstances. I assure you I calculated on receiving more from you. I could not keep my engagements, and then came, as usual, law costs.

"Since 1830 I have paid, because I could not keep my word, 303*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* in pure cash, or rather impure. On one debt of 7*l.* 10*s.*, I paid 8*l.* 10*s.* costs — the son being the lawyer, who acknowledges the father shared all costs. So that, first, there was the father's just profit, and then he received 4*l.* 5*s.* as his share of the legal spoliation.

"While I was in confinement in Red Lion Square I saw them go by in their carriages. *I* was the dishonourable, *they* the respectable.

"In the never closing and inexorable eye of our Maker who was the *real* dishonourable here?

"I am, Sir Robert Peel,
"Your grateful servant,
"B. R. HAYDON."

"The Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, &c. &c.

"*27th.* — An accomplished Frenchman came to my rooms to see my works. 'I have none.' 'Where are they?' 'My Solomon is rotting in a carpenter's shop — my Lazarus in a kitchen.' 'When I found you were here, I thought it was for your pleasure. It is extraordinary. Why does not Palmerston do something?' 'He has done something.'

"'It is wonderful you are here.' 'Not at all. May I ask to whom I have the honour of speaking?' 'Neavare mind: Edmund Burke introduced me to Reynolds.' 'Will you call again?' 'I will. Have you no work to show me?' 'Xenophon at the Russell Institution; and read the report on art.' 'My friend,' said he, 'You will neavare make this trading nation love high art.' 'My friend,' said I, 'I'll try.' 'You will run your head against a wall.'

'Perhaps I may knock the wall down.' He lifted up his hands and eyes, and looked at me as if looking through the devil.

"*29th.* — One evening while I was sitting by myself came a knock. I opened the door, and the head turnkey, (who is a worthy man, for I have found him feeding the poor prisoners from his own table,) after making sundry apologies, begged a few minutes' conversation. He sidled in and sat down, big with something. 'Perhaps, sir,' said he, taking out and putting across his knee a blue cotton handkerchief, 'you would scarcely suppose that from seven years old divinity and medicine have been my passions.' 'Certainly not, Mr. Colwell.' 'Ah, sir, 'tis true, and I know, I assure you, much more than most of the doctors or parsons. Why, sir, you would little think I always cured the cholera. You may wonder, but, it is a fact. I never lost a case, and in twenty-four hours they were as well as ever. I do it all by *harbs*, Mr. Haydon, by harbs. You are a public man — a man of genius, as they say, and perhaps you will laugh at a man like me knowing anything. But, sir,' said he, looking peculiarly sagacious, and half knowing, yet trembling lest I should quiz, 'I gather my plants under the planets — aye, and it is wonderful the cures I perform. Why there is Lord Wynford, he is as bent as an old oak, and if he'd listen to me I'd make him as straight as a poplar.' 'No, Mr. Colwell!' 'I would though,' he said in a loud voice, reassured on finding I did not laugh.

"By this time he had got courage. He assured me that he was blessed in a wife who believed in him, and that he had cured her often and often, and here his weather-beaten face quivered. 'Ah, Mr. Colwell,' said I, 'your wife is a good, motherly woman. It's a comfort to me to see her face among the others here.' Colwell got solemn — assured me he had out-argued Taylor, the atheist, before the people; that he had undoubted evidence Joseph of Arimathea landed at Glastonbury, for at that time the sea came all up to the abbey, and what

was to hinder him? And,' said he, 'Mr. Haydon, would you believe it?'—drawing his chair closer, and wiping his mouth with his blue handkerchief, which he spread over his short thighs, that poked out, as it were, from under his belly,—'would you believe it, I can prove Abraham was circumcised the very day before Sodom and Gomorrah were burnt!'

"'Will you take a glass of wine, Mr. Colwell?' I replied. Colwell had no objection, and smacking his lips as he rose, said he would look in again, and bring me some books which would tell me all; but now he must go to 14 in 10 to give the gentleman his chum ticket. I attended my guest to my little entrance, and he wished me good night, looking an inch taller, perfectly convinced he had made an impression, and would certainly have a convert.

"When he came in he seemed labouring with deep thoughts, and he left me as if relieved, and as if he had done his duty. He was the first man I saw in 1823 when I paid my fees. The hideous look of his dark globular eyes, one of them awry, like Irving's, gave me a horror. He looked a perfect Schidone; but I have caught him in perpetual acts of benevolence, where he little thought any eye would find him out.

"There is not a worthier heart, and never was a rougher case for it. Strange to find such sensibilities in a gaol.

"*30th.*—My dearest love came in nervous dejection, and left me to-day affected like herself. This is one of those occasional variations in the feelings of those who love with all their hearts.

"*November 2nd.*—Did not do much, but thought deeply. The quiet I have enjoyed here has done my brain great good.

"*November 11th.*—A poor gentleman, called Phillips, a writer to the signet, a prisoner in consequence of Lord ——'s irregularity, as much as I am from Lord Audley's, dropped dead in his room last night. He had a mild, benevolent countenance, and was detained by a rich man from mere vindictiveness.

"It might have been thought that such an awful event would have stopped the levity of the vicious and thoughtless: not it. Gambling, swearing, and drinking went on as usual, and last night, when I was musing (like Byron after the assassination of the Austrian commander) on life and death, the bloods and blackguards of the place were singing duets outside my doors at midnight.

"A prison is a perfect world compressed into a narrow space.

"'In the midst of life we are in death.'

"12*th.*—Read Byron's Life by Moore. To-day was the last day for opposition, and when the books closed at four there was none. God be thanked; and God of his mercy restore me to my glorious pursuit, and my dearest Mary and children before the week is out — with deep gratitude for the unexpected mercies to my dear family and myself during my imprisonment.

"14*th.*—Lord —— came in prisoner, and brought a beautiful boy with him. There he was in the coffee-house, sinless and innocent, watching his papa smoking and sipping brandy-and-water, up at eleven o'clock, when the dear ought to have been sleeping in bed. I watched him with the feelings of a father. That child will have his horror of a gaol weakened for ever. Yet there was something interesting in seeing a fine young man keeping his dear boy close to him. He would have him sleep by his side. There was something peculiarly innocent in the look of the boy with his white collar.

"On Saturday, an old man dies and is opened: on Monday comes in the son of a noble Lord with his innocent boy.

"16*th.*—The English are base-minded, where money is wanted or rank concerned. They reverence rank from the belief that wealth is the consequence of it. But when they have evidence wealth is wanting, away goes at once all respect for my Lord.

"Last night, Lord —— set all the prisoners agape. One must go out of his room, for my Lord wanted three

beds; another was applied to for one thing, a third for another. This morning the bill was presented as usual, for all bills are paid here daily. His Lordship looked astonished, said a bill was a nuisance, and as soon as his friend came again he would leave 5*l.* with the landlord, and when it was out he must tell him.

"The evidence that my Lord had no money was palpable, and immediately my Lord fell 50 per cent.

"17*th.*—I went up to Court to-day, and was treated with the greatest humanity. Commissioner Law seemed by his face to have the greatest sympathy. He looked feeling all over. He never asked me a single question, and the whole Court hastened my discharge with the rapidity of lightning.

"I trust in God this will be the last time I shall ever need such protection again.

"18*th.*—Returned once more to my dear home. I opened the Bible, which I found on the chimney-piece, and at once came to that wonderful blessing and cursing in the 28th chapter of Deuteronomy.

"20*th.*—Went to church, and returned thanks with all my heart and all my soul for the great mercies of God to me and my family during my imprisonment.

"21*st.*—Routed out all my plaster figures, to have the room cleaned, which has not been done for two years. Hope to be ready by to-morrow night. Wrote Law, and thanked him for his sympathy and firmness.

"22*nd.*—Got all ready in the plaster-room. Now for the painting-room.

"23*rd.*—Cleared out and re-arranged my desert room.

"24*th.*—My landlord returned my brushes and grinding-stone. Picked up a second-hand carpet to cover the room. Ordered a canvas, and sent half the money for it to Brown, a worthy fellow, who abused me to my man for not settling 4*l.* 15*s.* (the last balance). Fitz quieted him, and he promised canvas Saturday night. Poor Brown, he shall have his money as soon as I begin to get on. Brown and I have been connected for thirty years,

and have had about forty regular quarrels. He is sulky and coarse, I am violent and unflinching. It ends by his trying to smile through the sulkiness of his honest face.

"*28th.** — Did a great deal of preparatory business. Paid off a scoundrel of a lawyer.

"*29th.* — Set my palette to-day, the first time these

* The following advertisement refers to his affairs at the time of this imprisonment.

"Mr. Haydon begs leave to inform his creditors, that, out of the 1220*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* correctly stated as the amount of debt incurred since 1830, 550*l.* must be deducted as renewed liabilities from before 1830, and, again, 84*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* must be further deducted for the fictitious debt of law cost: the real balance is thus brought to 586*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*, all of which could have been cleared off in another year, as Mr. Haydon had paid off more than that sum during the previous year. It has been a matter of astonishment to Mr. Haydon why he should never have been persecuted with law from eighteen years of age to thirty-four, a period of greater struggle than any since, and he attributes it to a suspicion among London tradesmen that he saved and secured a large sum of money from the great receipts of his Entry into Jerusalem. There never was a more absurd belief — the receipts were nearly 3000*l.*, the expenses of the exhibition were 1100*l.*; the picture had taken six years, and the painter was supported through it entirely by loans; the balance of receipts was paid away, and did not liquidate one-half of them. Mr. Haydon has been told this idea got abroad; there is certainly no other way of accounting for that immediate rush of law cost which has brought him four times to the earth, for the first proceeding took place at this time. Mr. Haydon incurred

From 1820 to 1823, law costs	£377	0	0
From 1823 to 1830, ditto	450	0	0
From 1830 to 1836, ditto	303	8	6
Altogether	£1130	8	6

(An actual independence.)

"London tradesmen are generous men if they think they are not imposed on. Mr. Haydon appeals to them if they consider it was a reasonable way of enabling him to earn the means of paying his debts to suddenly lock him up, and keep him useless to himself and family for ten weeks, and all for a debt of 30*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*? after, too, he had paid all of 947*l.* received this year, but 4*s.* 6*d.*, the actual sum he possessed in the world when arrested. Mr. Haydon is now beginning the world again after thirty-two years of struggle, but he does not despair of doing all he ought, if treated in future with more common sense and common discretion."

eleven weeks and three days. I relished the oil; could have tasted the colour; rubbed my cheeks with the brushes, and kissed the palette. Ah! Could I be let loose in the House of Lords!

"I hope to return to my pursuits under the blessing of my Creator. My conscience will never be clear till I have paid all I owe, for though the law protects me, the debts are still debts of honour."

During the beginning of December, he was working at the heroine of Saragossa and Falstaff reproving Prince Hal, for Mr. Hope.

I insert the following letter, because I think it really throws light on the writer's character. It should be remembered, in reading it, that it was addressed by Haydon to his landlord, W. Newton, from whom he was in the constant receipt of singular kindnesses, who forbore to press him for heavy arrears of rent, who was always ready to advance him money in his worst emergencies, and who was not to be provoked into harshness even by this letter. Nay, he did not even jump at this notice to quit!

But the letter appears to me to be one which could not have come from a man with the views usually prevalent about money obligations. Such a tone taken by a debtor to his creditor indicates altogether peculiar notions of these relations, and explains to me many passages in Haydon's life into which money transactions entered.

I certainly do not suppose that such a letter was ever written by a singularly irregular tenant to a most rarely indulgent landlord.

"London, 21st December, 1836.

"My dear Newton,

"Mary came home last night with the usual quantity of gossip and scandal, of which you possess so abundant a fund.

"It seems it is —— who has told you that falsehood of my having given six lectures at the Milton and received 20 guineas, whereas I only gave three lectures and received 10 guineas, 10*l.* of which I brought you next day, explaining I

had only received half, though given to understand it would be all—which 10*l.* I borrowed of you again, 5*l.* at a time.

"And this is the way to excuse your own abominable cruelty in doing your best to add to the weight of degradation and misery I have suffered by insinuating to my wife these abominable lies.

"I am ashamed to use so gross a word, but your forgetfulness, your confusion of memory, your jumbling one thing with another, your making me write notes when harassed with want, which I forgot to reclaim, and then your bringing them forward again when it suits your convenience, provoke me to it.

"Don't talk to me of your affection. Pooh! To let a friend come out of prison after ten weeks locking up—degraded in character—calumniated and tortured in mind—to let him come to what had hitherto been the solace of all his distresses (his painting-room) stripped of all that rendered it delightful, and stripped, too, under the smiling pretences of friendship, and under the most solemn assurances that everything would be returned, and then, on the very morning I came home, when one would have thought all beastly feelings of interest would have been buried in the pleasure of welcoming me back, at such a moment to break your word, and to add to my forlorn wretchedness, by refusing to keep it, is a disgrace to your heart and understanding, and will be even after you are dead, as well as while you are living. Had I known the extent of what you had been guilty of, I would have scorned to receive the balance of Sampson. It was only when I came home I saw what you had done.

"However, Mrs. Haydon says, if I will only say you shall not be a loser, the pictures and sketches shall come back directly. I told you so in prison, and still tell you so now. You know that: but your delight is the delight of the tiger over his prey, not to kill at once, but to play with your victim. I tell you again you shall not be a loser. Now keep your word with Mrs. Haydon, and send back the things. I did not intend to say a word more, but as this proposition to Mrs. Haydon is not unreasonable, to oblige her, I say you shall not be a loser.

"Put this among your collection and bind them up. Now you have made a step, and I have made a step. I'll be frank; a threat is always the last refuge of a coward. I do not threaten, —but if the things (pictures and sketches) are not all in my

painting-room by Friday night, (I allude only to those you took away with the last books you returned,) without any asperity, or any ungrateful impertinence, or any wish to wound a kind-hearted (at bottom) old friend, but solely on the principle of justice to myself and family, with a wish still to retain our affection, on Saturday I shall be guilty of the violence to my own heart of giving you notice to quit, according to the terms of our lease, at Midsummer next, but as soon as possible before.

"I am, dear Newton,

"Yours truly and affectionately,

"B. R. HAYDON."

"Mr. Newton."

The kind Newton, (though he made show of sending a notice on his part,) did not accept this notice to quit. He sends two notes in answer, written not with ink but with very milk of human kindness. Was ever reminder more gently conveyed, passion more effectually disarmed, or undeserved reproach more completely turned back upon the reproacher, than by these short replies?

"Dear Haydon,

"I shall send the pictures and sketches to you to-day, if possible.

"Mrs. Haydon spoke of the sketch of the Widow's Son as though it had been received with the last things brought away. I referred to your note that came with it, and others, to assure Mrs. Haydon how it came into my possession, and the only convenience your note can be of to me is to bring them forward to rectify any misunderstanding. This, and your promissory notes (stamped and unstamped) being unpleasant truths, I suppose you call scandal: of them I have an abundant fund.

"I will write you about the lease.

"Yours truly,

"W. F. NEWTON."

"22d December, 1836.

"Dear Haydon,

"The old fashion compliments of the season. A merry Christmas and a happy new year and many of them is my sincere wish to you and yours, and I hope you are as free from ill-will to any one as I am.

"I have yet to learn what act of mine is considered an insult to yourself, but as I am certain I am incapable of offering one, I give myself little trouble about it.

"Thanks for your good wishes, and the ticket for the lectures, of which I have omitted to acknowledge the receipt.

"Yours truly,

"W. F. NEWTON."

"*December 22nd.* — Called on Wilkie after a long absence. He seemed much annoyed at my saying in my evidence, that he had been frightened at being seen with me in the streets after my attack on the Academy. I told him it was true, which he did not deny, because it was. We had breakfasted on a Sunday with Seguier after the attack, and on coming out he said, 'It will not be right to be seen with you,' and he went away. I explained to him, that I mentioned the fact to illustrate the condition of abjectness to which English art had been reduced by such a man as he being terrified by my attack.

"The fact is, he is sore, for since the appearance of my evidence he has been quizzed.

"He was occupied with several interesting subjects — Sir David Baird finding Tippoo, Mary Queen of Scots' escape, Cotter's Saturday Night, and an English Bridal Morning—all of which he is as fit for as his footman. What a pity it is he has left the style for which he is eminently qualified. He seemed bitterly to lament my attacks on the Academy. He said, 'Ah, you would have been an old Academician years ago, had all your pictures well hung, and there would have been no disputes.' Poor dear Wilkie!

"I asked him about his knighthood. He said the King said to him, 'Is your name David?' 'Yes, your Majesty.' 'Are you sure it is not Saul?' said the King. This was very well.

"Wilkie described his feelings after like a child. We had a very interesting conversation. In the middle of all sorts of groans at my rebel apostacy suddenly he would say, of something in his picture, in the exact tone of

former days, 'Haydon, I think that ought to be dark.' I then would put up my finger, as we used to do, and say, 'Certainly it wants deepening.' Then at it we would go again, and I would say, 'You want blue — as a bit of relief.' 'Ah, but wouldn't that destroy candle-light?' 'No, it would add.' I then told him I was painting Saragossa, and wanted Spanish dresses. He rang the bell, and got me all I wanted. To show the villany of print-sellers, — he had never seen the heroine of Saragossa, though she was advertised as having sat to him for his picture of the same subject.

"I reproached Wilkie with his utter neglect of me in my misfortunes, his never calling to see me in prison, or to chat with or console my wife. These are unpardonable things, but a result of the same timidity of character. I said, in allusion to something, 'Would you bear this?' 'Of course,' said he. 'Why,' said I, 'what a deal you must bear.' 'To be sure,' said Wilkie. He then lamented I had not consulted him before attacking the Academy — bitterly — as if *he* would have stopped me.

"We parted good friends as ever, and I was much interested. In his art he is certainly gone back — in colour he is yellow and heavy, and Frenchy in his life works.

"He seemed croaking as to the little prospect of public encouragement. But as I know the King approved of designs in the House of Lords, I shrewdly suspect master David has an eye that way.

"*23rd, 24th.* — Lectured last night with the greatest applause. Was heartily welcomed. My dear landlord and I will separate, I fear. Nettled at my perseverance in resenting his insult, he has given me notice to quit*, which I shall do; for I had become a slave to his caprice, from suffering myself to become too dependent on his assistance. I shall feel his want, and he is the last man I shall ever allow myself to be attached to.

"Poor Newton! I shall miss your kind heart and

* This was mere "*brutum fulmen*," and never enforced. Haydon died in the house in 1846.

honest face. He never would have acted so if his friends had not become jealous.

"*Dec. 31st.* — The last day of 1836. A year of bitter sorrow — great promise — great mercy — shocking disappointment — but a glorious victory.

"I have lost more time in this year than in any before during my life from eighteen years old. I began several pictures, and have finished none. I have never had so many unfinished pictures at once in all my life.

"In all my troubles I have had reason to be deeply grateful. My children are improved and good. My eldest boy has undoubted and high genius, and my dear Mary is spared to me in health and happiness. In fact I can't be low-spirited. I can't complain. I have a tendency to feel my heart warm towards my good Creator under all circumstances, and think life a blessing, even in a prison."

1837.

There was little in this year of Haydon's history to call for particular remark, if it be not the unusual absence of money cares and embarrassments. This was owing to his lectures, the delivery of which in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Hull, and other of our large towns, brought him in the means of supporting his family, while it gratified his strong craving for personal display, and for assertion of his views about art.

As I have said before, these lectures have been published; and any elaborate account of them would be out of place here. The published ones are twelve in number, on the state and prospects of British art, on the skeleton, on the muscles, on the standard figure of the Greeks, on composition, on colour, on invention in art, on Fuseli, on Wilkie, on the effect of societies of literature and art on public taste, on a competent tribunal in art, on fresco painting, on the Elgin marbles, on the theory of the beautiful.

In the course of his lecturings Haydon gained many

acquaintances and friends. His strong enthusiasms and his passionate and picturesque expression of them had commanded attention at all times of his life, and now drew about him many of the more ardent natures in each town. It was thus that he obtained this year at Liverpool, through the recommendation of his friend Lowndes, a commission to paint a picture of Christ blessing little Children, for the church of the Blind Asylum.

"*January 2nd.*—Spent yesterday at Hamilton's. Read a lecture to-night to some society at 16. Tower Street—to my infinite amusement at the intense attention paid to me by a set of dirty-faced journeymen, and two servant girls. I had promised a young attorney to do so, and kept my word. It is extraordinary to think of.

"When I really made a good hit, I saw all the room nodding. It was an eating-house till six, when the master (a member) cleared out for a lecture, and lent it for nothing. The company filled the boxes, and I was placed at the head on two or three boards.

"I was shown up into a library where was a likeness of Tom Paine. I saw I was in a scrape. If that had been the room, I would have insisted that the fiend should be taken down, or I would have left the room. This comes of promising young attornies, to soften costs, without inquiring character.

"*3rd, 4th,* and *5th.*—Finished my tenth lecture. To-morrow I read it.

"*6th.*—Delivered it with great applause.

"Met Ewart yesterday in the streets. He told me all was going wrong with the School of Design. Poulett Thomson had made the Council exclusively academical. Chantrey took the lead, and had utterly ruined it. To-day I called on Rennie and had all the particulars.

"The Council has resolved, first, that the figure shall not be the basis of the education; secondly, that every student who enters the School of Design shall be obliged to sign a declaration not to practise either as historical painter, portrait painter, or landscape painter!

"10*th*.—In very great irritation about this perversion of the School of Design, and was going to give Chantrey a thorough dressing. But now comes the question. Shall I do good? Will it be right for me to stop, or ought I to go on? If a blow be struck, their proceedings will be checked at the beginning. If not checked they'll take root. Burke said to Barry, 'You will find the same contests in London and in Paris, and if they have the same effect on your temper, they will have the same effect on your interests.'

"It keeps one in such continual hot water. I complain that writing my lectures hurts my pictorial mind, and I really would give the world never to be disturbed again, but to keep myself in tranquillity and peace, pursuing my delightful art.

"11*th*.—Worked slightly, but advanced. Wrote Lord Melbourne, telling him the whole conduct of Poulett Thomson.

"14*th*.—Saw Poulett Thomson to-day. I told him that I had heard that a resolution had been passed that no student of the School of Design would be admitted unless he signed a declaration that he would not practise history, portrait, or landscape. He denied it, and said, 'Who has been telling you these stories?' 'But has it been passed?' No reply. I told him I had heard it was resolved that the study of the figure was not necessary. 'And is it,' he said, 'to fellows who design screens?' My God! what would Aristotle have said to this, after declaring the study of design increases the perceptions of beauty? I did not say 'You ought to know it is,' as he ought.

"I then burst out and told him the figure was the basis of all design, of which he seemed totally incredulous. He said he would consult Eastlake and Cockerell. I told him Eastlake and Cockerell were good men and true, but timid. I told him he had selected Chantrey, the greatest bust-maker on earth, but the most incompetent person to judge of principles of art. He had no inven-

tion, no knowledge of principles; and I understood that when Mr. Bellenden Ker said, 'We must first settle the principle of the thing,' he said. 'As to principle, I have been thirty years in the art, and have never got hold of a principle yet.'

"'It is very improper,' said Thomson, 'for gentlemen to talk thus to you of the Council.' 'I tell you,' said I, 'no gentlemen has talked to me: I have seen none.'

"I said, 'Is it consistent with the principles of Lord Melbourne's Government to make a Council wholly academical?' 'I selected the best artists, — Calcott is the best landscape-painter, and Chantrey, surely, at the head of his profession.' 'No, he is not,' I replied. 'Who is higher?' 'Surely Westmacott has done more poetical things than Chantrey, and so has Bailey; and why are not Martin and Rennie on the Council?' 'What pretensions has Rennie?' 'He does the naked, and is a judge of what is necessary for a school of design.' 'Why is he against the Academy?' 'On principle.' 'But he has no subject of complaint.' 'That is the very reason his opinion is valuable, because his objections are on the broad principles of things.'

"'Depend on it, if the figure be not the basis of instruction, it will all end in smoke. The Government will be disgusted, and it will be given up.' I said, 'I have no ultimate object, I have no wish. There are delicacies connected with my misfortunes that make me shy of intruding; but I do think that if you put only Academicians on the Council, you will become their tool.' We then parted.

"I startled, worried, and plagued him. He flattered me, but it would not do; I stuck to my point.

"He, like all Whigs, seemed inclined to soften and oil, in order that they might keep their places.

"17*th*.—I made a clear statement to Poulett Thomson, proving that the figure was the basis; that the same principle regulated the milk-jug and the heroic limb; that the ellipsis was the basis of Greek art, and the circle

of the Roman; that if the figure was not the basis, the Government money would be thrown away, and the public disappointed. He returned my statements with his compliments. I'll state the same thing on Saturday to the Mechanics, and we shall see. I offered Thomson my Lecture 'On a Competent Tribunal and the Taste of the Upper Classes,' but he did not take the hint.

"*18th.*—Went to the Bench to-day, and saw ——'s brother, who is a complete character, affecting the diplomatist: he has always 'a letter to write,' and 'Palmerston is a man that must not be hurried.' The facts are, he is in debt; can't pay it; asserts the Government owes him a great deal, and pretends it will pay him. I said to him, 'I hope you'll soon be at work and with your family.' 'Yes,' said he, with an air of supreme mystery, 'I dare say it will be settled this session.' I had a great mind to say, 'Does it precede the reform of the Lords?' I was amazingly struck at the squalidness of the place after being at home and at work in comfort. It was shocking, yet I did not think so when there. After being long there, they seem to suffer bitter necessity; after a certain time prisoners are forgotten; poor fellows, they looked like moulting birds.

"Poor Lord Audley is dead. He was more the dupe of villains than a villain himself. He died of apoplexy on the 14th inst. I should think the late exposure must have shaken him much.

"*20th.*—Lectured at the Mechanics—extempore, and with complete success. The audience seemed amazingly impressed with the description of the eagle in Prometheus.

"*25th.*—This is my birthday—born 1786—fifty-one years old to-day. At eighteen I surveyed my state of mind for the first time in my life, and have never ceased doing so every year since.

"I find now my judgment matured. A conviction at last has arrived that the Deity cannot eradicate evil, and that the mortal can only make a compromise with it.

But this is no reason it should not be opposed or checked; resisted or turned aside, if possible.

"I find after thirty-three years' struggle the state of art certainly with a better prospect—the Academy completely exposed—the people getting more enlightened—a School of Design begun;—and I more than hope the House of Lords will be adorned with pictures.

"O God! spare my intellect—my eyes—my health—my life, to see that accomplished; to see my devotion—my sincerity—my perseverance rewarded and acknowledged; to see my honour proved by the payment of my debts, and my dear family established in virtue and credit, and I will yield my breath with cheering. Amen, with all my soul.

"*February 15th.*—Worked hard. At the Mechanics' Institute last night to instruct a class. I thought they would have smothered me, they crowded round so with their drawings; the horrors I have suffered come across my mind, when a blaze of anticipated glory swells my soul, just as it did when I began Solomon, at twenty-six years old, without a guinea.

"Dear Hamilton called, and seemed much pleased."

In April this year Haydon visited Edinburgh, where he lectured with great success, and received from the directors of the Edinburgh Philosophical Association the honour of a public dinner on the 22nd of that month.

The following entries in the journal refer to this visit.

"*April 6th.*—I left town in the Clarence steamer. Had a furious gale off Flamborough Head; saw many a dandy's dignity prostrated by sickness; was sick myself, but contrived to keep it secret, and was amazingly impressed by the black and foaming wave—the watery and lowering sky—the screaming gulls, and creaking rigging—while the persevering energy of the steam-paddles, which nothing stopped, gave me a tremendous idea of the power of science contending, as it were, with defying contempt, against the elements of God.

"The gale lulled about noon, and by sunset we were

clear, and making way in style. The old piper came on deck, ready to strike up at the first sight of Scotland. We just got a view of the Cheviot Hills as the sun gleamed out, and up screeched the piper, as if all the devils of Hades were trying to sing through their noses, while squeezing them with their fingers and thumbs—and yet the sound was original and poetical.

"I had not been in Edinburgh for seventeen years. The town was much altered and improved—Sir Walter and many friends were dead—all grown older—some scattered by disease, and others distressed by poverty. Such is life, or rather, such is the road that leads to death.

"I began my lectures on the 20th, and was very successful. I brought forward a naked model, and was received with enthusiasm. I have got more hold of the upper classes, because they are concentrated here; and I think I have had a very great effect.

"13*th.*—Went to Holyrood, and bargained with the housekeeper to let me come back by candle-light, and see, and walk up the very staircase which Ruthven and Darnley stole up on the night of the murder of Rizzio. It is extraordinary this desire to feel a grand and new sensation.

"15*th.*—Lectured, and the audience endorsed with applause my attack on the Academy, which was severe. I brought them to this last assault by degrees.

"16*th.*—Breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Ireland, a friend of Campbell's (the poet), who knew him in his boyhood—spoke highly of him, and said he supported two sisters. He (Campbell) feared he had driven his only son mad by too eager desire to advance him—very likely. Men of genius are bad teachers—too quick, too eager, and too violent, if not comprehended."

From Scotland Haydon proceeded by sea to Liverpool, and thence to Leicester, where he lectured to crowded and enthusiastic audiences.

On these occasions Haydon rushed about with his usual impetuosity. The characters he met, the objects of

antiquity or historical interest he saw, the manufactories he visited, are always referred to in the journals, and he never quitted a place without leaving a strong impression behind him. His lectures seem to have been uniformly successful, though the fierceness of his attacks on the Academy, as might be expected, were not always approved, while the tone of his criticism of contemporary painters was often complained of as unduly depreciatory.

After lecturing at Leicester, he returned to town, and thence, on the 16th of May, proceeded to Manchester, of which he says on the 26th:—

"I find Manchester in a dreadful condition as to art. No school of design. The young men drawing without instruction. A fine anatomical figure shut up in a box; the housekeeper obliged to hunt for the key. I'll give it to them before I go.

"Before I came up I was threatened with vengeance if I alluded to the Academy. I began the first lecture. No hisses. I proceeded last night and got applause."

In Manchester he not only lectured, but agitated for the establishment of a School of Design, which was founded the year after.

"*June 1st—5th.*—Lecturing till I am sick. I am not happy in Manchester. The associations of these hideous mill-prisons for children destroy my enjoyment in society. The people are quite insensible to it; but how they can go on as they do, in all their luxurious enjoyments, with those huge factories overhanging them, is most extraordinary.

"*17th, 18th.*—This was imagination. I have since examined large factories—2,000 in one room, and found the children healthy and strong, and the room well aired and wholesome."

The month of July he spent quietly at Broadstairs with his family, principally for the benefit of his wife's health, which was now much shaken.

"*July 6th.*—Not being able to pay up my rates in the approaching struggle, and keep my love here too, I wrote the Duke of Sutherland, and stated the case. Directly,

like a fine fellow as he is, he took two more shares in my Saragossa, which will enable me to do it. Huzza!"

This year her present Majesty came to the throne. Haydon applied, unsuccessfully, as might have been expected, for the appointment of her historical painter. It is amusing to see his affected struggles and doubts, after he had taken this step.

"*July 9th.*—Felt degraded in my own estimation in condescending to ask the Duchess of Sutherland to interfere with the Queen to appoint me her historical painter, with an income like West. If I succeed, what will become of my liberty? I do it for dear Mary's sake, as her health is feeble, and any more shocks would endanger her life.

"If the Queen were to say, 'Will he promise to cease assaulting the Academy?' I would reply, 'If Her Majesty would offer me the alternative of the block, or to cease assaulting, I would choose the block:' *Nous verrons.* Nothing will come of it, and secretly I hope nothing may. I have not played my cards well with the Duchess and the Queen. I had a fine moment which I did not press.

"Went up at one—Sunday—with 800 people. Paid my rates and taxes before nine on Monday, and was at Broadstairs at seven the same evening.

"The utter recklessness of the Sabbath by the people on board was dreadful—betting, drinking, smoking.

"I was known on board, and addressed; when they knew who I was they began to be profound, which was interesting, considering they were half drunk."

On his return to town at the end of July, Haydon got a large canvas on his easel, and began a picture on the subject of the Maid of Saragossa cheering on the besieged in an attack. Wilkie lent him his Spanish costumes for the picture (the subject of which he had himself painted before this), but he could not set to work very cheerfully, for his resources were well nigh exhausted. Lecturing furnished just enough to keep the wolf from the door, and, as we have seen, it was only by the kindness of his staunch friend the Duke of Sutherland in taking two shares in

this picture that he had been enabled to pay his rates and taxes the month before.

"*August 6th.*—Called on Hamilton. He seems desirous I should leave London if I can get advantageous offers. Never. I say, as Johnson says, 'Give me the full tide of human life at Charing Cross.'

"*7th.*—Made an oil study for my heroine. She must be a Spanish beauty. After all my success this year I have returned to my winter studies with only three sovereigns left. One my wife got to-day for the house, and thus I started the heroine's head with *2l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* capital.

"This is always the way. If the Queen would but grant me a pension—something to rest upon—I should feel a security of escaping the workhouse. Now I do not. I am nearly fifty-two. I can hardly last eighteen years more, with all I have gone through.

"In composition, telling a story, form and expression, I know myself equal to the great men. But in individual painting of heads I am vastly inferior.

"This I have yet to accomplish, and accomplish it I will by God's blessing.

"*9th.*—Never disregard what your enemies say. They may be severe, they may be prejudiced, they may be determined to see only in one direction, but still in that direction they see clearly. They do not speak all the truth, but they generally speak the truth from one point of view, as far as that goes: attend to them.

"They sneer at my success in lecturing, and say, 'it is a pity he does not paint more.' Of course it is a great pity, considering my deficiencies. That is a sneer I can and will profit by.

"*10th.*—Mr. Meek, former secretary to Lord Keith, passed the evening with us, and amused us. He went to Napoleon with Lord Keith when it was announced to him he was to go to St. Helena. He said Napoleon kept them standing. His face had a dead marble look, but became interesting when speaking. He said it was true

a man came from London to summon Napoleon to a trial, and chased Lord Keith all day.

"He said when Napoleon came on board, he kept asking everybody whether they were going to St. Helena.

"17*th.*—Studied the whole morning at the British Gallery—Guercino hung between Titian and Tintoretto. It was curious and interesting to study why Guercino was not so high as Titian or Tintoretto. Guercino was of the second crop of Italian genius. He is intrusive, hard, vulgar, and gross. Nothing could exceed Titian's Philip II. It was perfect in drawing, colour, and execution; just real enough, without being hard; just execution enough to save it from high finish, and colour enough to prevent its being dull. Nature—nature itself. The ground on which he stands might have been a little lighter to advantage, but if it have not got darker, Titian thought otherwise. . . .

"30*th.*—In the city to raise money to pay my dear Frank's schooling. I succeeded, returned fagged, and to work on Mr. Hope's Falstaff and Prince Hal.

"Thus ends August. Seventeen and a half days I have worked. Saragossa settled. Now what shall I proceed to finish? Poictiers or Saragossa?"

During this month Haydon was writing letters in the Spectator, addressed to Lord John Russell, commenting on the evidence given before Mr. Ewart's Committee, with especial reference to that of the President of the Academy. It appears to me unnecessary to refer more particularly to these letters, for they contain little but amplifications of topics of attack with which the readers of these memoirs must be already familiar, and much of the reasoning, even if sound then, has ceased to be applicable to the Academy now. Besides there intrudes in all Haydon's attacks a personality so bitter as almost to neutralise the truths they contain, and his quarrel with Sir Martin A. Shee has now lost such interest as it may have had at the time.

In September Haydon had the great gratification of

receiving from the committee of the Asylum for the Blind at Liverpool a commission for a picture on the subject of Christ blessing little Children, for 400 guineas, as a companion to Hilton's picture already in the church of the Asylum. The offer came in a letter from Mr. Lowndes, a munificent patron of the arts in Liverpool, and it was mainly owing, no doubt, to his exertions and those of Mr. Winstanley, that the commission was offered.

"*September 12th, 13th.*— Let me survey. I came home with my family from Broadstairs, July 31st. In August I got 10*l.* 10*s.* from the Duke of Devonshire for a share in Saragossa, and that is all professional receipts for six weeks! Since then I have received a commission for 400 guineas, but the above is all I have actually received to this time.

"The interval between my employments — as I have a family that must be fed and educated — generally produces debts, and that produces embarrassment.

"I had to pay 12*l.* 10*s.* for my boy, and borrowed it at 2*s.* in the pound for two months. I borrowed 5*l.* more to that 10*l.*; so that I have incurred a debt of 32*l.* 10*s.* before I begin my commission, and this again is a nucleus formed for future embarrassment. Half the month is gone. Falstaff is done. The sketch for Liverpool done. Saragossa quite ready to do, and Poictiers nearly done. I am waiting for another reply, and then I fly to my canvas."

On the 23rd the Liverpool picture was begun (with the usual prayer for a blessing on it), and on the 5th of October he visited Liverpool to determine the place it should occupy in the church, and to see Hilton's work, to which it was to serve as companion. He says of Hilton's picture that it is "broad, though chilly in colour, but a good picture and creditable to his talent."

Before the end of October the composition of the picture was settled.*

* I regret that in a recent visit to Liverpool (in 1852) I was unsuccessful in my attempt to see the pictures, as they were, for the time, rolled up and put away in consequence of the damp of the new church, where they should be hung.—Ed.

Haydon was now busy with his Liverpool commission, and preparing for a fresh round of the great northern manufacturing towns, where he never failed to find warm friends and applauding audiences. He took occasion in these tours, wherever he could, to urge the formation of Schools of Design; and such a school was founded at Manchester in this year. Probably no previous attempts of Haydon's to disseminate an interest in art were so useful or successful as these lectures, and what connected itself with them, or followed from them. Most of his efforts in this way, hitherto, had flowed too directly from his feud with the Academy, or were too much mixed up with his own quarrels, distresses, and disasters, for the truths of art which they asserted ever to have full effect. But in several of his lectures he got rid of such disturbing elements, and when he did, his views were sound and ennobling. But "self" with him always so distorted judgments and estimates as to provoke in many readers and hearers opposition or indifference to the best and truest things he could say or write about his art.

"*October 29th.** — Began this day this new journal. What after so many years are the prospects of art and the country? The art has decidedly advanced in public opinion. Amongst the upper classes the feeling for it has decreased. The Court and the nobility are just in the same state of infantine passion for portrait, and by portrait, and by portrait alone, will any man make his way to high places here.

"*30th.* — Worked hard, and at the head of Christ, which is the best I have done, in promise. When I remember the anxiety about the head of Christ in Jerusalem in the art and in fashionable life, and reflect on the utter apathy now, it is shocking.

"*31st.* — Last day, and a very bustling, idle month I

* The Twenty-second volume of the Journals opens at this date with the motto, from Ecclesiastes, xxiii. 24. "Fear not to be strong, in the Lord that He may confirm you: cleave unto Him, for the Lord Almighty is God alone, and beside Him there is no other Saviour."

have passed. I have lectured with great success, and to overwhelming audiences; especially on Friday, when I had two of the Blues,—wonderful men,—the one a Theseus, the other a Gladiator, and they were received *con furore.*

"*November 4th.*—Met Rogers in the park. People are beginning to peep about, and heave in sight for the season. I told him I had just been to the Duke of Sutherland's to see De la Roche's picture of Strafford. I said it was a fine work, but still a French work. In looking round at the Murillos, the difference of what was and what is raises interesting questions. There is no life in French pictures. The basis of all French art is the theatre and the lay-figure. The flesh is smooth and bloodless. Rogers touched me in the side and said, 'Give us something better of the same sort—you could.' I went to the Velasquez afterwards. It was a ripe peach after currier's leather. The Duke has given a high price. It is large, and yet such is the perversity that, like Thomas Hope, he objects to my painting large. Thomas Hope objected to my doing Solomon the size of life, and yet gave a French painter at the very same time 800 guineas for Damocles, full size.

"I ask any impartial person if my Solomon, Jerusalem, and Lazarus, are not greater works than De la Roche has ever done. Yet where are they all? Solomon in a hayloft, Lazarus in a bazaar, and Jerusalem out of the country.

"*5th.*—Sat for my portrait-bust to Park. Sent my children to church, but did not read prayers to myself, which is wicked and ungrateful. The reason is, I am in no danger pecuniarily—feel no want of God's protection, and forget his past mercies. This shows what human gratitude is.

"*9th.*—This day the Queen (who will never forgive me for sending her a ticket of admission to the raffle of Xenophon) goes to dine in the city. The day has opened, as all such days do, *in nubibus.* When Napoleon appeared the day always brightened, and I sincerely hope her young feelings will not have the chill a bad day always

gives. God bless her! As the Committee won't let me into the hall, my dignity won't let me stand in the streets, so I shall finish my drapery, which looks gloriously this morning.

"God protect the dear little Queen through all the perils of fog and feasting, and bring her home safely, and make her reign over us long and lasting.

"14*th*.—Lord Egremont is dead, a great loss to all, especially artists. He was an extraordinary man,—manly, straight-forward, tender-hearted, a noble patron, an attached friend, and an affectionate and indulgent parent. His great pleasure was in sharing with the highest and humblest the advantages and luxuries of his vast income. The very animals at Petworth seemed happier than in any other spot on earth,—better fed, and their dumbness and helpless dependance on man more humanely felt for. He was one of those left of the old school who considered a great artist as fit society for any man, however high his rank, and at his table, as at Sir George Beaumont's, Lord Mulgrave's, or Sir Robert Peel's, painter and sculptor, poet and minister and soldier, all were as equals.

"19*th*.—At Hamilton's till four. He had been to Drayton and saw Napoleon in the dining-room. Sir Robert broached the subject about the charge after dinner: Lord de Grey and others present. He said I could not expect to keep my friends if I raised my charges in that way. This was not fair, as Hamilton said; he got the picture for 100 guineas owing to a mistake. I told him it ought at least to have been 200*l*., and after all the fair price was 300*l*."

With this explanation it has a very different air.

"20*th*.—Saw the Queen pass the gallery to the Lords. Her appearance was singular. Her large eye, open nostril, closed mouth, small form, grave demeanour, and intellectual look, surrounded by nobles, ministers, ambassadors, peeresses, statesmen and guards, had something awful and peculiar.

"*22nd.*—At the British Museum all day, writing hard for my history of art.

"*23rd.*—At the British Museum again. Copied materials for my history."

And then follow many pages of a summary history of art, which need not detain us here, and which occupied him to the close of the month.

In December of this year his pictures of the Black Prince and the Lord Audley at Poictiers, and of Falstaff and Prince Hal, were sent to the exhibition of the Edinburgh Society of Artists.

1838.

"*January 25th.*—Manchester. Up to this very day I have neglected my journal. I left town, and arrived here after a rapid journey by train from Birmingham, and was received with the same enthusiasm as before. To-day is my birth-day, when I complete my fifty-second year. A meeting took place in the committee room of the Mechanics, to consider the propriety of founding a School of Design. I read my proposition, which was received with cheers—Mr. James Frazer in the chair. Mr. Heywood was present. Some one wished an elementary school to be added before beginning the figure, but I urged the necessity of uniting the artist and the mechanic, as in Greece and Italy, and I think I impressed the audience. Finally an active committee was formed to take the matter into consideration, preparatory to calling a public meeting. This I consider the first serious move. Thanks were voted me, and inwardly I thank God I have lived to see this day.*

"*28th.*—Dined out with a very fine fellow—Darby-

* It is in favour of the soundness of Haydon's views as to Schools of Design that this very Manchester school, after some years' languishing under a system the opposite to that here indicated, has lately seen and acknowledged the necessity of coming to Haydon's principle.

shire, and Heywood (banker), Fairbairn (engineer), and others, with some nice women, one with a fine head, who sat opposite me at table. We talked of the School of Design. Heywood said, 'It was astonishing how it would get on if men had shares bearing interest, — not but what,' he added, 'I prefer donations.' This was a regular hint for starting a 'School of Design Company,' and after all, perhaps, this must be the way in England. We shall see. Bankers are shrewd ones. Liked Fairbairn much — a good iron steam-engine head. To see his expression when they talked of 'Ernest Maltravers' made me inwardly rejoice. 'I cannot get through novels,' said he. It showed his good sense. He has risen from a foundry labourer to be master of as great a manufactory as any in the world.

"*29th.* — Got a Celsus, and was struck more strongly than ever with the evidence of the dissection of the Greeks. It was lent me by a young surgeon in the house. He refers to the Greeks about the diaphragm, which the Greeks call διάφραγμα — φράγμα is 'a fence.' How came they to call it so, but from internal examination?

"Lectured at Royal Institution and Mechanics. Audiences stuffed. Laid the subject of a School of Design before them. Enthusiastically received. Committee met to-day. All goes right. Monied men must not be bullied. Great effort to keep the mechanics temperate.

"*February 3rd.* — Dined at Fairbairn's, after passing the morning at his vast engine works. Boilers for 400 horse power engines — iron melting by fire that would have astonished the devils — roaring like thunder — dark with brightness, red with heat, and liquid like lava. We had a pleasant party, but the conversation in all country towns is on domestic politics. On any broad question they get spitish, and you see the aim is to rival another establishment, or mortify a political opponent. Turner, the surgeon, Frazer, the connoisseur, and Darbyshire, the attorney, see things broadly.

"*5th.* — Left Manchester yesterday, Sunday, and ar-

rived here (Leeds) at five. After the spirit of London and Manchester, Leeds seems stupid. *Nous verrons.*

"*6th.*— Lectured last night. They seem High Church and bigoted. I was asked after if I meant to attack the Church, because I said the Reformation had ruined high art. Hamilton has given me a letter to Theodore Hook's relative, Dr. Hook.

"*10th.*—Dined with Mr. Bankes, and had a very pleasant evening. Spent the morning with Miss Bankes in looking over her collection of shells, according to La Marque. I gained immense knowledge, as I went through every species from the earliest formation to the last. The people here think her cracked. How evident is the cause of learned people being thought magicians in an earlier state of society.

"*18th.*— Left Leeds, where I have met a kind reception and great enthusiasm, for Manchester. Attended to-day the first considerable meeting for a School of Design. There was a decent muster, and everybody sincere. I seconded the last resolution, and the debate concluded. I then ran to the train, and was at Birmingham in four hours and a half. On Tuesday, 20th, I went to Tamworth, and thence to Drayton, having found Sir Robert Peel's servant waiting to conduct me. My Napoleon looked admirably. Sir Robert had placed it in the centre of his drawing-room, in the place of honour. Lawrence's Lady Peel looked really exquisite as far as head and neck. The Teniers and Vandyke were beautiful. The old masters ground their colours purer than modern men. All the modern pictures looked coarse and gritty. The house is splendidly comfortable, and a noble consequence of integrity and trade.

"*21st.* — Set off for town, where I arrived after being thirteen hours outside, and after having accomplished all I left town to do — the establishment of a School of Design at Manchester, and the excitement of the people. If God spares my life, I will raise such a commotion about the

Court that shall make it ashamed of its miniature trash and patronage. It is quite disgraceful.

"*26th, 27th, 28th.* — Did business to get clear for devoting myself for finishing Christ Blessing little Children. Called in at the School of Design, Somerset House. My Heavens — what a scene! Eight or nine poor boys drawing paltry patterns — no figures — no beautiful forms.

"*March 18th.* — Went to church, but prosperity, though it makes me grateful, does not cause me such perpetual religious musings as adversity. When on a precipice where nothing but God's protection can save me, then I delight in religious hope, but I am sorry to say my ambition ever dwindles, unless kept alive by risk of ruin. My piety is never so intense as when in a prison, and my gratitude never so much alive as when I have just escaped from one.

"*22nd.* — Out the whole day. Lectured in the evening on the School of Design. Wyse and Ewart were present. Wyse made a capital speech, carrying out my principles, the principles of my early enthusiasm. It was a complete victory, and now it will get into the House effectually. They both said I stirred up the people in the country. It was curious to find Elmes, my old friend, the editor of the Annals, Vice-president after so many years. God grant us victory.

"*25th.* — My picture is well advanced, and I have been blessed throughout so far. God bless me to the end. This last year a good deal of money has passed through my hands, out of which I cannot save, — my boys are so expensive. If I think what is to become of me in my old age, something whispers me, 'Trust in God, as usual.'"

An agitation was about this time started for a monument to Nelson. Haydon took a deep interest in the proposal, and contributed a design to the competition, which resulted in the selection of the Trafalgar Square column and statue.

Haydon's original design was a Greek temple, with a simple statue of Nelson in the cella, and on the walls,

pictures of four of the most remarkable incidents in his career.

1. The receiving the sword of the Spanish officers on quarter-deck of the San Josef.

2. The explosion of L'Orient at the battle of the Nile.

3. His signing of the letter to the Crown Prince at the bombardment of Copenhagen.

4. The death at Trafalgar.

This design he communicated on the 9th of April to Sir George Cockburn in a letter, but did not then propose apparently to enter regularly into the competition.

"*March 11th.* — Out the whole day. Spent two hours at Sir Robert Peel's. Studied the magnificent Silenus. Good God, what a scale! Studied the *Chapeau de Paille* — model of painting hands and head — bosom not beautiful — hat badly put on. Miss Peel was with her French governess — a beautiful, domestic and interesting girl. She came out into the gallery and received me most kindly, so that I hope Sir Robert and I will be reconciled. I pursued wrong under the impression of right, and he opposed me, convinced he was right.* When I found amongst my papers indisputable evidence of my feelings at the time, which proved I was wrong, I told him so at once. I could do no more, and he seems to think so.

"Lady Peel's portrait with her bonnet was very sweet, but bordering on manner. Yet it was tender, and suited the nature of Lawrence: whenever Lawrence painted the Duchess of Sutherland or Lady Peel, he seemed to forget all his coquettish expressions."

By an accident, the committee of his Liverpool employers delayed a remittance, and at once the old difficulties recommenced.

"*16th.* — Advanced by finishing last week, everything now being settled, but the Liverpool committee not keeping their engagement with me, I begin to be harassed.

* In allusion to the difference touching the price of the Napoleon picture.

They promised me my 50*l.* on the 8th. I promised landlord and collector of rates and taxes. I have broken my word with all of them. I feel lowered again, and after ten months of prosperity, I begin to feel the usual blessings of devoting one's self to a large picture on contingencies. I raised 5*l.* on my prints. To-day I have got 9*s.* in my pocket, and out go my anatomical studies for the wants of the week.

"18*th.* — Heard yesterday from Liverpool, but no cash. This is careless, and unlike men of business. The consequence was, I sent out my dinner suit to-day for 1*l.* 10*s.* The Manchester men told me that the Liverpool people were all show, and at Leeds Dr. Hook said, 'we give a Liverpool man ten years.' *Nous verrons.* Hard at work, and finished the legs, but not satisfied. After lunch I got into an omnibus and drove down to the National Gallery, and studied Corregio's, Rubens's and Reynolds's children. Of the three Rubens's were best, Corregio's beautiful too. I came back like a lion, kept down the off leg, softened both, and greatly improved them. The day has been one of real ecstasy. 'I had a beautiful baby in the morning. Studied glorious works, and succeeded. *Laus deo.* Now, if the 50*l.* comes, I defy mortality.

"Really, looking at Reynolds, I thought the head of the Infant Jesus as finely painted as anything in the world, but on coming to him again from Titian and Corregio, the material was too apparent. But for manly breadth, nothing could be finer.

"Those three ladies, too*, are exquisite. He was a great man, and I think Reynolds, Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough and Wilkie keep ground. The English school will rise, now they are fairly hung.

"26*th.*— Lectured last night with great success, going into the whole Academy question. It was considered I had proved my position. Took out my great coat to go to the

* Reynolds's Graces.

lecture. I sent it back again by my old *Fidus Achates* for 12*s.* this morning, to furnish us for the day.

"28*th.* — *Aujourd'hui j'ai reçu cent guinées sterling, hier au soir actuellement sans quatre schellings! Telle est ma vie: un jour au sommet, pendant le jour suivant au bout de besoin et misère!*

"*Grace à Dieu pour sa bonté de ce matin.* Half past one. Was there ever any thing like it? This moment *J'ai reçu de Liverpool l'autre* 50*l. Cent cinquante cinq livres dans un jour, après la plus grande necessité! Grace à Dieu encore.*

"All this can be traced to human causes. The treasurer was ill and forgot me. He returned and sent the money. It was inclosed by post. In the meanwhile a young lady wished to be a pupil. I dine there, the father makes me an offer. I propose another. He accepts and appoints. Because the treasurer was ill, because he came back, because he sent the money, because it was put in the post, because the train met with no accident, because the postman did not break his neck, was not a thief, because my servant went to the door when he knocked, and because I went into the city for similar progressive reasons, I got 100*l.* first, and the 50*l.* came after."

But now came a heavy blow — the death of his second step-son, Simon Hyman, by the bite of a serpent in Madras Roads, thus announced to him by the lad's captain.

"Her Majesty's sloop Wolf,
"Trincomalee, December 31st, 1837.

"My dear sir,

"I regret much indeed the painful task I am about to take, — the communication to you of the melancholy demise of your son S. Hyman, which took place in consequence of the bite of a reptile on board Her Majesty's brig Algerine, at anchor in Madras Roads, when a sea serpent came on board, having been hooked by a marine. The late Mr. S. Hyman took it in his hand, and the animal, when irritated, seized hold of his hand over the metacarpal bone of the forefinger, and held the doubled-up skin firmly between his jaws until he was forced to let go his hold. This occurred at 7 30 A. M. Mr. Hyman held the

occurrence lightly, went down to his breakfast, and soon after felt some uneasiness in his throat, which quickly began to swell: the patient fell giddy, not long after insensible, and died exactly at 10 30 A. M., three hours after the accident. A few exceedingly small punctures were seen where the animal bit the hand. Soon after death the throat was discoloured, the body spotted, which in a few hours became offensive, and it was found necessary to bury it at 4 P. M. the same evening. There were two medical men, who did all they could, and all that was possible on the occasion, but so very rapid and deadly was the poison that no good arose from any remedies, and the first hour was necessarily lost by the patient himself treating the thing lightly, and as of no material consequence.

"The snake was preserved, and examined by Mr. Bland, surgeon of Her Majesty's sloop Wolf, under my command, and found to be six feet six inches in length, general colour yellow, with forty-three black rings nearly equidistant. Its thickness about six inches near the vent, from which the tail projected vertically, flat or compressed. Upper jaw two rows of small teeth, the inner row indented in the intermaxillary bones like the common adder, but no fang teeth could be detected, nor could it be seen whether the snake had hollow or tubed teeth from want of a powerful lens. Under jaw had one row of teeth, many broken, and worn from age. In the above account I have given you every information in my power (at present). And as for his effects (according to his verbal wish) they are strictly kept, and will be sent to you. His clothes (naval) may come in for his brother, as my poor unfortunate shipwrecked brother's did for me.

"In concluding this melancholy detail, I beg, my dear sir, to acquaint you that your late son-in-law was very much respected, and in fact beloved by all. He bid fair for a fine officer, and there exists no doubt, had he survived the melancholy catastrophe, he would have done honour to the British navy. We who knew him shall ever feel most deeply impressed at the loss, and his memory will ever be much respected by all.

"Wishing you will be in time reconciled to the will of one who calls the best first to his presence,

"I remain, my dear sir,

"Yours much concerned,

EDWARD STANLEY."

"*May 13th.*—Read prayers, and passed the day in doing nothing but moving about, then looking at my pictures and studying effect. It is extraordinary the indisposition of children for church. Surely I had no such indisposition. I remember going to prayers, and listening to Gandy with absolute pleasure. I remember always listening to his sublime reading of the Litany with delight. Not one of my children has the least of it. They in reality hate going to public worship. Frank says he hates to pray with a parcel of fools who come to be looked at. Frederic says he likes it, all but the sermon, and my little girl says she goes to please me. Thus it is. If I read prayers and a Blair's sermon they all join, because they know they are released in an hour, but Church is always matter of discontent.

"*20th.*—My poor Hyman haunts us all. His death is afflicting, dreadfully so. To be hurried to the grave in full health and spirits in three hours. Poor fellow! He never lived to receive his mother's and sister's letters. Thank God he got mine, and his last breath, as it were, was a blessing on me. I loved him like my own boy.

"*21st.*—Hard at work and finished the other hand. Now for the back figure, and then, huzza for the conclusion!

"I think I am less satisfied now than ever with my own efforts. Surely I must be on the eve of some grand attempt. I am dying for daring foreshortenings and desperate actions.

"*22nd.*—Dreadfully anxious and hard at work. I rubbed out and rubbed in endlessly, but feeling the benefit of admitting all classes while the work is in progress, and all classes having pronounced judgment on the muscular beggar, I took him out, after engaging a horse-guard, and sending for a female model, put in a sweet girl looking over an infant. This kept up the feeling, and this morning (23d) I see it will do; so I shall finish it, and this is an immense anxiety eased.

"*24th.*—Put in the head of a young girl. It is a

great improvement. My dear Mary still continues very low about poor Hyman.

"*25th.*—Studied the effect, and lectured. Ewart proposed a petition to bring up the Cartoons to be presented by Wyse. Success to it.

"*27th.*—Walked and looked at the grand entrance to the railway. It is extraordinary how decidedly the public has adopted Greek architecture. Its simplicity, I take it, is suitable to English decision.

"*June 1st.*—Called on Ewart, and told him strongly they were hurrying on the art too fast; that they were going to petition to have the Cartoons when they had no place to put them in. 'Turn out the Academy,' said Ewart. 'What is to become of the Cartoons in the mean time? You can't turn them out.' 'The Chancellor of the Exchequer said they would be ready to go if the public wished.' This is a radical. All they want is movement; here is a man who proposes to move the Cartoons, and before they can be lodged must get out an Academy, which has just got in. I told him false movements ruined battles.

"*4th.*—Went out early on business. Winstanley called from Liverpool. Called on Beechey, who was full of a new vehicle.* He amused me excessively by reading extracts from copies he had made from a memorandum book of Reynolds' in the possession of Mr. Gwatkin, who married his niece. It was most entertaining. At the end of a day's work and a new portrait, he put down, '*Sono stabilito in maniere di dipingere,*' and would paint the very next portrait in a totally different way. In the same work, wax, gum copaiva, oil, Venice turpentine, were all used in turn. Often first he put 'cerata;' that is, waxed the ground before he painted. Often prepared with black, white, and blue, and glazed with yellow lake, and then painted warm and cooled with ultramarine by glazes. I never saw a man so uncertain; and the beautiful delusion

* See these extracts in the Appendix to this volume.

of fancying his manner of painting was fixed! — just like a man of great genius who has a peculiar weakness.

"*7th.* — Lord and Lady Burghersh called yesterday and suggested removing the column, and the improvement is enormous. Too much cannot be said to them for their thought and taste. To-day I cleared the picture; threw the whole background into sky and landscape, and the flatness gave double value to the foreground. Every day one learns something from one's self and others.

"Duke of Sutherland called to-day, and said he was much pleased with the character and head of Christ. He thought the children not Jewish enough. This was a sound remark, so that if I get the child done to-morrow, this week will have been well passed.

"If a foreground be flat, let a background be complicated; if a foreground be complicated let a background be flat.

"*8th.* — Painted in a head. Is it equal to Titian or Reynolds, Vandyke or Rubens? No: disgrace that it is not. My mind is teeming with improvement, and something will come of it. The first symptom is disgust at what I do.

"*9th.* — Much fatigued. Worked hard, and got the boy nearly done. This week advanced well, but not enough.

"*10th.* — Read prayers. Sent the children to church, and Frank and I walked after. My eyes irritable from having had no rest Friday or Saturday. I am convinced that on Friday and Saturday, what with reading, writing, painting and lecturing, thirty out of the forty-eight hours were constantly employed. Sometimes such is the extreme activity of my brain, that I fall dead asleep like Napoleon, and from the same cause, wake refreshed and at it again. When I come to dinner my dear Mary says I have been a great deal alone. Such a sensation never enters my head. I never feel alone. With visions of ancient heroes, pictures of Christ, principles of ancient art, humorous subjects, deductions, sarcasms against the Academy, piercing remembrance of my dear children, all crowding upon me, I paint, write, conceive, and fall asleep, start up refreshed, eat my lunch with the fierceness of Polyphemus,

return to my room, go on till near dinner, walk, dine, read the paper, return to my study, complete what I have been doing, or muse till dusk, then to bed, lamenting my mortality at being fatigued. I never rest, I talk all night in my sleep, start up: I scarce know whether I did not even relish ruin, as a source of increased activity. 'Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!'

"*15th.*—Got up so wretched in my eyes from overwork that I sallied forth to seek my fortunes, like Cain with his family, and got into the Great Western. The instant the engine moved I felt something was wrong. It laboured and jerked, and, after going at a snail's pace, made a dead stop, at four miles. After a great deal of time it proceeded, and arrived at West Drayton at one, thirteen miles an hour. This was the first hour of an intended day of pleasure. Weary of the idea of remaining at a station till four, I determined to walk to Hounslow, but rain set in, so I hailed a tax-cart, in fact a butcher's, and asked him if he would take me to Hounslow. He said he would, and as it was all by by-paths, I jumped in. He lent me a sack to cover my knees, and by wiping myself continually, I kept the rain from soaking in. We got on very well. He told me the winter had been 10*l.* out of his way. All his potatoes, turnips, and cabbages had been ruined. He said he was married, and had two children. He said, 'You have a queer coachman, sir, haven't ye?' 'Never mind, my hero, bring me to Hounslow.' After a long trot he plunged into the open road — Hounslow two miles. I thought it would be rather awkward to meet the Duke of Sutherland. Trusting in Providence I should escape, I did not get out; and while I was thinking if my noble friends should see me what a job it would be, suddenly the butcher bawled out, 'The Queen! the Queen!' I jerked off my spectacles, pressed my hat over my head, hid half my face, and waited. First came the Lancers, then outriders, then the Queen, then a carriage with Prince George (I think), who looked at me. The Queen's eye I escaped, and *he* did not know me.

"At Hounslow I fell in with a stage, and got to town at five.

"18*th.* — At the Gallery at night. Sir George, Lord Mulgrave, Duke of Sutherland, all gone! and the glory of the Gallery gone with them. There was not one beautiful head in the room.

"Studied a Bassano till I smelt its colour, and to-day dashed into my sketch what I imbibed. Oh, what they lose who do not glory in the old painters! What an eye! What a nerve for colour! How I sucked it in, how I tasted it on the tip of my tongue—how fiery were the crimsons! how delicious the surface! how deep the tone! De la Roche made me sick. His dirty browns, his reds, his filthy leathery bricky flesh. Yah!

"I am the same man as ever. Thirty years ago I had just the same feelings, the same delusions.

"Last night, as I was looking at De la Roche's picture of Charles, which is not equal to the Duke's Strafford, P—— was standing by me. He said, 'the French are approaching us.' I replied, 'The French have decided merits we have not.' He turned away in a rage.

"I could not help admiring the thorough-bred impertinence of R. A.'s. They are never at a loss to keep up their dignity. 'Approaching us,' — '*Us!*' The immaculate exquisite! They are clever fellows.

"19*th.*—What I find fault with is my tendency to intellectual deduction. I have as much pleasure in that as painting. It comes on in spite of Titian, Nature, and the Elgin Marbles.

"19*th.*—Hard at work, and did half the baby. Titian's flesh in children is exactly the milky tint — Rubens not so. In the Three Ages * at Bridgewater House the three little children are perfection. My flesh in my baby being near a red cap, the reflections are red. Mary came in, and said, 'Children who suck are not red, but milky.' This was the sound criticism of a mother.

* By some attributed to Titian, by others to Giorgione.

"*24th.*—Dined at Mackenzie's (an old friend), and met Lord Paulet, O——, Matthews (the brother of Lord Byron's Matthews), Mr. Coulton, and two others. A very delightful evening we had, because we got on the Spanish war. O—— (though one of the Duke's croakers evidently) said capital things. He said magistrates, priests, people, and nobility were all with the Duke, and the French could not move without the Duke immediately knowing every movement. He said the French never fought much after Salamanca and Albuera. He said he knew that the Duke, before going to Waterloo, when ministers asked whom they should send out if any accident should happen to him, replied, 'Beresford;' but like many old officers, he ascribed more to circumstances than to Wellington's genius. Absurd.

"Lord Paulet told some interesting things. Among a parcel of aides-de-camp he heard one say, 'They ran away.' The Duke, who was near, turned round—'Ran away! to be sure. I saw a whole regiment, officers and all, run like the devil in the Pyrenees till they were up to their shoulders in furze.' Lord Paulet said it was one of the fifties. The Duke said directly after he saw the same regiment distinguishing themselves highly. He was supposed not to have seen the first scene, but he saw the last, and noticed their gallantry in orders.

"Lord Paulet said, one night in Paris, at the Variétés, he and the Duke found a dirty-looking fellow marked with the smallpox, and he was going to say the box was taken, when, to his astonishment, the Duke spoke freely to the stranger, and they got into a deep conversation. When the Duke came out he said, 'Do you know who that is? That's Rostopchin, a devilish good fellow.' Mackenzie then said, in reply to some question, Rostopchin did not set fire to Moscow. That he heard him declare after dinner, upon his word of honour as a gentleman, that he had nothing to do with it. He burned his own villa before the city was burnt, thus setting the example, but he says it was set fire to by thieves, who hoped to plunder.

Mackenzie said the question with Russians was, Moscow was the head-quarters of the nobility, who were too powerful for Alexander's independence. It was suspected the burning was not disagreeable to him. The nobles were very angry at the Tilsit scene, and remonstrated; in fact, little less than ordered Alexander to have nothing to do again with the French army, or even to see Napoleon.

"O —— then returned to the running away, and said, unless keeping the ground was an object, officers and all often took shelter. But if the orders were, 'Keep that ground while alive,' every man would drop at his post.

"Mackenzie said he was present when a French officer of artillery was taken and brought to Schwartzenburg. Among other questions they asked what they were doing in the South. 'Don't you know? We have been fighting a man, who if he had your army would have been in Paris a month ago.' He told us he heard the Duke say Massena was equal to 120,000, Ney to 20,000, but that Soult combined the talents of both.

"He said the 11th volume of the Despatches was delayed till Soult was gone, lest it might have injured him with English people.

"O —— thought nothing of Vittoria because there was no fighting. I asked him if taking 150 pieces of cannon, and Lord Hill's flank movement were nothing. He admitted, unwillingly, that was something. Vittoria was the greatest because there was no fighting. O —— said the army was sick of it before the battle. I dare say all the croakers were.

"O —— was exactly the sort of man to hit short-sighted prejudices between wind and water; to attribute the success of a great genius to circumstances, to information, and second-rate causes, instead of seeing that but for the innate power of mind to wield the circumstances nothing could have come.

"What Wellington must have had to contend with! I Came away with Matthews, to whom, as we came out, I complained of the disposition of old military characters

to underrate the Duke. I told O —— that I heard from Colonel Aicheson of the Guards a saying of the Duke's, 'No man who is not an ass fights a general battle unless he is sure of getting it.'

"*July 27th.* — Had a long chat with Wilkie. He had a lady on canvas which was very fair, but his large work, the Discovery of Tippoo's Body, is beneath notice. He has no notion of grace. He has put Baird with his head the wrong way for ease, just like his George IV. It is dreadful to see such a genius so encumbering himself. I suspect from his tone he is suffering from want of commissions. How can he expect otherwise when for ten years he has palmed off such trash as he has been painting? I asked him if he had read my treatise on painting. He said he had begun it, but it was very learned.

"I think he is going to get married. Just as I was going he showed me a small picture of the Pope and Benvenuto Cellini, as exquisite as anything he ever painted — superior in fact. It had all the surface Sir George used to wish for in him. If he completes it as he has begun it, he will hit what he has been floundering after for years.

"*31st.* — I have got through all the figures; painted ten this month. I am grateful I have accomplished it.

"Now for improvements and alterations. About seven D'Orsay called, whom I had not seen for long. He was much improved, and looking 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form,' — really a complete Adonis — not made up at all. He made some capital remarks, all of which must be attended to. They were first impressions and sound. He bounded into his cab, and drove off like a young Apollo with a fiery Pegasus. I looked after him. I like to see such specimens.

"*August 4th.* — Wilkie called and is looking very old. His mind is certainly growing feeble. We had a regular discussion about effects, lights, &c., but he was weak and fat. He was annoyed at my saying that he refused to walk with me in the streets after my attack on the

Academy. It was truth and he knows it. He said, 'My object was to bring you right, as it is now.' He actually said this to-day, as if he was sounding me. 'You have kept yourself aloof from all societies,' said he, 'very properly.' By heavens, here is an advance!"

At this time the subject of a statue to the Duke of Wellington was under consideration, and a model of Wyatt's equestrian figure was erected, without the artist's knowledge, on the arch where the statue itself now stands. Struck with the ungraceful effect of the whole, Haydon wrote to the Duke, enclosing a sketch, in which he showed the disproportion between statue and pedestal, and the improvement that might be effected by adopting a figure of different size placed parallel with the roadway instead of athwart it. The Duke acknowledged the note and sketch in his usual incisive style.

"London, August 11th, 1838.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and returns the drawing enclosed in his note of the 10th.

"The Duke is the man of all men in England who has the least to do with the affair which is the subject of Mr. Haydon's letter to him."

"17*th*. — The session has ended, and nothing has been done for high art, or even thought of. But the law which enabled a reptile to enter your house without notice, and drag you even from your bed, is abolished. This is only a step to the final abolishment of arrest, even in execution.

"I have helped to this desired object.

"Hume read my Catalogue on the Mock Election at the House, which was a feather in the scale.

"29*th*. — Hard and anxiously at work. Nothing now left to finish but the feet and legs of an alteration, and to have three boy models together, so that I may make my own more separate and solid in light and shadow from nature.

"Always group up your models. No ideal light and shadow is equal to the truth of life.

"31*st.* — I have fairly got through my picture, for which mercy I offer God my grateful thanks. I began 8th October, went out of town in January, recommenced in April, and got through it in August. It has taken me six months fair hard work. I faddled two, was absent six weeks, altered and rubbed in in March, and began to finish in April. For the health, for the happiness, for the supply of money, for all the blessings I have enjoyed, on my knees I bless God, the cause, the fountain of all.

"*September 6th.* — When the vehicle which conveys the thought is such as not to detract from the full value of the thought by its imperfection of resemblance, but not such as to attract by its mere splendour of execution, but such as solely to convey the thought, so that the thought alone shall predominate — that is perfection of art. Subsequent examination may bring fresh delight at finding out how this has been done.

"Titian and Apelles, Claude and Vandervelde, Wilkie in his Blind Fiddler, and Landseer in his dogs,—why are these men not the greatest in their art? Because invention requires a higher power of mind than imitation.

"16*th.* — I bless God with all my heart that I have paid my rent, rates, taxes, laid in my coals for winter, and have enjoyed health, happiness, and freedom from debt ever since this commission. If, before I die, I can satisfy my old creditors (those who did not put me to law costs, though there is something of revenge in this I believe and fear) I shall die unloaded.

"*October 9th.* — Worked hard, and finished my sketch, and thus I conclude 'my first Liverpool commission,' as my friend Lowndes said.

"19*th.* — Left town in the train, and arrived at Liverpool at half-past seven — nine and a half hours — 210 miles. A young American sat with me in the *coupée*, and I was heartily amused. All the characteristics of his countrymen came out in perfection. He carelessly tumbled about bills to a considerable amount — boasted

of the battle of Platsburgh, which I had forgotten till I was obliged to pull him down a little, tenderly, about the Chesapeake and the Capitol. His face altered instantly.

"He said he could animal-magnetise. I defied him: he began with all his antics, but I looked him sternly in the face, and shook him. He pretended he was ill, and finding me broad awake, he said, 'Mayhap, you are a strong mind.' 'So they say,' said I.

"At lunch he went and found out who I was, and his altered tone amused me. He drove up to the same hotel, and announced my coming (which was a cursed liberty). After that I took care.

"On Tuesday I met him and said, 'Well, you did not put me to sleep.' 'Ah,' said he, 'I did not do it. I was too ill.' I found the picture arrived.

"*21st.* — Went to church at the asylum.

"*22nd.* — Put up the picture.

"*23rd.* — It looked capitally.

"*24th.* — Worked at it.

"*25th.* — Finished. Thus it is one year and seventeen days since I began the picture. *Laus Deo.*

"*27th, 28th, and 29th.* — Spent at Liverpool amongst a spirited set, but more idle than Manchester men. Dined on 27th with Lowndes, who seemed quite happy. I had in spite of calumny honoured his election.

"*30th.* — Set off for Manchester, where I stayed for two days arranging with Fairbairn about my dear boy, Frank, who will be an engineer.

"*November 1st.* — Arrived safely at Leeds, where I was heartily and sincerely welcomed. The Liverpool men are speculators and spirited; the Leeds men steady and persevering; the Manchester men industrious and wealthy.

"*19th.* — Left dear old steady Leeds at eleven. Got to Manchester, and dined. Set off by train, and came back like mad in the hour to Liverpool. Had a letter from my darling Mary, which charmed me.

"*21st.* — Went to the Mechanics and got all right. It is a magnificent establishment.

"*22nd.*—Lectured last night to a large audience. The room is too large. You feel pained to fill it. There are too many boys belonging to the schools, and the savage brutality behind is dreadful. No attention or common civility. I was astonished. They are accustomed to so many teachers, they look on a lecturer as on a porter. I'll teach them differently. I had hard work to get a glass of water.

"*December 5th.*—Lowndes came the other night, and proposed to me to paint a grand historical picture of the Duke. The very thing I have been thinking of for two years. How extraordinary. O God, grant me life and health to do this thing as the glorious town of Liverpool deserves it should be done!

"*4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th.*—Sketched. The scheme for the Duke goes on capitally.

"Brought forward a boy at the Mechanics' to-night who is a great genius—Huxley. He will, if ever properly assisted, be an honour to English art. I offered to educate him if they would maintain him.

"He has sketched a Rape of Proserpine as fine as anything I ever saw—Ceres demanding her Daughter—Three Fates—Three Furies—not a figure more than wanted. He is full of invention, and no manner.

"He sees the principal figure at once. I cannot express my pleasure.

"His father is a cabinet-maker.

"*14th, 15th.*—Dined out, and gave my last lecture to a crowded and elegant audience. On the Thursday I lectured on a fine living model called Hickman, six feet two and a half. When I put him like the Theseus and Ilissus the whole audience felt his superb look. He had been a horse-guardsman. The success of these lectures at Liverpool, and the success of the Asylum picture, and the victory of a public commission, are really so glorious, that no gratitude to God can be great enough. I prayed sincerely for a successful end of this labour, and it has ended successfully. Gratitude to Him, the

protector of all his creatures. I now pray to Him to bless this new commission of the Duke, that Liverpool may possess the best historical picture, and my grandest effort of the pencil in portrait. Inspired by history I fear not making it the grandest thing."

This commission for the picture of the Duke musing at Waterloo twenty years after the battle, was a great triumph for Haydon, who, as has been mentioned, had conceived the subject in 1836, and had begun a picture for Messrs. Boys, the publishers, which was not proceeded with in consequence of the difficulty already recorded about the Duke's clothes.

A commission from a body of gentlemen at Liverpool was a very different thing from a publisher's speculation, and so the picture was rubbed in, with great exultation, before the close of the year, with a prayer (in allusion to the picture painted for Sir R. Peel) that the artist might beat Napoleon as much as ever the Duke did.

"*31st.*—The last day of 1838. A year of competence, work, and prosperity, comparatively. Blessings and gratitude to that benevolent Creator under whose merciful dispensation this has happened. It has not made me ungrateful or vicious; but I have less crime to answer for than any other previous year of my past life.

"Gratitude for ever and ever. Amen.

"The people are more alive to art than ever. Everywhere have I been received with enthusiasm, and the importance of high art is no longer a matter of doubt with them.

"Thus ends 1838. Could I hope that every year would be equally blessed by employment and competence, every wish would be gratified. May I deserve it. Amen."

1839.

This year presented but few vicissitudes. The artist was kept above embarrassment throughout, partly by his

Liverpool commission for the Duke's picture, and partly by his lectures. The one great incident of the twelvemonth was the visit to Walmer, where he had at length his long-wished-for opportunity of sittings from the Duke.

Now that Wellington has passed away, details which illustrate his character and habits possess an interest, however trivial, apart from the man. I have therefore given the journal of this visit in full. But before this there had been much correspondence between the Duke and the painter, characteristic on both sides, of which I have suppressed very little.

Haydon's admiration of the Duke was unbounded, and the pains he took with this commission were in proportion to his enthusiasm for the subject of it. The sketches in the journal are evidence of the thought he gave to the arrangement of the picture, and I have had placed in my hands (while this book was in progress) a collection of elaborate chalk studies * for all the details, from the head and hands of the Duke, down to his spurs and the minutest parts of the trappings of Copenhagen, partly from Haydon's own hand, and partly from that of his Liverpool pupil, Huxley. The picture seems to have been, in every sense of the word, a conscientious work. It is well known at this time, from the re-appearance of the print on the death of the Duke last year.

"*January 1st.*—I arose at daylight, dressed, and going into the parlour as usual opened the Bible almost in the dark, turned it on its face, and waited for light. I then, getting impatient, lighted a candle, and read, 'Let thy mercy, O Lord, be upon us, according as we hope in Thee.'

"And now to set my palette, and to work. Half past eight."

Wishing to consult existing portraits, he applied to Sir Robert Peel for access to that by Lawrence in his possession.

* In the possession of Mr. Spiers, of Oxford.

"Drayton Manor, January 9th.

"Sir,

"I found your letter on my return home last night.

"I shall have great pleasure in acceding to your wish to see Lawrence's portrait of the Duke of Wellington, and enclose an order to my servant to admit you.

"I am glad to hear from you that the main object which I had in giving you a commission for the Napoleon, and in placing it in a conspicuous and favourable light, viz. to serve you, by encouraging other patrons of the art to follow my example, has been answered.

"The little sketch of your general conception for your intended picture appears to me very good. The only remark I would make is upon the action of the horse. Neither the eye nor the thoughts of the spectator should be diverted from the main object of the picture by any vehemence in the action of the horse, or even any peculiarity in his position.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient and humble servant,

"ROBERT PEEL."

"11*th.*—Went to Sir Robert's, and saw Lawrence's Wellington. Whilst Charles, the porter, was in attendance, he said, 'The Duke is getting old, sir, but he won't allow it. The valet says he thinks he can do as well as ever, but he cannot. He says, 'Not at all old!' This amused me. I hope he will sit before he gets too old."

In the intervals of work on the Duke Haydon painted small pictures—one of Milton at the Organ with his Daughters, and also made sketches for his design for a monument to Nelson.

"12*th.*—Drew the whole day—filled in the Nelson series with slight water-colour sketches. How wretchedly imperfect is water-colour drawing!

"14*th.*—Put in Milton's head successfully.

"15*th.*—Put in the daughters. Little pictures tire my eyes. Hang them! Milton's daughter was not handsome; but I must make her so.

"17*th.*—Worked very hard at Nelson's monument.

"18*th.*—Worked hard—without breathing almost, and got on with the monument.

"19*th*. — Worked gloriously hard, and finished the sketches. Oh, if my mind was always as easy, I should always so apply myself.

"A pupil told me I said to him, 'In background heads, the leading points and the leading details in the lights; but in the shadows, the leading points only,' which is capital, but I had forgot it.

"31*st*. — Last day of January, 1839, in which I have exerted myself well, but not to perfection.

"I have rubbed in the Duke, advanced two other commissions, and finished the Nelson design.

"*Feb. 2nd*.—The Duchess of Sutherland is dead. In her I lose a very old and a very kind friend. To her energy and decision I owe the matriculation of Hyman, my son-in-law, at Oxford, and my commission of Cassandra. Once after trouble she called when I was out. I told her if she called again to come in state, almost. She drove up the next day with all the paraphernalia of servants and equipage, on purpose to have a dashing effect on the neighbourhood, and be of service.

"7*th*. — Worked hard, and got in the other Milton's daughter. Wilkie called in the afternoon. I was glad to see his old wizened face. He looked old and wrinkled. I asked if what the present Sir Robert Sinclair told me was true — that the print of a Highlander first turned his thoughts to painting. Wilkie said the fact was the late Sir John Sinclair during the war was intending to raise a regiment. He sent a print of a Highlander, by Dighton, to several of the clergy, and amongst others to his father. Wilkie regarded it with awe. It was framed, and made a deep impression. It increased his love for his art, but did not turn his mind to it in the first instance."

This month Haydon lectured at Bath, of which place he remarks, that it is amazingly behind the manufacturing towns in knowledge and intelligence.

"Up to March 14th occupied in busy stuff about the Nelson memorial. Saw Sir George Cockburn. Had a long argument. He stuck to the column, but was open

to conviction. I told him height alone would not do, breadth was essential. He is a fine fellow. I said, 'I hope you won't delay it beyond this session; if you do, the Government will be afraid of offending France.'

"I asked him to call. He said he would go in to give judgment uninfluenced in any way.

"One always feels curiously in his presence. I look at him and think, 'That's the man that said "General" to Napoleon.'

"I'll ask him some day to lend me his journal.

"*25th.*—Left town with my dear innocent boy Frank, for Manchester, by train. Arrived in little more than ten hours. Called next day on Fairbairn, who was going to Ireland. Took lodgings at 99. Mill Street, and was much interested at Frank's utter ignorance and inexperience. Though I have educated him religiously and classically, I almost fear the vice of a manufacturing town. It is a complete sacrifice, though his passion for engineering is invincible; but it was a pity to leave his handsome and refined face, so fit for poetry and abstract thought. I suffered so much from the opposition of my parents, I resolved he should have none in any pursuit wherein he showed direct and positive evidence of talent.

"*April 1st.*—Lectured last night at Newcastle, and was received with great enthusiasm. The fair was going on.

"The Chartists had a meeting and tea party; but the people to see the wild beasts and swing beat them hollow as to numbers.

"I visited their room, ornamented with laurel and flags, with inscriptions of 'Liberty,' 'The labouring man the true nobility,' &c. &c., as if the power of saying that was not evidence of independence.

"I believe in my conscience politics are but a portion of the amusements of the time.

"On leaving Newcastle I came to Hull, and found it very far behind Newcastle. The first night the audience, though respectable, was scanty. The lecture made a hit

as usual, and the attendance at the two latter increased prodigiously. All over the country there is a desire for instruction.

"A confederation of the leading towns to join in a petition for Schools of Design and state patronage for art would make a move. After going through with lectures I'll try.

"*May 3rd.* — The last night at Hull. I never witnessed more enthusiasm anywhere than at Hull, the last night. The people are slow, but feel deeply. A School of Design was begun, and I do not doubt its complete establishment.

"*4th, 5th, 6th,* and *7th.* — Lectured at Warrington. Enthusiasm just the same.

"*May 11th.*—Finished with the study of Copenhagen (done 1824 by Webb), and sent it home to Lord Fitzroy. Worked 7½ hours.

"The superb rapidity of steam travelling was exquisite. On Monday I left Warrington for Liverpool — was there in forty minutes — settled my business, received my second instalment, heard the resolution of the committee about writing to the Duke, and flew off to Manchester. Saw my dear boy, paid up his affairs, dined, and was off again to Warrington. On Tuesday night I lectured till near ten; and at three on Wednesday morning was off for town, where I arrived by half past two. Here I arranged for beginning on Thursday, and set to work next day, and to-night have accomplished what I said I would. There is no higher pleasure than a duty successfully achieved. *Laus Deo.*"

The Liverpool committee wrote to the Duke, through Mr. Lowndes, stating the subject of the commission they had given to Haydon, and asking the Duke to grant him sittings for it.

The Duke replied.

"Sir, "London, 11th May, 1839.

"I have this day received your letter of the 7th inst.

"I am much flattered by the desire of the gentlemen of Liverpool to possess a picture of me by Mr. Haydon.

"I will, with great pleasure, see Mr. Haydon, and will endeavour to fix a time at which it will be in my power to give him sittings to enable him to finish the picture.

"It is not in my power at the present moment.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

"Your obedient and humble servant,

"WELLINGTON."

"I wrote, asking the Duke for an hour and a half. This is his answer.

"London, 17th May, 1839.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and has received his letter.

"Mr. Haydon shall have the Duke's attendance as soon as he is able to give it.

"He might as well ask him to sit for ten days at present as for a sitting of an hour and a half."

"You deceitful Dukey! At this very time you went to Wyatt's, and gave him an hour at his own room, while you tell me I may as well ask you for ten days. Wyatt called and told me so."

Not satisfied with carrying on a correspondence with the Duke on the subject of his own picture, Haydon (May 23rd) wrote to him on the subject of the Nelson monument, proposing for the committee of selection the plan of gradual elimination adopted in Paris on the occasion of the competition for a monument to General Foy. Next day the Duke answered.

"London, 24th May, 1839

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to [redacted] Haydon. The Duke is a member of the committee for the execution of the plan for the erecting a monument to the memory of the late Lord Nelson. He is not the committee, nor the *secretary to the committee;* and above all, not the *corresponding secretary.*"

"*June 1st.*—The Duke's picture is decidedly and well advanced this week. In spite of all my troubles I have had great happiness in life. I am convinced existence is

a blessing, and as Parr says, if men were better, would be felt as a blessing.

"*5th.*—Worked hard at Copenhagen's head. I hope I succeeded. I wrote to the Duke to lend me his accoutrements. As yet no answer.

"*6th.*—Moved all my books upstairs to a small room out of my painting-room, as they seduced me to read at wrong times. I felt pain at the separation, but it is right. I can now retire, read and write after due labour; but I miss my books, and felt melancholy all day.

"London, June 6th, 1839.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and regrets much that it is absolutely impossible for him to do what he desires in his note of the 3rd inst.

"I sallied forth, and calling on Lord Fitzroy Somerset (who came out in his morning coat to see me), explained to him my position. He told me both his saddle and the Duke's—cloth and all—were eaten by moths. He explained to me the nature of everything,—authorised me to use his name at Whippey's, and away I went.

"Whippey was a blood saddler, thorough-bred, and made all the Duke's saddles from Salamanca to Waterloo, and, like a fine fellow, said he would fit up everything as the Duke wore it at Waterloo, put it on a horse, and let me paint from the real thing. He walked home with me to see the picture, abused Lord Melbourne as he came along for making a sneaking speech, and contrasted it with the Duke's, which, he said, was common-sense and honour, in which I most cordially joined. He swore the Duke was the greatest man in the world, and that he had made all his saddles, which so increased my reverence I offered him my arm. He took it, and so we walked home. His dress, manners, and behaviour, were those of a gentleman tradesman.

"He found fault with the bit, and gave good reasons. He thought the head of Copenhagen capital, and like the horse.

"In fact Lord Fitzroy has made my fortune.

"Lord Fitzroy said the Duke had a daughter of Copenhagen, but not of the same colour.

"Thus from the depths of misery and despair I am again on the top, with a distinct view of my glory.

"Such great things are in the power of little men. For who would have believed what to the great Wellington was impossible has been achieved, or will be, by his saddler, Whippey, with the greatest ease?

"I do not feel at home in my painting-room without my books. I used to look up, and see the books, and imagine (as each name came on my sight) I saw the author: Dante, Petrarch, Homer, Shakespeare, Milton, Spenser, and Tasso, with Vasari, smiled vividly like phantasmagoric visions, and my brain teemed with associations of their sublimity or charm. I look now and see a blank wall.

"I mused first on my picture, and then on my books, and each helped the conceptions of the other.

"Such is habit. By degrees down again they come, but I feel ashamed to do it after such an expensive removal. What folly to do it at all.

"*June 10th.*—Worked, and certainly with more abstracted devotion to my art than when my books were near; I have stuck at it all day, and in the evening walked up into my book-room. There they were, silent, yet teeming with thoughts, bursting with sublimity. Milton—Satan and all his rebel host filled my mind. Shakespeare—Hamlet, Lear, Falstaff, Cordelia, Imogen, Macbeth, and Puck, crowded my imagination. I walked about in ecstasy, but read nothing; dwelt on what I had read, and was content.

"*11th.*—Had bridle and saddle sent by Whippey, and put them on an old hack. Painted a study in the sun, and got the sketch and picture right. Was dreadfully fatigued at night. Whilst I was hard at work, just as I used to be, who should call, after a long absence, but David Wilkie, looking old and feeble.

"His total failure this year seems to have shaken him a little, and the neglect of the Court has brought him more to the feelings of former times. I persuaded him to drink tea, and when David Wilkie stays to tea with B. R. Haydon, B. R. Haydon must be considered on the safe side of the question. It is ten years since he did this. He was amiable and entertaining, as he always used to be.

"He did not like to be reminded that it was thirty years ago since we were in Devonshire. He shrank from his age. I never do; and it is not absurdity to say I feel stronger, after nine hours' solid painting yesterday, than I did at twenty-seven years of age. We talked of Merimée's work. He knew him, and considered him a man of theory. I said it would set the young men losing their time instead of studying the figure. He said young men were too lazy ever to read. We talked of the effect of time, and both agreed Titian painted his pictures to look well to his eye, and never considered how they would look one hundred years hence. He told me Northcote said 'if Sir Joshua had known the effect of time he would have painted differently.' I do not think so, nor did he.

"Sir Joshua could not have painted otherwise. Was not his Heathfield as fine when it was done, as now? Wilkie did not know oil was used in England before Van-Eyk.

"19*th*. — Notwithstanding the seclusion and quiet of my little room, I do not read with such comfort as in my painting-room, smelling of paint as it does. I have brought down my writing-desk, and shall have about half a dozen favourites on the top — Milton, Shakespeare, Dante, Tasso, Homer, Vasari, and, above all, the Bible and Testament always to refer to, and Wordsworth.

"20*th*. — Sketched the plan of the ground from the model at the Egyptian Hall, and finished the horse's head. Wyatt, who has succeeded in making a capital head of the Duke, told the Duke of my picture, and he seemed pleased.

"Lord and Lady Burghersh called on the 18th, and gave me joy of my picture.

24060

"*22nd.*—The Nelson monument is decided, and not in my favour, though my belief is, had I been able to devote myself to make a series of oil sketches of the pictures, with a grand external view *à la Canaletti*, the decision would have been in my favour.

"A man should never contest for anything with half his strength; do it effectually or not at all. I could not afford the time to do it well, and the time I did afford was thrown to the dogs; so I did it ill, lost my time, and did not get it, — a very proper punishment.

"Westmacott told Hamilton my design was the only reasonable one. The public, when admitted, decidedly approved, and had it been left to the public, I think I should have had a strong support. It could not be done for the estimate, and the Duke warned everybody 30,000*l.* was the extent. My estimate was 70,000*l.*

"So ends my Nelson affair. What a grand series of pictures I could have made!

"London, June 24th, 1839.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon.

"He begs that Mr. Haydon will write his commands.

"The Duke will be engaged all to-morrow and next day in attendance upon the Naval and Military Commission.

"The Duke must beg leave to decline to have the honour of receiving Mr. Haydon till he will have some leisure."

"*28th.*—Saw Lady Burghersh's Alcestis. It is really beautifully conceived. In looking at a sketch of the Duke, she said, 'Whilst that was sketching he took this little girl on his lap. He is very fond of children. Don't you recollect, my love, when Dukey took you in his lap?'

"The terror of Napoleon — Dukey to his niece!

"'We call him Dukey,' said she, 'here, Mr. Haydon.' It was exceedingly interesting.

"*29th.*—Felt very ill from over-strain, so I only sketched Barron, the Irish member, and went to see a fine Guido, brought by Buchanan, and a superb Vandyke and Paul Veronese. The Vandyke was exquisite. What tone! what colour! what handling! Oh, they were divinely

inspired men. I know and feel their superb genius. It is St. Jerome.

"In the evening I lectured at the Mechanics', and had three fine young models from 2nd Life Guards, who went through the sword exercise to perfection. The room was crowded.

"*30th*, and last day of the month.—Let me look back. I have worked well and got the horse accomplished. Now for the Duke, who won't lend me his clothes. I can do without them, for I have already drawings of all. He has not seen the picture. He knows not if it be good or bad. Till he sees his way, he declines. The same man in peace or war. But I'll beat him.

"Completed my horse, but not satisfied with his hind quarters; however, I have got through it, and when dry can alter it.

"London, June 27th, 1839.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon. He hopes that he will have some cessation of note-writing about pictures.

"The Duke knows nothing about the picture Mr. Haydon proposes to paint.

"At all events, he must decline to lend to anybody his clothes, arms, and equipments.

"*July 4th.*— Went to Wilkie, and said, 'How did you manage with the Duke?' 'Let him have his own way,' was the reply. 'He is fidgetty about lending his things. I never got them but just a day before he came, and he preferred coming in the regimentals to lending them to be painted.' These were Wilkie's very words, without my informing him of what had passed. So here is the man. We had a very interesting conversation. He advised me to make a drawing of his figure and dress, when I had him.

"He told me the Duke complained of the loss of time sitting occasioned. 'Yes,' said Wilkie, 'but he would be mortified if he was not asked to sit. He complains of dining out so much and making speeches, but he would

be more mortified if he was not asked, and if he did not make speeches.'

" ' Has he promised your committee?' ' He has.' ' Then he will keep his word,' said Wilkie.

" Wilkie said he had always the greatest trouble with him. The Duke told Wyatt he had sat a hundred and fifty times, and it was almost time to leave off. I hope not before he has sat to me.

" Went into the city to Merchant Tailors' Hall, and saw Wilkie's portrait of him with the daughter of Copenhagen. Very fine indeed. It is unlike the common English portrait, but it is very fine.

" 8*th*.—Lord Fitzroy called yesterday with his daughter. She is a judge of a horse as well. They both thought Copenhagen leggy, and too big in the body, which gave him a heavy look.

" They seemed both to understand the Duke. They asked me if I had had his clothes. I said, ' No: he won't lend them,' at which they looked at each other.

" I said, ' Wilkie says the only way to manage him is to let him have his own way, and that he prefers coming in his clothes to sit to lending them.'

" Lord Fitzroy said, ' The Duke never holds his own horse: Copenhagen came out with Lord Londonderry, and the Duke bought him for 200 or 250 guineas.' He hated other horses, and Lord Fitzroy said he had seen him give a horse ' a broadside of kicks.'

" Lord Fitzroy said the Duke never came into the field but with an orderly dragoon, and never with a servant. At Waterloo the dragoon was killed, and Major Canning said, ' I have got the Duke's little desk. What shall I do with it, as the orderly is killed?' ' Keep it yourself,' said Lord Fitzroy. Canning was killed, and the desk lost, but found next morning with the lock broken open.*

* This, I presume, was the rough wooden desk which attracted so much notice at Apsley House when it was opened to the public at the beginning of this year. — Ed.

"Every time you meet a Waterloo hero, pump him. In a few years they will all be gone — Duke and the rest.

"10*th*.—Worked irregularly. Saw Hume, who handed me a petition from the Royal Academy to rescind the order for a return of the monies received and expended in 1836—37—38.

"So my Academy are come at last to know the power of the House.

"He wants me to petition.

"D'Orsay called, and pointed out several things to correct in the horse, verifying Lord Fitzroy's criticism of Sunday last. I did them, and he took my brush in his dandy gloves, which made my heart ache, and lowered the hind quarters by bringing over a bit of the sky. Such a dress! white great coat, blue satin cravat, hair oiled and curling, hat of the primest curve and purest water, gloves scented with *eau de Cologne*, or *eau de jasmin*, primrose in tint, skin in tightness. In this prime of dandyism he took up a nasty, oily, dirty hog-tool, and immortalised Copenhagen by touching the sky.

"I thought, after he was gone, this won't do,—a Frenchman touch Copenhagen! So out I rubbed all he had touched, and modified his hints myself.

"11*th*.—Saw Hume yesterday, who put into my hands the most extraordinary petition that ever was presented to the House, from the Royal Academy, praying the House to rescind an order for the return of their receipts for 1836—37—38. Hume promised to present mine if I would write one. I returned home, and have written one,—I won't let it drop.

"At last they feel the voice of the people: do they? This is coming down.

"Worked hard, and advanced the Duke.

"12*th*. — Ordered a pair of trowsers of the Duke's tailor, exactly like his own, but to fit me; so that I shall kill two birds with one stone, — wear 'em and paint 'em. So, my Duke, I *do* you in spite of you.

"One of the artists got his trowsers. I told him he

had better take care; it turned out he had got them from the valet. In a fright he sent them back.

"Didn't work.

"15*th*. — I wish they would let my mind rest. I have no confidence in Hume, or any of them. They want to make me a political tool. There is no happiness but with a brush and nature before you. I hate petitions and excitement, and I shall go to work again with a relish. These sunny days have been murdered by reviving in my mind the hatred of the Academy.

"16*th*. — Why will they do it? After the Committee, they messed the question, and now they want me to keep them out of the mud.

"Saw a perfect stallion, Sir Hercules. I thought his neck puffy, hind quarters fine.

"I have sent the petition, and I have done. I wrote to Sir Robert Peel and begged him not to sanction the rescinding the order. I wrote to Lord Melbourne, and begged him likewise. A week has gone since Hume asked me to petition, and my mind has been called off from my art ever since. It is shocking. My conscience has deeply wounded me. Mr. Miller and my Liverpool friend called to-day, in my absence, to look at this stallion.

"17*th*. — Wilkie said to me after my first attack, 'Is this the way an artist ought to be employed?' I reply, 'Certainly not.' These irritations may suit the radical, but do not help to the tranquillity of mind Sir George used to talk of. I have made up my mind to interfere no more after this.

"18*th*. — Thank God! the House granted leave to print my petition, though against the standing orders regarding single ones. Hume presented it last night."

Mr. Hume's motion for an order of the House that the return which he had moved for of the receipts and expenditure of the Royal Academy for 1836-37-38 should be made forthwith, was defeated by 38 to 33,—those who opposed it, however, admitting that the House had a right to require the return, but considering the case one for the exercise of a discretion.

"Notwithstanding this defeat," says Haydon, "the rights of the Academy and the House are defined for ever. The Academy has no right of property, legally, in the rooms it occupies. The House has a right to call for returns, and to turn them out at a moment's notice."

The pressure of public business rendering the Duke's sitting out of the question at this time, Haydon seized the opportunity of visiting the field of Waterloo.

"*August 16th.*—Thirty pounds having unexpectedly come in, and Lady Burghersh having told me that at that moment I had no hopes of the Duke, I determined to start for Waterloo. My dear Mary, who is a heroine, agreed to endure the rapidity of my journey, so we packed up and got on board the Ostend packet by seven o'clock on the 7th inst., and after the usual miseries of a wet, stormy passage, got into Ostend at nine. In the bustle of landing, to our infinite delight, we heard a voice roaring out 'Monsieur Haydone, Hotel des Bains!' I had happened to express a desire to my neighbour for a good hotel. He promised, if he could, to secure me a room at the Hotel des Bains. He saw the commissioner, told him my wants, and this fellow thundered out my name. My vanity was tickled; I landed as if under a salute from the batteries.

"We were delighted with Brussels, and on the 10th went to the field of Waterloo. I examined Hougomont, recognised the *locale* of the last charge of the Guards, and made my sketch from Picton's position. I then drove to La Belle Alliance, and halted at Coste's cottage. He was dead, but his sister was living, and had the house. She let us lay our cloth there. We dined; and she gave us coffee. I then returned through Planchenoit, by La Belle Alliance, to Mont St. Jean and Waterloo, stopping at the church and the tomb of Lord Anglesey's leg, and home. I shall go again and spend a week, and indulge my poetry of imagination.

"We went to Antwerp, and were amazingly impressed with Rubens's great works — the Elevation of the Cross, Descent, and Crucifixion.

"Sir Joshua is too laudatory, perhaps, for a safe guide. For execution of the brush they are perfect. Nothing ever exceeded the touching of Mary Magdalene's yellow drapery against the ladder for vast insight into the bearings of one thing against another. His master, Otto Venius, by his side, though possessing more sense of beauty, not having the same understanding of the effect of a whole, never will or can rank so high. We returned the day week after leaving Antwerp, at three, by train for Ostend, and arrived in town at a quarter to five next day.

"I shall make a longer tour. My object now was solely a background for the Duke, and I succeeded.

"*20th.* — Worked decently, but I regret to say my mind is uneasy about the Academy question. I wish I could get rid of it. I fear it will fix itself too deeply, and destroy that peace which ought to be the state of an artist's brain.

"I could weep at the time which has been wasted over this question, which should have been so much better employed.

"I was pursuing my studies happily when this motion came on. Why did I interfere? Because if I had not, it would have been weakly done. But see how many sketches I could have done — how many conceptions I could have realised — how many pictures I could have painted — how many friends I could have made.

"The sight of Rubens's abode — the quiet seclusion of his summer-house — the silence of Antwerp — the golden splendour of its altars — the power of its pictures, affected me deeply. I think I will settle there. I begin to feel a yearning for the continent, with all its risks of war.

"*22nd.* — If I once escape from this subject, catch me at it again. I am never let alone. The party, when they want me, apply; and when they think they can do without me, I never hear a word. I hate it — hate it — hate it. My disgust at this moment is not to be credited; and yet I am pointing another attack in my thirteenth lecture; — the Devil — nothing but the Devil.

"Walmer Castle, Sept. 26. 1839.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon. He will, according to what he stated to the committee at Liverpool, sit to Mr. Haydon for his picture.

"The composition of the picture is the business of the artist; of the committee of gentlemen who asked its execution; of the gentlemen for whom it is intended; of anybody excepting the person who is to sit for it.

"The Duke begs leave to decline not only being responsible for the composition, but even to have a knowledge of the subject. When he will be able to receive Mr. Haydon he will write to him, but he begs leave to be clearly understood as having no knowledge whatever of the composition or subject of the picture for which he is to sit, excepting that it is for the committee of gentlemen at Liverpool, who have desired that he should sit to Mr. Haydon."

"*Sept. 30th.* — The Duke done, except a little to do at one glove hand. Wyatt called, and we revelled in His Grace's peculiarities. He never lends his clothes, but always comes in them. He promised Wyatt his hat, and never sent it. The next time he came Wyatt said, 'Your Grace forgot the hat.' He replied, 'I'll come in it, for I have only got one, and I can't spare it.'

"Wyatt informed me he always said when people tried to persuade him to do what he had made up his mind not to do, 'The rat has got into the bottle — the rat has got into the bottle.'*

"I told Wyatt I had got his tailor to make me what I wanted in clothes. I had sketched his boots, hat, and coat in oil, and was quite ready for him.

"All the artists who get his clothes get them from his valet. If he knew that, there would be the devil to pay.

* This not very intelligible expression may refer to an anecdote I have heard of the Duke's once telling in his later days how the musk rats in India got into bottles, which ever after retained the odour of musk. "Either the rats must be very small," said a lady, who heard him, "or the bottles very large." "On the contrary, madam," was the Duke's reply, "very small bottles, and very large rats." "That is the style of logic we have to deal with at the War Office," whispered Lord ——. —Ed.

"Walmer Castle, October 9th, 1839.

"The Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon. If Mr. Haydon will be so kind as to come to Walmer Castle, whenever it may suit him, the Duke will have it in his power to sit to him for a picture for certain gentlemen at Liverpool."

This invitation was eagerly accepted, and the journal which follows contains this very full account of it.

"*October 11th.*—Left town by steam for Ramsgate. Got in at half past six, dined, and set off in a chaise for Walmer, where I arrived safely in hard rain. A great bell was rung on my arrival; and after taking tea and dressing, I was ushered into the drawing-room, where sat his Grace with Sir Astley Cooper, Mr. Arbuthnot, and Mr. Booth, who had served with his Grace in Spain. His Grace welcomed me heartily, asked how I came down, and fell again into general conversation. They talked of ——, who kept the Ship. He married an actress from Astley's. She was a fine lady, and the Duke said, 'I soon saw all would go wrong one day, for whilst I was there, somebody said he wanted something, and madam, with the air of a duchess, replied, 'She would send the housemaid. That wouldn't do. —— became bankrupt, and there were trinkets belonging to her; but she preferred her trinkets to her honour, and swore she was not his wife.' The Duke talked of the sea encroaching at Dover, and of the various plans to stop it. 'What! there are plans?' said Sir Astley. 'Yes, yes, there are as many Dover doctors as other doctors,' said he; and we all laughed.

"The Duke talked of Buonaparte and the Abbé du Pradt, and said, 'There was nothing like hearing both sides. Du Pradt, in his book, (he was *à fureur de memoires*) says, that whilst a certain conversation took place at Warsaw between him and Napoleon the Emperor was taking notes. At Elba, Napoleon told Douglas, who told the Duke, that the note he was taking was a note to Maret (Duke of Bassano) as follows: '*Renvoyez ce coquin là à son archevêque.*' So, said the Duke, 'always hear both sides.'

"The Duke said, when he came through Paris in 1814, Madame de Staël had a grand party to meet him. Du Pradt was there. In conversation he said, 'Europe owes her salvation to one man.' 'But before he gave me time to look foolish,' added the Duke, 'Du Pradt put his hand on his own breast, and said, "*C'est moi.*"'

"He then talked of Buonaparte's system. Sir Astley used the old cant—'It was selfish.' 'It was,' said the Duke, 'bullying and driving.' Of France he said, 'they robbed each other, and then poured out on Europe to fill their stomachs and pockets by robbing others.'

"He spoke of Don Carlos—said he was a poor creature. He saw him at Dorchester House two days before he escaped. He advised him not to think of it. He told him 'all we are now saying will be in Downing Street in two hours.' 'You have no post.' Carlos said 'Zumalacarragui will take me on.' 'Before you move,' replied his Grace, 'be sure *he* has got one.' (Here was the *man.*) The Duke said Carlos affected sickness — somebody got into his bed, and kept the farce up — that medicine came — that the French ambassador behaved like a noodle. Instead of telegraphing up to Bayonne, which would have carried the news there in two hours, he set off in his post carriage and four after Don Carlos, when he must have got to Bayonne, or near it.

"The Duke talked of the want of fuel in Spain — of what the troops suffered, and how whole houses, so many to a division, were pulled down regularly and paid for to serve as fuel. He said every Englishman who has a home goes to-bed at night. He found bivouacking was not suitable to the character of the English soldier. He got drunk, and lay down under any hedge. Discipline was destroyed. But when he introduced tents, every soldier belonged to his tent, and, drunk or sober, he got to it before he went to sleep. I said, 'Your Grace, the French always bivouac.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'because French, Spanish, and all other nations lie anywhere. It is their habit. They have no homes.'

"The Duke said the natural state of man was plunder.

Society was based on security of property alone. It was for that object men associated; and he thought we were coming to the natural state of society very fast.

"I studied his fine head intensely. Arbuthnot had begun to doze. I was like a lamp newly trimmed, and could have listened all night. The Duke gave a tremendous yawn, and said, 'It is time to go to bed.' Candles were rung for. He took two, and lighted them himself. The rest lighted their own. The Duke took one and gave me (being the stranger) the other, and led the way. At an old view of Dover, in the hall, he stopped and explained about the encroachments of the sea. I studied him again—we all held up our candles. Sir Astley went to Mr. Pitt's bed-room, and said, 'God bless your Grace.' They dropped off— his Grace, I, and the valet going on. I came to my room, and said, 'God bless your Grace.' I saw him go into his. When I got to bed I could not sleep. Good God, I thought, here am I *tête-à-tête* with the greatest man on earth, and the noblest — the conqueror of Napoleon — sitting with him, talking to him, sleeping near him! His mind is unimpaired; his conversation powerful, humorous, witty, argumentative, sound, moral. Would he throw his stories, fresh from nature, into his speeches, the effect would be prodigious. He would double their impression. I am deeply interested, and passionately affected. God bless his Grace, I repeat.

"*12th.* — At ten we breakfasted — the Duke, Sir Astley, Mr. Booth and myself. He put me on his right. 'Which will ye have, black tea or green?' 'Black, your Grace.' 'Bring black.' Black was brought, and I ate a hearty breakfast. In the midst six dear healthy, noisy children were brought to the windows. 'Let them in,' said the Duke, and in they came, and rushed over to him, saying, 'How d'ye do, Duke? how d'ye do, Duke?' One boy, young Grey, roared, 'I want some tea, Duke.' 'You shall have it, if you promise not to slop it over me, as you did yesterday.' Toast and tea were then in demand. Three got on one side and three on the other, and he hugged 'em all. Tea was

poured out, and I saw little Gray try to slop it over the Duke's frock coat. Sir Astley said, 'You did not expect to see this.' They all then rushed out on the leads, by the cannon, and after breakfast I saw the Duke romping with the whole of them, and one of them gave his Grace a devil of a thump. I went round to my bed-room. The children came to the window, and a dear little black-eyed girl began romping. I put my head out and said, 'I'll catch you.' Just as I did this, the Duke, who did not see me, put his head out at the door close to my room, No. 10., which leads to the leads, and said, 'I'll catch ye!—ha, ha, I've got ye!' at which they all ran away. He looked at them and laughed and went in.

"He then told me to choose my room and get my light in order, and after hunting he would sit. I did so, and about two he gave me an hour and a half. I hit his grand, upright, manly expression. He looked like an eagle of the gods who had put on human shape, and had got silvery with age and service. At first I was a little affected, but I hit his features, and all went off. Riding hard made him rosy and dozy. His colour was fresh. All the portraits are too pale. I found that to imagine he could not go through any duty raised the lion. 'Does the light hurt your Grace's eyes?' 'Not at all;' and he stared at the light as much as to say, 'I'll see if you shall make me give in, Signor Light.'

"'Twas a noble head. I saw nothing of that peculiar expression of mouth the sculptors give him, bordering on simpering. His colour was beautiful and fleshy, his lips compressed and energetic. I foolishly said, 'Don't let me fatigue your Grace.' 'Well, sir,' he said, 'I'll give you an hour and a half. To-morrow is Sunday. Monday I'll sit again.' I was delighted to see him pay his duty to Sunday. Up he rose. I opened the door, and hold this as the highest distinction of my life. He bowed and said, 'We dine at seven.'

"At seven we dined. His Grace took half a glass of sherry and put it in water. I drank three glasses, Mr.

Arbuthnot one. We then went to the drawing-room, where, putting a candle on each side of him, he read the Standard whilst I talked to Mr. Arbuthnot, who said it was not true Copenhagen ran away on the field. He ran to his stable when the Duke came to Waterloo after the battle, and kicked out and gambolled.

"I did not stay up to-night. I was tired, went to bed, and slept heartily. It was most interesting to see him reading away. I believe he read every iota. We talked of Lord Mulgrave, whom his Grace esteemed. Sir Astley had left in the morning, and, in talking of the Duke's power of conversation, related that when some one said, 'Habit is second nature,' the Duke remarked, 'It is ten times nature.'

"I asked the Duke if Cæsar did not land hereabouts. He said he believed near Richborough Castle.

"Thus ends the second immortal day.

"*Sunday.*—I found the Duke on the leads. After breakfast Mr. Arbuthnot told me to go to the village church and ask for the Duke's pew. I walked, and was shown into a large pew near the pulpit.

"A few moments after the service had begun, the Duke and Mr. Arbuthnot came up—no pomp, no servants in livery with a pile of books. The Duke came into the presence of His Maker without cant, without affectation, a simple human being.

"From the bare wainscot, the absence of curtains, the dirty green footstools, and common chairs, I feared I was in the wrong pew, and very quietly sat myself down in the Duke's place. Mr. Arbuthnot squeezed my arm before it was too late, and I crossed in an instant. The Duke pulled out his prayer-book, and followed the clergyman in the simplest way. I got deeply affected. Here was the greatest hero in the world, who had conquered the greatest genius, prostrating his heart and being before his God in his venerable age, and praying for his mercy. However high his destiny above my own, here we were at least equal before our Creator. Here we were stripped

of extrinsic distinctions; and I looked at this wonderful man with an interest and feeling that touched my imagination beyond belief. The silence and embosomed solitude of the village church, the simplicity of its architecture, rather deepened than decreased the depth of my sensibilities. At the name of Jesus Christ the Duke bowed his silvery hairs like the humblest labourer, and yet not more than others, but to the same degree. He seemed to wish for no distinction. At the epistle he stood upright, like a soldier, and when the blessing was pronounced, he buried his head in one hand and uttered his prayer as if it came from his heart in humbleness.

"Arthur Wellesley in the village church of Walmer this day was more interesting to me than at the last charge of the Guards at Waterloo, or in all the glory and paraphernalia of his entry into Paris. I would not have missed seeing him, for this will be the germ of some interesting work of art — perhaps his youth, his manhood, and his age in a series.

"The Duke after dinner retired, and we all followed him. He then took the Spectator, and placing a candle on each side of his venerable head read it through. I watched him the whole time. Young Lucas had arrived, a very nice fellow, and we both watched him. I took Lardner's life of him, in one part of which he says, 'he rode in front of fifty pieces of artillery, but God protected his head.' I looked up and studied the venerable white head that God still protected. There he was, contented, happy, aged, but vigorous, enjoying his leisure in dignity; God knows as he deserves. After reading till his eyes were tired, he put down the paper, and said, 'There are a great many curious things in it, I assure you.' He then yawned, as he always did before retiring, and said, 'I'll give you an early sitting to-morrow, at nine.' I wished his Grace a good night, and went to bed. At half past five I was up, set my palette, got all ready, and went to work to get the head in from the drawing. By nine the door opened, and in he walked, looking ex-

tremely worn — his skin drawn tight over his face; his eye was watery and aged; his head nodded a little. I put the chair; he mumbled, 'I'd as soon stand.' I thought, 'you will get tired,' but I said nothing; down he sat,—how altered from the fresh old man after Saturday's hunting. It affected me. He looked like an aged eagle beginning to totter from his perch. He took out his watch three times, and at ten up he got, and said, 'It's ten;' I opened the door, and he went out. He had been impatient all the time. At breakfast he brightened at the sight of the children, and after distributing toast and tea to them, I got him on art. He talked of a picture of Copenhagen by Ward, which the Duke of Northumberland bought, and which he wanted, and suddenly looking up at me, said, 'D'ye want another sitting?' I replied, 'If you please, your Grace.' 'Very well; after hunting, I'll come.' Just as he was going hunting, or whilst he was out, came Count Brunow, the *locum tenens* of Pozzo di Borgo, the Russian ambassador. Lady Burghersh came in from Lady Marlborough's, and Mr. Arbuthnot wanted her to go in and talk to Brunow, but she declined. All of a sudden I heard a great clatter, and the servants came in to move the great table for lunch. At lunch I was called in. The Duke, Count Brunow, and myself lunched. At three he came in, having sent Brunow with Arbuthnot *pour faire un tour.* Lady Burghersh came in also, and again he was fresher, but the feebleness of the morning still affected my heart. It is evident, at times, he is beginning to sink, though the sea air at Walmer keeps him up, and he is better than he was.

"Lady Burghersh kept him talking, but the expression I had already hit was much finer than the present, and I resolved not to endanger what I had secured. I therefore corrected the figure and shoulders, and told Lady Burghersh I had done. 'He has done,' said she, 'and it's very fine.' 'Is it though?' said the Duke; 'I'm very

glad.' 'And now,' said she, 'you must stand.' So up he got, and I sketched two views of his back, his hands, legs, &c. &c. I did him so instantaneously that his eagle eyes looked me right through several times, when he thought I was not looking. As it was a point of honour with him not to see any sketch connected with my picture, he never glanced that way. He looked at the designs for the House of Lords on the chimney-piece, but said nothing. He then retired, and appeared gay and better. He had put on a fine dashing waistcoat for the Russian ambassador.

"At lunch the Duke said in the churches of Russia he never heard a single cough in the coldest weather.

"At dinner there was a party,—Lord and Lady Mahon, Colonel D——, a captain of horse artillery, Brunow, Captain V——, and several others. Colonel D—— had the Waterloo medal and Legion of Honour. He was a spirited fellow, but had too much of the mess table, which is all affected sentiment, boasting justice to the enemies of England, and in fact unideaed chatter over claret and champagne. Captain V——. was an honest old boy.

"The Duke looked well, and told some stories. As Lady Stuart was coming from the tournament with a friend they got into a railway carriage, where sat a man who did not move, so they sat down beside him. At last in came another, who begged one of the ladies to get up because he must sit 'by his convict.'

"At night, as I took leave of the Duke, he said, 'I hope you are satisfied. Good-bye.' I heard him go to bed after me, laughing, and he roared out to Arbuthnot, 'Good night.' I then heard him slam the door of his room, No. 11., next to mine, No. 10., but on the opposite side, and a little further on. I soon fell asleep; was off at six for Ramsgate, and dined at home at five: found all right.

"My impression is that the Duke has begun to sink, though he will hold out for years. His memory is

healthy; his intellect unimpaired; but his physical vigour, I fear, is breaking now and then.

"It is curious to have known thus the two great heads of the two great parties, the Duke and Lord Grey. I prefer the Duke infinitely. He is more manly, has no vanity, is not deluded by any flattery or humbug, and is, in every way, much as I admire Lord Grey, a grander character, though Lord Grey is a fine, amiable, venerable, vain man.

"*22nd.* — Improved the Duke's head, and called on Wilkie. After a chat we got on the old story, — Hume, the Academy, and God knows what: the end was, that we had a long agitated talk, from which it was evident the Academicians felt themselves in a stew. I never saw Wilkie so much excited.

"He blamed me for not going abroad, for doing everything I had done, and not doing anything he wished me to do. He grumbled, scolded. I was as cool as a cucumber, and we parted capital friends.

"*24th.* — The Duke of Bedford is dead — a good, kind friend to me, and all artists. It is singular that almost his last letter should be to me, and that he should have explained to me he was the originator of exhibiting old pictures at the Gallery. He was one of the old set, and felt for artists. Hail to his memory!

"*November 7th.* — Wrote hard at my new lectures. Colonel Wyndham called, and thought the Duke's head beautiful in expression; so do I — simplicity without weakness, and energy without caricature. I think it is a complete hit.

"*8th.* — Lectured with great success at the Mechanics.

"*9th.* — Though not a man of any peculiar modesty of character (as Canning said *apropos* of the House of Commons), I never begin a lecture without fearing I shall not be interesting.

"*10th*—*16th.* — Worked and wrote at the Museum. Colonel Gurwood called to-day, and mentioned two or

three corrections necessary, but thought it a very fine picture.

"I said it was only necessary for the Duke's system to come in contact with Napoleon's to split it. Colonel Gurwood said he saw that a long way off.

"*22nd.* — Rogers called, and was pleased with the Duke. He said it was the man. He said he wished I would paint Napoleon musing at St. Helena, not so fat as he really was; that that was the only thing Talleyrand and the Duchess de Dino objected to in my picture at Sir Robert Peel's. I asked him what they thought of the picture. He said most highly, but that the fatness always pained them, as they never saw him so. He said he saw him with Mr. Fox in 1802, and nothing could be handsomer than his smile. Rogers is a Whig; he lingers about Napoleon, and did not seem to think the Duke half so interesting. He told me I was a great poet, &c. and went away.

"*23rd.* — Hard at work again and improved the Duke, as I should go on doing to the last.

"Wrote the Duke (who has had a severe attack) a frank letter expressing my joy at his recovery, and sorrow at his illness, but telling his Grace he went too long without his food. I said I observed it at Walmer, and that from ten to half-past seven was too long without intervening sustenance. I begged him to consider the value of his life, and that we who had looked on him for forty years as the only shield from France would feel wretched and at a loss if anything happened to him.

"*25th.* — Depending on my balance at the conclusion of the Duke's picture, at the end of October, and not getting it, owing to the pressure of the times, has obliged me to incur expense to delay payments, and make arrangements which have embarrassed me. Under the blessing of God I may escape ruin, but it may lead to it.

"Twice out of three times this is my fate. Sanguine in my wishes, sincere in my intentions, I fling myself at a picture with all my heart and soul, and thus I am treated.

"It is not altogether my employers' fault, but they might have managed better.

"*26th.*—Lady Burghersh, Mr. Arbuthnot, and Colonel Gurwood called and were much delighted. Lady Burghersh authorised me to say the likeness of the Duke was admirable, and so said Arbuthnot. Gurwood left word he was pleased. So far good.

"*29th.*—Finished my lecture for Leeds on the history of the arts.

"I think this taste of the Queen for historical portraits in composition is an advance in taste, and will lead to sound art in the end.

"*30th.*—Last day of November. The Duke is fairly done, and I return thanks to God for enabling me to carry it through gloriously. I began it, and prayed for its success as I always do, and therefore I am grateful.

"I have only done two pictures this year, Milton and the Duke, but lectured much. I have not worked as I ought. Then that cursed Academy business called me off. Curse the affair.

"On the whole I am pleased. At Court there is a tendency to portrait history, which is an advance upon the vulgarity of the Wilkie taste, and though pictures are small as yet and petty, yet it is generating a better and higher feeling.

"A feeling of the truth is spreading in the country. To-day I have been requested to get casts of the Theseus and Ilissus for Hull. At Leeds a strong feeling is roused. All this will gradually fit the next generation for expecting and being able to relish better things.

"*December 2nd.*—It is now twenty-seven years since I ordered my Solomon canvas. I was young (twenty-six). Sir George had treated me cruelly. I had attacked the Academy. The world was against me. I had not a farthing. Yet how I remember the delight with which I mounted my deal table and dashed it in, singing and trusting in God, as I always do. When one is once imbued with that clear, heavenly confidence, there is nothing like it. It has carried me through everything.

"I think my dearest Mary has not got it. I do not think women have in general. Two years ago, after I returned from Broadstairs, I had not a farthing, having spent it all to recover her health. She said to me, 'What are we to do, my dear?' I replied, 'Trust in God.'

"There was something like a smile on her face. The very next day or the day after came the order for 400 guineas from Liverpool, and ever since I have been employed. I say so now I have no grand commission—now the Duke is gone. But I trust in God with all my heart and all my soul.

"It is extraordinary that with a large canvas in the house I always feel as if Satan crossing Chaos was no match for me. My heart beats; my breast broadens; my height rises; my cheek warms. How I would swell in a Vatican or a dome of St. Paul's! O God bless me before I die.

"Why such talents,—why such desires,—such longings, if to pine in hopeless ambition and endless agonies? In Thee I trust, O God."

1840.

At the beginning of this year Haydon was delivering a fresh course of lectures in the North, and mentions that in five weeks so occupied he earned 81*l.* 17*s.*

"*January 27th.*—Rubbed in for Rogers a small Napoleon musing. He wishes him thinner than the Emperor, who was fat and broad in his latter days, because Talleyrand and the Duchess de Dino did not relish him fat, as I have made him at Drayton.

"*29th.*—Studied at the National Gallery. I would rather be the painter of Lord Heathfield than of Gevartius. The massy breadth—the deep colour—the bronze vigour of his expression and air are glorious. Called on Rogers.

"Well might the Duke say, 'Habit is ten times nature.

I'm sure the difficulty I have to resume my brush is laughable; it is ridiculous; it is shameful; it is abominable! I march about; look at all my pictures, sure of my commissions; put my hands in my pockets; talk to myself; quote Shakespeare; read Hamlet, Burke, Vasari; make a great fuss about nothing, and curse my being obliged to lecture for my family's sake; change my bed till I am sick; then write an attack on the Whigs; long to be at the Academy; and then get wretched at not painting. I shall have a burst, and away will go evil spirits.

"31*st.*—The last day of January. I called on Wilkie, and we had a regular set-to. I asked him who was to be Keeper. I told him they were putting men forward who were supposed to be likely to stand, whilst the real man was concealed, and I said if he were elected I'd be at the Academy again. 'Now don't,' said Wilkie, 'interfere in the elections.' 'If —— be elected I will.' 'Don't,' said he, with an intreating air.

"No man is fit for it but E——, and he is too timid. He is the only man to keep up the high feeling. If you elect a mere drawing-master he will keep the boys down; if a man of poetic views he will elevate them. The feelings in the country are high, and whether the young men are fitted to meet the feeling fast growing will depend on the instructor chosen. If the Academy do not elect a fit and proper person they will betray their trust. I alarmed Wilkie.

"*February 3rd.*—Went to the British Institution, and Catlin's exhibition of Indians. The Institution is become the common sewer of the Royal Academy. It is lamentable.

"*5th.*—Met Leigh Hunt after an interval of many years, looking hearty, grey, and a veteran. We hailed each other. 'Haydon,' said Hunt, 'when I see you hosts of household remembrances crowd my fancy.' 'Hunt,' said I, 'I am going to write my life, and I'll do *you* justice. You would have been burnt at the stake

for a principle, and would have feared to put your foot in the mud.' Hunt was affected.

"*Hunt.* 'Will you come and see my play?'*

"*Haydon.* 'I will; when?'

"*Hunt.* 'Friday.'

"*Haydon.* 'I'll applaud you to the skies.'

"*Hunt.* 'Bring your wife; I'll put your names down.'

"*Haydon.* 'I will.'

"'God bless ye.' 'Good bye.' We parted.

"*8th.*—Went to Leigh Hunt's play, and was highly pleased. The audience was enthusiastic. At the conclusion he was brought on the stage— grey, sturdy, worn, and timid. I was much affected. Think of poor Hunt being ruined for telling mankind what George IV. was ashamed they should know, but was not ashamed to do before his Maker provided it was unknown to his people.

"There must be justice hereafter, and to this man justice is due."

As an example of the political lucubrations of Haydon, which occupy a large place in this journal, I insert what follows:—

"*13th.*—I wish I had put down everything that had passed through my mind, because most extraordinary coincidences would have been seen, such as are almost incredible to myself, and such musings as one rejects as ridiculous at the time they occur. Every Minister of England should base his whole proceedings on the instinctive ambition of France. In dancing and cookery they have conquered the world, and they believe, from the first moment of perception to the last gasp of existence, their conquest of the world in all other matters is only delayed and obstructed by England.

"This was Napoleon's belief, and this is the belief of the whole French nation. This is the true key of their policy towards us, and after having in vain struggled to conquer us as enemies, they have, by the skill of Talley-

* The Legend of Florence.

rand, turned their whole attention to compassing the same end under the guise of friends.

"In the Mediterranean the affairs of England are so complicated by the treachery of France, that there is really no seeing the end; and in case of a rupture I will bet my existence France would join Mehemet Ali, and then, against the two fleets, what could we do with our eight or ten sail of the line?

"I have no doubt there may even be a secret understanding with Russia to expel us from the Mediterranean, because whilst we are in any power there, spoliation or division can never effectually take place as a counterpoise to our empire in India. The only chance is from the age of Mehemet. He may die, but then his genius would die with him.

"Good God! that the affairs of England at such a crisis should be in such hands as Lord Melbourne's, with his apathy, his belief in the irresponsibility of man, his 'natural course of things,' his roosting after dinner. God knows I should not be astonished at Mehemet making a dash at Constantinople. If Nelson met him with the Turkish fleet and his own, it may be conjectured what he would do, with or without the French. What a period of complication for such a genius as Chatham!

"After the investigation of the Convention of Cintra, and when the Duke had proved his genius to my mind, I lay in bed one morning, and clearly saw in my mind's eye his triumph in Spain and his crossing the French frontier. I got up, and determined, young as I was, to write to him, to tell him my conviction, and to add that if it turned out as I said, as my views in art were as grand as his in military matters, I hoped he would allow me in the hour of victory to remind him of my prophecy.

"Subsequent reasoning made me believe this to be absurd, and to the regret of my whole after life I gave up the notion.

"This morning I had similar foreshadowings about the

affairs of the East, the complication of which I clearly unravelled.

"*13th.*—News to-day that twenty-nine Chinese junks attacked the Volage and Hyacinth, when our boys beat off the whole and sunk and blew up five, sparing the rest. This gladdens my heart, and I hope may show master Monsieur what *he* may expect if he is impudent.

"*16th.*—This Volage business has given me a greater appetite for my food. This is doing things in the old style. I trust I shall live to see the French licked once more, and I shall really be happy,—so early, so deeply, and so intensely are early associations rooted in me, from cheering at battered frigates, and huzzaing at victorious crews. God protect the British navy."

Now, at length, came an opportunity which he had long sighed for—of lecturing at Oxford.

"*23rd.*—Returned from Bath yesterday, after a very enthusiastic reception, and not numerous. Had great pleasure in forming the acquaintance of Mr. Duncan, an old Fellow of one of the Colleges at Oxford, who gave me valuable letters.

"*26th.*—Started for Oxford—a day-dream of my youth.

"*29th.*—Received by the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Shuttleworth, and Wardens with every kindness. Leave was granted me to lecture in the Radcliffe great room, but this could not be done without a meeting of trustees. Dr. Shuttleworth then sent me to the Ashmolean, where I began on Tuesday. God grant me success. I make no charge. My object is the art. I admit all members free. If I succeed, what a glorious thing it will be! My introduction has been singular. I met Mr. Duncan, a great favourite, at Bath. He gave me two important letters, which have opened the doors. Success!

"*28th.*—Met at Parker's 'Dr. Wells on adorning Churches,' and 'The Journal of Dowsing, one of a Committee appointed to destroy pictures, 1643—44, appointed by the Earl of Manchester;' by his own account they'

destroyed in Suffolk 4560 pictures in little more than a year and a half.

"*29th.* — Got on well. Oxford affects my imagination vastly — such silence, and solitude, and poetry — such unquestionable antiquity, such learning, and means of acquiring it.

"*March 1st.* — Dined with Dr. Shuttleworth *en famille* at New College, and spent a delightful time. We went to chapel, where is Reynolds's picture of The Virtues.

"We got on the Duke, and he said he had one singular trait,—that he was mean in money matters, and that he actually suffered himself to be sued for the amount of his silk gown before he paid the money. It was near an execution. The Duke has some property at Strathfieldsaye connected with the University. The Warden said the trouble they had to get the money was dreadful. It was years first. His Grace's agent was so convinced the University was right, that he gave it in their favour. Even then it could not be got. At last Dr. Shuttleworth wrote a plain statement of facts to the Duke himself. He (the Duke) sent for Parkinson, and asked if it was correct. Parkinson said 'Yes.' 'Then,' said he, 'pay the money.' A cheque was sent with interest from the time it ought to have been paid. Perhaps this may account for his indisposition to lend his clothes to artists.

"*March 3rd.* — I began to-day at the Ashmolean Museum, and had complete success. All are alive to common sense and nature — the refined scholar and the humble mechanic alike. It was beautiful and triumphant. And, O God! how grateful ought I to be to be permitted the distinction of thus being the first to break down the barrier which has kept art begging to be heard and attended to at the Universities."

In his delight he wrote to Wordsworth,—

"My dear Wordsworth,

"At last I have accomplished one of the day-dreams of my earliest youth, viz., lecturing at the University.

"I have been received with distinction by the Vice-Chan-

cellor and the heads of colleges, granted the Ashmolean Museum, and gave my first lecture yesterday, which was positively hailed.

"There are four honours in my life, first, the sonnet of Wordsworth, second, the freedom of my native town for Solomon, third the public dinner in Edinburgh, and fourth, my reception at Oxford.

"The first and the last are the greatest. But the first is the first, and will ever remain so, whilst a vibration of my heart continues to quiver.

"Who said 'High is our calling' when all the world was adverse to desert? There was the foresight — there the manliness — there the energy and the affection which have marked the poet's career from beginning to conclusion.

"You are a glorious creature, and is not our calling high? Would all the crowns, and kingdoms and jewels on earth have bribed you to say that of a man if you had not felt it? And why did you feel it? Because you saw it.

"*You* have lived to your complete victory on earth — you have nothing now to expect but 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.' May that hour, for the sake of your friends here, be long deferred; but it will not the less come.

"After the distinction of yesterday my mind instinctively turned to you. Fancy my reception here, and fancy those fellows at the London University conceiving a man of my misfortunes would have injured the religious and moral purity of their character, if I had lectured there. 'An ounce and three quarters of civet,' or rather a couple of pounds.

"If I was to die this moment, my dear friend, I would thank God with my last breath for this great opportunity of doing my duty. Hurrah, with all my soul.

"Your affectionate old friend,

"B. R. HAYDON."

Wordsworth answered,—

"Rydal Mount, Ambleside, March 12th, 1840.

"My dear Haydon,

"Though I have nothing to say but merely words of congratulation, hearty congratulation, I cannot forbear to thank you for your letter. You write in high spirits, and I am glad of it: it is only fair that, having had so many difficulties to encounter, you should have a large share of triumph. Never-

theless, though I partake most cordially of your pleasure, I should have been still more delighted to learn that your pencil (for that, after all, is the tool you were made for) met with the encouragement it so well deserves.

"I should have liked to have been among your auditors, particularly so as I have seen not long ago so many first-rate pictures on the continent, and to have heard you at Oxford would have added largely to my gratification. I love and honour that place for abundant reasons, nor can I ever forget the distinction bestowed upon myself last summer by that noble-minded University.

"Allow me to mention one thing on which, if I were qualified to lecture upon your art, I should dwell with more attention than, so far as I know, has been bestowed upon it—I mean perfection in each kind as far as it is attainable. This in widely different minds has been shown by the Italians, by the Flemings, the Dutch, the Spaniards, the Germans, and why should I exclude the English?

"Now as a masterly, a first-rate ode or elegy, or piece of humour even, is better than a poorly or feebly executed epic poem, so is the picture, though in point of subject the humblest that ever came from an easel, better than a work after Michel Angelo or Raffaele in choice of subject, or aim of style, if moderately performed. All styles, down to the humblest, are good, if there be thrown into the choosing all that the subject is capable of, and this truth applies not only to painting, but in degree to every other fine art. Now it is well worth a lecturer's while who sees the matter in this light, first to point out through the whole scale of art what stands highest, and then to show what constitutes the appropriate perfection of all, down to the lowest.

"Ever, my dear Haydon, faithfully yours,
"W. WORDSWORTH."

"*March 6th and 7th.*—Lectured again to increased audiences. I dined last night with Mr. ——, Tutor of Exeter, and the Fellows. It was pretty to see the hall rise at our retiring to the common room, and the Tutor, Fellows, and myself bow on reaching the door. I spent a very delightful evening with Mr. T——, of Magdalen, and S——, at our little table. S—— is full of Plato. T——

had travelled in Greece — a mild, intelligent, and gentlemanly man. We talked of the Agamemnon gloriously. I knew it well. To-day I dine at Magdalen, to-morrow with Mr. S—— at Exeter. Thank God at last I have made my way to society where I am happy. Though evidently not a classical scholar, the scholars here see I seize the thoughts and value the beauties of the great classical writers. S—— said the Athenians were a corrupt and vicious people, and that all their great men were great in spite of their tyranny and oppression, and devoted their lives to elevate and improve them. He said it was curious that hardly any boast of the Parthenon or other buildings occurs from authors about this time. Thucydides once, in alluding to Lacedæmon, says, 'They have not buildings like ourselves,' and that's all. This is odd. T—— drank tea with me, and passed the evening in looking over my prints.

"*Sunday 8th.*—Dined with Professor D—— at Magdalen, and spent a very pleasant evening with the Fellows —surely they are not the Fellows of Gibbon. I saw 'no *deep* and *dark* potations,' but a very pleasant quantity, neither deep nor dark; and even if they were so then, it was not quite fair in Gibbon, after sharing their darkness, to betray their deepness.

"10*th.*—Lectured. The Vice-Chancellor Gilbert came, and gave authority to the audience.

"Dined with Sir A—— C——, near Oxford, and had a great deal of fun. He took me out in a close carriage, and telling some young Oxford bucks they must take me back, sent the carriage away to Oxford. I did not reflect I was then at their mercy, and when I wanted to go, the young girls and boys, heated by waltzing, began to think it a good joke to keep the painter late. 'Never mind, my dear Mr. Haydon,' said one young dog, 'we'll secure you a *breakfast*' and we all laughed. As this was rebellion against my own will, I determined to bolt quietly, and though I did not know an inch of the road

to walk it, I remembered Sir A—— drove along the great road and turned to the left. So watching my opportunity I bolted out, hurried on my great coat, and putting my finger to my lips to a servant, jumped the park gate, and was through the village like a race-horse.

"After walking two miles in dinner shoes I listened, but heard no wheels, — so going on I got into the main road, and all was safe; about a mile from Oxford I heard distant galloping and wheels. I knew the young dogs would glory in catching me, so I slipped behind a tree, and they passed me at a devil of a pace, laughing ready to kill themselves. I entered triumphantly about twelve, having had my own way, the greatest of all blessings.

"*March 13th.* — Last lecture of the six — audience quadrupled. Dined at Dr. Shuttleworth's, and spent a very pleasant evening.

"Took my leave, and left Oxford with deep gratitude for my great success. I came to try a new ground. It was neck or nothing, and all classes rushed to hear me till the mania became extraordinary.

"*14th.* — Arrived home full of enthusiasm, and expecting to find (like the Vicar of Wakefield) every blessing — expecting my dear Mary to hang about my neck, and welcome me at my victory; when I found her *out*, not calculating I should be home till dinner. I then walked into town after unstripping: when I returned she was home, and was hurt I did not wait, so this begat mutual allusions which were anything but loving or happy. So much for anticipations of human happiness!

"Perhaps this necessary bit of evil was a proper check on my vanity.

"*17th.* — Went to see my Sampson at the Suffolk-street Gallery. Met Colonel Sibthorp: I asked in the course of conversation what was the principal cause of being successful as a speaker in the House of Commons. 'Never let your points be deferred till the dinner hour,' said he, 'always finish a little before.'

"*21st.* — Went to church at George Street, Hanover

Square. Afterwards called on Hamilton, and found Chevalier Bronstedt. Had a most interesting conversation about the Greeks. He agreed with me as to the painting of the Greeks, that it was quite equal to their sculpture. He seems to have new theories about Theseus being Cephalus. He told us by calculation the gold on the statue of Minerva was 150,000*l.* sterling in worth.

" I never knew that water was kept as in a well under the great ivory statues, and a trench full went round them to prevent their cracking.

" He thought the Minerva might have been moved by Constantine. We talked of the French revolution and of the bloody horrors of it. Hamilton said a French bishop offered some books to him once, and in recommendation of them said one was bound in a man's skin.

" *22nd.* — Called on Wilkie. He kept me so long waiting that I rang the bell and asked the servant if he was up. She said he was at breakfast. I said, ' Have you a fire anywhere? I am cold and will take a walk,' and I marched ff.

" This was nothing but his want of manner. Just as I was sitting down to dinner a knock came to the door. I said, ' That's Wilkie.' Mary said, ' No, no.' In came the servant, and said ' Sir David Wilkie.' I went up, and rowed him well for keeping me in the cold. He said, ' I was breakfasting.' I said, ' That's no matter, you should have come out.'

" He came down and chatted. I asked him before Mrs. Haydon, if he remembered my lending him an old black coat to go to Barry's lying-in-state, which was too short for his long arms. He did, and seemed to relish it. I asked him if he recollected dancing round the table with Jackson when I read his name for the first time in a paper, the News. He said he did. I asked him if he remembered my breakfasting with him the first time in Norton Street front parlour. He did. He told some capital things. When Sir Walter was a child his mother and family were all dressed one evening to go out. There

was a long discussion. Sir Walter remembered his mother saying, 'No, no. Watty canna understand the great Mr. Garrick.' Scott used to tell this, and always was indignant at the supposition.

"He told us in the rebellion of 1745 a lady from the Highlands came to his father's house for shelter. She brought a herb in paper, which she put in hot water and boiled, and gave all the family a little, and they were delighted. This was tea — the year it was introduced.

"*25th.* — Finished Rogers's Napoleon. Worked hard.

"*26th.* — Saw Faraday about lecturing at the Royal Institution. Found him frank, lively, and kind.

"*29th.* — Went to church with my dear old landlord, Newton. When we were in, I was affected at all the disputes, kindnesses and fights we had had. He has been to me and my family an everlasting friend, a pivot to work on, an anchor to trust to, such as I believe no other human being ever had before.

"I thank God for it with my heart. He does not look so well as he ought. If I lose him I shall lose a man indeed.

"On reviewing this week I have done well. I have worked hard — finished Rogers's Napoleon, and advanced the picture for Miller of Liverpool, and made the sketch for my Leeds commission.

"*30th.* — Breakfasted with Chevalier Bronstedt at the Sablonière. He explained to me his views of the pediments of the Parthenon, and they appeared to me excellent. I am not quite sure about the Cephalus, though what he said was very just,—that there was a mythological chronology and an historical chronology, and that at the birth of Minerva Theseus was never in existence, whereas Cephalus was, being taken to heaven by Eos, and made keeper of heaven's gates.

"He told me the creed of the Athenians was different from Homer's and from the belief of Asia Minor. He is an intelligent and amiable man. He did Napoleon when musing on parade for me capitally, — his taking snuff,

his walk, his looking round, &c. I took him to see my Lazarus and Xenophon."

On the 10th of April Haydon had begun a picture of Mary Queen of Scots showing her infant (afterwards our James the First) to Sir Ralph Sadleir, the English ambassador,—a subject which had been suggested to him in the course of his reading while in Scotland in 1839.

"15*th.*—The King's College Council has appointed a professor of Fine Art,—huzza! This is a great point, and must be attributed to the influence of my success at Oxford. Have I not struggled to attain this? These journals will show it. Worked hard.

"16*th.*—Lectured at Islington with great success. Worked hard. The Scotch picture nearly done. I am not satisfied with my mode of painting a head, not at all. It has not the system of a practised artist, but I will conquer it. I see character so soon, I dash at it before my surface and colour are impastoed enough, and get the expression before my preparation is ready to receive it, and then don't like to meddle.

"This is for want of perpetual head-painting, as in portrait.

"18*th.*—Hard at work, and finished, except a little to a hand, the picture of the Highland Lovers for Miller of Liverpool.

"Now for Romeo and Juliet, for —— at Hull.

"26*th.*—I awoke early with a singular bland light on the truth of Christianity. It spread over my soul as if ready to depart. Had the angel of death appeared, I would have hailed him; but years of struggle are yet to come before I shall be called hence.

"The past week has been well passed. I have worked beautifully, been rewarded well, and bow in gratitude."

The sale of West's picture of the Annunciation, under the circumstances detailed in the note *, produced this comment.

* "Sale Extraordinary.—On Wednesday last, the grand picture of the Annunciation, painted by the late Benjamin West, President of

"It speaks a great deal. Had the picture fetched 800 guineas, it would have been worthy of the blindness of 1817. It was a disgrace to Mr. West to have charged 800. West was a man of no deep genius, no profound feeling, no refined drawing, no radical knowledge, no colour, no expression. His Wolfe and La Hogue are his

the Royal Academy, was brought to the hammer, by Mr. Graves, of Mortimer-street. This picture, which is of very large dimensions, originally cost 800*l.* It occupied, from the year 1817 to 1826, a large space in the centre of the splendid organ in Marylebone new church. It was subsequently placed in the Queen's bazaar; but for nearly fourteen years past it has been lying in its case, useless, in a lumber-room of St. Marylebone court-house. The auctioneer read the following extract from the vestry minutes of St. Marylebone, in reference to the picture, dated Feb. 15th, 1817:—'I have always regulated my charge for historical paintings; and under these regulations I charge the parish 800*l.* for the picture now in the new church of St. Marylebone. Were I a man of independent property, I would request the vestry to honour me by accepting this picture as a gratuitous mark of my profound respect for the parish. — Signed, Benj. West, Newman-street, Feb. 14th, 1817." Whereupon it was moved and seconded that 800*l.* be paid to Mr. West, which was done accordingly. After reading this document, the auctioneer proceeded to expatiate on the great merits of the picture, and the fame of the artist by whom it was painted. A considerable time elapsed before a bidding could be got. At length the sum of ten guineas was offered, and notwithstanding the auctioneer had promised the receipt with the autograph of the late Benjamin West should be given to the purchaser, not a bidding could be obtained above the first sum offered. Thus, that picture which cost the sum of 800*l.* finally sold for the 80th part of its original cost. It is understood that during the time the picture stood in the Queen's bazaar, the sum of 100*l.* was offered for it and refused. The purchaser is Mr. John Wilson, of Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, who we believe contemplates transmitting the picture to America, the native land of the artist, and where his works seem to be better appreciated than in our own country. Surely, while so many new churches are in progress of erection here, such a work should not be suffered to be taken from England. It speaks but little for the state of the fine arts, that such a *chef-d'œuvre* as the Annunciation could be purchased at a sum so ridiculously beneath its value.

"We understand the picture was originally removed from the church of St. Marylebone, at the instigation of the then rector and several of the congregation, as giving the church a Popish appearance."

greatest works. His attempts at high art are without elevation; his characters beggarly. He was as incapable of conceiving or executing the character of Christ as he was of performing his miracles. Exactly as the nation gets enlightened will West sink. He could no more conceive an angel than he could execute an apostle; and this is the man Shee said was the greatest man since Domenichino, Rubens and Rembrandt intervening!

"This is a specimen of what I call the imposture of Academies. Had there been no Academicians to encumber the school of art, Reynolds, Hogarth, Wilson, Wilkie, and Landseer would have been as great as ever, but West would never have been considered a great man, or Shee a man at all.

"*May 11th.*—Little or nothing in painting. Sent off the Highland Lovers to Miller of Liverpool by train. '*On ne fait bien que ce qu'on fait soi même.*' I went to see it weighed and safe, and lost a morning.

"*12th.*—Worked fairly, but not furiously—I can't on a small picture. Life is really not long enough for art. I feel with small pictures as if I had nothing on my shoulders, which I always like to have. I'll soon be at my large canvas.

"*21st.*—Worked and finished the Juliet, and hope to conclude to-morrow. 100 guineas in five weeks is twenty guineas a week; not enough to save out of, though I am grateful.

"*24th.*—Sunday. Went to church and prayed very sincerely.

"Called on Wilkie, who was much annoyed at the press saying he could not paint portraits, in consequence of his villanous portrait of the Queen. Wilkie is unfairly treated. Surely his Lord Kellie, the Duke of Sussex, and George the Fourth, are fine portraits; yet the public voice has loudly affirmed he cannot paint portraits. How differently John Bull treats him and me. I have no rank or station—he has. I am overwhelmed with abuse—he

dandled till his feet touch the ground, and then put down on velvet.

"*26th.*—Finished my Romeo and Juliet, and now my employer (a Hull dealer) won't pay me my balance, 45*l.*, till I deliver the work, and I won't deliver it till I get the balance. How unlike the nobility. Everything with Lords Mulgrave, Egremont, Sutherland and Grey, with Peel and all of that class, was honour and faith. All paid me long before the work went home. I told this noodle it must dry hard before I glazed it, or it would crack; and for this bit of honesty he won't pay first. A bill of 39*l.* 10*s.*, due the 28th, I can't pay, and now begin again illegal interest and all the distractions of pecuniary want. The Liverpool men are twice as liberal, and the Leeds men too; but at Hull they are a fierce democratic race, and mistrust their own fathers.

"Mr. Rogers called, and brought home his Napoleon to be glazed. He paid me at once, and waited my time of toning, like a man.

"*29th.*—The Queen Dowager has headed my list for the Duke. I admire her character, so I feel much honoured.

"Lectured at the Mechanics, and exhibited two powerful young wrestlers stripped above and below. The effect was prodigious—the grouping exquisite—the tumbling rapturously applauded—it did immense good.

"31*st.*—Saw Bewick's (my pupil's) copy of the Sibyls and Prophets of Michel Angelo—very finely drawn and copied; but it is wonderful how little a man who copies so well can do for himself. The style of Michel Angelo belongs to the place he painted in, and was necessary to render his designs visible or effective. This seen in rooms seems exaggeration. In the naked he was not as deep as the Greeks, and all my assertions are confirmed. But the Erythræa and Lybica are very fine in expression.

"*June* 1*st.*—Went again to see Bewick's copies from Michel Angelo—the giant barbarian of European art—the Attila.

"And this is the grand style — figures painted to be looked at sixty feet off brought into a drawing-room to be studied at six, and recommended to the students.

"*2nd.*—Corrected the etching of the Duke. The effect of these copies of Michel Angelo is enervating. You sit and muse — such a glorious opportunity for size — such a patron — such a combination of genius and opportunity rarely happens on earth; and it is altogether so much out of the reach of ordinary opportunity, that I think it rather overpowers than stimulates.

"I can account for feeble minds becoming feebler from going to Italy. The gap between their humbler notions and what they see is so great that the imagination crushes their hopes, their energies, their ambition. They become copyists, imitators, connoisseurs, dealers, or slaves, and the remainder of their days is a nervous chatter about the grand style. Such were Otley, Prince Hoare, and hundreds of others—Wilkie too. God save me from such a disease—from such a horror. Italy was Wilkie's ruin.

"*3rd.* — Went to the drawings from Michel Angelo; staid an hour, and full of their style went to my own Lazarus. The drawing in the Lazarus, and the hands and feet, is decidedly more correct. The head of Lazarus was equal in its way to the Delphic Sibyl's; but though broad, it had not that overpowering breadth of effect which I saw in the one of Jeremiah, full size, at Mr. Thompson's, Belgrave Street, who bought it at Lawrence's sale. That figure proves Michel Angelo had an eye for colour.

"But what absurdity to pull things from dark recesses sixty feet high—things which were obliged to be painted lighter, drawn fuller, and coloured harder than nature warrants, to look like life at the distance—and to bring them down to the level of the eye in a drawing-room, and adore them as the purest examples of form, colour, expression and character. They were never meant to be seen at that distance, or in that space.

"Thus the student is perplexed, and seduced, and corrupted with ridiculous notions of what is truly grand.

The works of this wonderful man have ruined a thousand artists to one they have educated and improved.

"In drawing they are grossly defective. Daniel's left foot and leg would have disgraced Bewick before he ran from my tuition to the shelter of academical wings. Had he, in the position of Daniel's left arm, made the biceps with that contour, he would have been quizzed by the Landseers, by Lance, by Harvey, by Chatfield, and by Prentice, his brother pupils. Had he put that undulation below the supinator in the left fore arm of the Cumæan Sibyl two inches higher than it ought to be, he would have been laughed at by the public. Had he marked the elbow of the Erythræan so, my old life-guardsman, Sammons, would have told him he was wrong, and made him alter it.

"It was in 1816, now twenty-four years ago, during the Elgin Marble controversy, I strolled to Burlington House to study the beauty of the marbles for an hour before painting, when I found a journeyman drawing amidst the fragments with great truth. I asked him if he were an artist. He replied he wished to be. I told him to bring me his drawings. Next day at breakfast he did. I was so pleased, I told him if he would place himself under my tuition I would instruct him. He did so. I educated him for three years without payment — superintended his dissections at Sir C. Bell's,—gave up my time to him; and when he was ready, sent him and the Landseers to the British Museum, where they made from the Elgin Marbles those celebrated drawings, the size of the originals, which gave them so much reputation, that Goëthe ordered a set for Weimar, where they are still shown in his house, and to which, just before his death, he alluded in a letter to me. Finding my pupils, and Bewick especially, doing such justice to the Elgin Marbles, I resolved to endeavour to get at the Cartoons; and stating my object to a friend, he induced Lords Stafford and Farnborough to go to George IV., and ask leave to have two at a time at the British Gallery, which they did, and got it.

"I then sent my whole school to the Gallery, and there they drew from the Cartoons the size of the originals, and I led the way. When done, the rush to see the copies was so great the doors were closed for fear of injury.

"I then exhibited the drawings in St. James's Street; here the people of fashion crowded for days. The next year I followed up the hit with Jerusalem, but the picture not being bought, though the receipts were vast, I began to get embarrassed. During Jerusalem Lord de Tabley gave me a commission. I begged him to transfer it to Bewick, as he was a young man of promise. He did so; and he was paid sixty guineas for his first picture. His second Sir William Chaytor bought, and during his third, his landlord refused to let him proceed unless I became security for his rent. I did so. In the meantime I was becoming rapidly involved, and having helped Bewick in his difficulties, I thoughtlessly asked him to help me by the usual iniquities of a struggling man, namely, accommodation bills. Bewick and Harvey both did so; these were not accommodation bills to raise money on, but accommodation bills to get time extended for money already owing. When in the hands of a lawyer, if I wanted time, 'Get another name' was the reply. As I wished for secresy I asked these young men, into whose hands I had put the means of getting a living without charging a farthing. As the father of a family I now see the indelicacy and wickedness of this conduct. But at that time I was young, a bachelor, at the head of a forlorn hope, and I relied on the honour and enthusiasm of my pupils. I had reduced Bewick's liabilities from 236*l.* to 136*l.*, and Harvey's from 284*l.* to 184*l.*, and whilst in the act of extricating them I got through the Lazarus and was ruined. There is no excuse for my inducing my pupils to lend their names as security for bills, but I was in such a state of desperation that I wonder at nothing.

"Bewick hoisted the enemies' colour at once—not so Lance, Chatfield, Tatham, or the Landseers. Lance's friends advanced 125*l.*, Landseer's father 70*l.*, Say 50*l.*,

Chatfield paid up his premium, 210*l.* They all rallied, but too late. In proportion to the greatness of my effort, so was my fall, and the boys, who, if I had been employed, would have been right hands, branched off into different pursuits to get a living. Lance I advised to take to fruit; Chatfield painted portraits; Say always meant to do so; but they never recovered the shock. Chatfield, just before he died, dined with me and talked of it as a glorious dream passed by. But had there been no Royal Academy to calumniate, oppose, and torment us—had the art been as clear in our time as in that of Reynolds—our fate would have been different indeed.

"*4th.*—Worked, and finished the robe of Mary of Guise.

"*5th.*—Put on effectually the second layer of colour. Rubens's method is the best for rapid work; Titian's for slow and progressive. Rubens washed in over a white ground.

"*6th.*—Wrote my life all day. No money came, and I have bills all next week.

"*7th.*—Went to church, and returned in a better state of mind than I went. The prospect of pecuniary trouble again harassed me, but I threw myself on the mercy of God. I don't deserve it. I have worked hard for it, and cannot get my money, on which I depended, but I do not despair.

"I shall get rid of my paltry little pictures, and then at a large canvas, which is always a blessing and a support. God bless me.

"*8th.*—Reader, you see I always trusted in God. This day I received 75*l.* from Miller, the Liverpool merchant, the balance for the Duke, and this has saved me, as it is the link between two sums: but for this an execution would have entered my house, and the old scenes of horror would have come over again. Began the Poictiers for dear old Billy (Newton).

"*12th, 13th.*—Exceedingly excited and exhausted. I attended the great convention of the Anti-Slavery Society

at Freemasons Hall. Last Wednesday a deputation called on me from the committee, saying they wished a sketch of the scene. The meeting was very affecting. Poor old Clarkson was present, with delegates from America, and other parts of the world. I returned after making various sketches, and put in an oil one.

"13*th.*—I breakfasted with [illegible] him and his dear grandson, and [illegible] beautiful of the group.

"John Beaumont said, 'W[illegible] loss for the sketch.'

"15*th.*—Breakfasted with [illegible] and a more aged sketch, though [illegible] 'It had an indignant humanity [illegible] those who have a great national [illegible] and see God daily, "enduring, as seeing one who is invisible."' 'They do, indeed,' said Clarkson, 'it supported me; I have worked day and night, and I have awoke in convulsions after reading the evidence of the horrors of the slave trade.' 'Christianity,' said I, 'is the power of God unto salvation. It is of heart and internal conviction, not of evidence and external proof.' 'Ah,' said Clarkson, 'what a blessing is the religious feeling. The natural man sees flowers and hears birds, and is pleased; the religious man attributes all to God.'

"He looks like a man whose nerves had been strained. I said, 'I have a cause at my heart, though not of so much interest to mankind as yours. I hope God will bless it.'

"From him I went to the committee, and arranged for four sitters to-morrow, and then returned home to receive Lord Burghersh. From Poictiers we got on the Duke. He told me the Duke says, 'They blame me for having a defile in my rear, the forest of Soignies. With 10,000 for a rear-guard in that wood, I would have defied Buonaparte or any army on earth. If they blame me, what do they say of Buonaparte, who fought a battle with three defiles in his rear, which were the ruin of his army?'

Capital sense! The three defiles were Charleroi, Gemappes, and Quatre Bras.

"16*th.* — Went to the slavery convention at seven, and drew till four—breakfasted with them.

"17*th.*—Went to the convention again at seven. Drew [illegible] sketches of heads in one day [illegible] I have made thirty sketches [illegible]s sketching Mr. Scobell, M. [illegible] came to arrange. '*Monsieur,* [illegible] *mes régimentaux de pair de* [illegible]e said, '*Oui, vous n'avez pas* [illegible] *les régimentaux de pair de* [illegible].'

[illegible] cause to think of his costume [illegible] only ask you, reader, if that fact is not enough?

"The other Frenchman (M. Crémieux) made an appointment at nine, at 44. Piccadilly. I drove up and he was out. Down came Madame in her dishabille. She assured me, '*Que monsieur était sorti touchant les affaires les plus importantes du monde, — mais à dix heures, monsieur,*' and I took my leave.

"17*th* to 20*th.* — All passed sketching heads at the convention. I did fifty-two in five days.

"25*th.*—Colonel Gurwood sat to me for my Waterloo Gallery. He said the Duke never liked solicitation for others. He liked every man to speak for himself. Gurwood said he lived two years in the same house with the Duke; and he always stated whatever he wanted in a letter.

"The Duke complained to Gurwood that liberties were taken with him. He said, when he went to Court after William IV.'s death, the Duke of Cambridge said, 'Why, Duke, why d'ye have your hair so short?' Directly after, the Duke of Sussex said, 'Why you are not in mourning, Duke?' The Duke said, 'I ordered black, your Royal Highness.' 'Ah,' said he, 'it is not black. It is what the French call *tête-de-nègre.*' 'The Duke of

Marlborough,' said the Duke to Gurwood, 'because he was an old man, was treated like an old woman. I won't be. And the reason why I have a right never to have a liberty taken with me, is because I never take a liberty with any man.' Colonel Gurwood said that the Duke, although he had known Lord Fitzroy Somerset from a boy, always called him *Lord* Fitzroy.

"He told me the Duke keeps the key of the glass of his Correggio, and when the glass is foul, dusts it himself with his handkerchief. He asked him once for this key, and he replied, 'No I won't.'

"He asked him once for a cloak to paint from, and he refused, saying he would not lend his clothes — thus confirming Wilkie, Wyatt, and myself.

"Upon the whole the Duke has been made too much of at the wrong period of his life, and too little of at the fine time. He fears insult at every breeze. Because he knows himself old, he fears people take liberties with him. Poor dear old man.

"Gurwood said he told him he gave 1000*l.* a year away because the Government would not put the demands relating to his Wardenship of the Cinque Ports on the estimates.

"Gurwood said that in the year when Alexander's house failed the Duke gave away at least 6000*l.* One day he found the Duke sealing up bank notes, and sending off envelope after envelope, and the Duke said he ought to be as rich as Crœsus, and have mines without end.

"*29th.* — Lucretia Mott, the leader of the delegate women from America, sat. I found her out to have infidel notions, and resolved at once, narrow-minded or not, not to give her the prominent place I first intended. I will reserve that for a beautiful believer in the Divinity of Christ.

"*30th.* — Scobell called. I said, 'I shall place you, Thompson, and the negro together.' Now an abolitionist on thorough principle would have gloried in being so placed. This was the touchstone. He sophisticated

immediately on the propriety of placing the negro in the distance, as it would have much greater effect.

"Now I, who have never troubled myself in this cause, gloried in the imagination of placing the negro close by his emancipator. The emancipator shrank. I'll do it though. If I do not, d—— me.

"Scobell is a fine fellow, but he and Tredgold felt a little touched at the idea. If he has suffered for the cause, why object?

"Lloyd Garrison comes to-day. I'll try him, and this shall be my method of ascertaining the real heart.

"Garrison sat and I succeeded, and hit him. I asked him, and he met me at once directly. George Thompson said he saw no objection. But that was not enough. A man who wishes to place the negro on a level must no longer regard him as having been a slave, and feel annoyed at sitting by his side.

"*July 3rd.* — Put in the negro's head, and the head of delegate from Hayti. Sketched Lady Byron and Lucretia Mott.

"With Lady Byron I was deeply interested. There is a lambent sorrow about her, bland and touching, but she was no more fit for him than a dove for a volcano. Poor Lady Byron, she looks as if she *saw* an inward sorrow. Perhaps his sublime head is always haunting her imagination, like the 'Dira facies' in Virgil.

"*14th.* — Put in Lady Byron. She brought Mrs. Jameson and wished me to show her the drawings. I was anxious to do the head first, which was thoughtless. Mrs. Jameson seemed annoyed, and found fault with the head. I thought I saw Lady Byron look knowing at Mrs. Jameson. I said, 'Come, don't look criticism,' which annoyed her more. She took her leave, and thus with the most earnest desire to please her, I displeased her. Lady Byron was fidgety, I got fidgety, and the head turned out bad. Made a drawing of Garrison for the Duchess of Sutherland, and sketched Miss Knight.

"*19th.* — Hard at work and well advanced. The Ame-

ricans are intruding and inquisitive. I have great trouble to parry them, except Garrison. Garrison sat to-day after calling and seeing the Duchess of Sutherland, with whom he was delighted. Household and Duchess bewildered his republican faculties.

"10*th.* — Very hard at work. How delightful it is to have health, employers, and to work hard. I hope Hume won't bother me about the Academy question. If he do, I will not be distracted. O God, for Thy mercies accept my gratitude from my heart.

"11*th.* — Hard at work, and succeeded in Gurney's head. I perfectly agree that such a number of honest heads were never seen before. So said the Duchess of Sutherland, and so say I.

"14*th.* — Hard at work. Birney and Alexander, both fine heads, all good hearts. Birney said negro children are equal to whites till seven, when, perceiving the degradation of their parents, they felt degraded and cowed. Dreadful. Birney had discharged all his own slaves. These delegates are extraordinary men in head, feature, and principle.

"31*st.* — Worked hard after I began, but did not set my palette till after breakfast; did not begin till twelve. Read Rubens's life by Waagen.

"Amelia Opie sat, and a very pleasant hour and a half we had. Mr. Burritt, a keen clever fellow, sat too.

"Only one day's rest since the 12th June.

"*August* 1*st.* — Battle of the Nile, forty-two years ago.

"Amelia Opie sat, — a delightful creature: — she told me she heard Fuseli say of Northcote, 'He looks like a rat who has seen a cat.'

"22*d.* — Excessively and gloriously hard at work. Finished a head, hand, and figure in two days.

"Nothing astonishes me so much as my rapidity with this picture; it is truly the result of all my previous fagging for years.

"28*th.* — Saw the three Giustiniani Caracci to-day. I was much struck by them, though it is extraordinary

how little they understood the nature of Christ's character and expression. The idea of giving Christ such a skull is dreadful; none of the Italian painters except Raffaele had any notion of the right phrenological developement for such a being. But they are carefully executed, and very proper examples for young men. They ought to be bought; but I prefer, in my Widow's Son, my conception of the mother falling on the neck of her boy, and forgetting Christ in her maternal feelings.

"I am quite convinced the art of painting for great distance is curious.

"Domenichino's St. Cecilia, near, is preposterous; afar off, it is the thing, and the manner of painting is expressly like Correggio's ceilings,— holes for eyes, holes for nostrils, holes for all the dark parts of the features.

"*September 4th.*— Hard at work, and heard from dear Wordsworth, with a glorious sonnet on the Duke and Copenhagen. It is very fine, so I began a new journal directly, and put in the sonnet. God bless him.

"My dear Haydon,

"We are all charmed with your etching. It is both poetically and pictorially conceived and finely executed. I should have written immediately to thank you for it and for your letter and the enclosed one, which is interesting, but I wished to gratify you by writing a sonnet. I now send it, but with an earnest request that it may not be put into circulation for some little time, as it is warm from the brain, and may require, in consequence, some little retouching. It has this, at least, remarkable attached to it,— which will add to its value in your eyes,— that it was actually composed while I was climbing Helvellyn last Monday. My daughter and Mr. Quillinan were with me; and she, which I believe had scarcely ever been done before, rode every inch of the way to the summit, and a magnificent day we had.

Sonnet suggested by Haydon's Picture of the Duke of Wellington upon the Field of Waterloo Twenty Years after the Battle.

"First reading,—

"'By art's bold privilege, warrior and war-horse stand
On ground yet strewn with their last battle's wreck.

Let the steed glory, while his master's hand
Lies, fixed for ages, on his conscious neck.
But, by the chieftain's look, tho' at his side
Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm a check
Is given to triumph, and all human pride!
Yon trophied mound shrinks to a shadowy speck
In his calm presence. Since the mighty deed
Him years have brought far nearer the grave's rest,
As shows that face time-worn. But he such seed
Has sowed that bears, we trust, the fruit of fame
In heaven; hence no one blushes for *thy name*,
Conqueror! 'mid some sad thoughts divinely *blest*.'

"Composed while ascending Helvellyn, Monday, August 31st, 1840.

"WM. WORDSWORTH.

"My dear Mr. Haydon,

"Correct thus the two last lines towards the close of the sonnet —

"'As shows that time-worn face. But he such seed
Hath sown, as yields, we trust, the fruit of fame
In heaven,' &c.

"You will see the reason of this alteration. It applies now to his life in general, and not to that particular act as before. You may print the sonnet where and when you will, if you think it will serve you, only it may be well that I should hear from you first, as you may have something to suggest either as to the letter or the lines.

"Yours in haste,

"WM. WORDSWORTH.

"Friday, Sept. 4th."

"I am quite ashamed to trouble you again, but after considering and reconsidering, changing, and rechanging, it has been resolved that the troublesome passage shall stand thus: —

"'In his calm presence. Him the mighty deed
Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest,
As shows that time-worn face. But* he such seed
Hath sown as yields, we trust,' &c.

"Faithfully yours,

"W. WORDSWORTH.

"Rydal Mount,
"Monday, Sept. 7th, 1840."

* "For," in printed version of the sonnet.—ED.

"My dear Haydon,

"I could not otherwise get rid of the prosaic declaration of the matter of fact that the hero was so much older. You will recollect that it at first stood,

"'Since the mighty deed
Him years,' &c.

"I know not what to do with the passage if it be not well corrected, as follows:

"'Him the mighty deed
Elates not: neither doth a cloud find rest
Upon that time-worn face: for he such seed
Hath sown,' &c.

"I sent the sonnet as it was before corrected to Mr. Lowndes, as you desired. When you print it, if it be in course of next week, pray send a copy to this house, and another to me at Lowther Castle, whither I am going to-morrow.

"Very faithfully yours,
"WM. WORDSWORTH.

"Rydal Mount,
"Sept. 11th.

"The space for alteration in this troublesome passage, you will observe, was very confined, as it was necessary to advert to the Duke being much older, which is yet done in the words 'time-worn face,' but not so strongly as before.

"W. W."

These successive corrections, showing the poet's artist-like reverence for his work, suggest to Haydon the remark that he seems anxious to make the sonnet worthy of himself, the Duke, and the painter (this last followed by a "hem!" of mock-humility).

All this while he was working away at the Anti-Slavery Convention picture. I find among the heads painted, those of Knibb, Turnbull, Moorsom, Sir Eardly Wilmot, Dr. Lushington, and a Mr. Crewdson, who came from Birmingham to sit three hours and go back the same day.

On the 10th of October, the anniversary of his wedding day, he writes:—"Nineteen years this day I have been married, and I love my dear Mary better than ever. She has had great trouble and affliction, and I fear her health

is now suffering. She has been to me a solace, a blessing, a salvation.

"I hope God will restore her to health, that we may both descend to the grave together,—that we may see our children married and settled, and that we may keep our intellects and eyes to the last moment of life. Amen.

"*22d.*—The Theseus and Fates are the true grand style. The Moses of Michel Angelo the Gog style.

"*24th.*—I worked yesterday from half-past seven till ten at night: with half an hour at lunch, two hours' reading, five to seven, including dinner—fifteen hours; in reality, I had but half an hour's rest, for I never am more than ten minutes or a quarter of an hour dining. I then read while dear Mary finishes, because it makes her ill to eat as I do, at a gallop. Had my eyes lasted I could have gone on all night.

"*November 3rd.*—I saw to-day at the Duke of Sutherland's the original sketch for the crowning of Mary of Medicis—the first thought before the introduction of the Genii, and side group above the heads of the princesses. This shows the complete progress of the conception.

"*5th.*—A sixth part of the month gone. Two days' work; two idle. Worked hard, and was perpetually interrupted, but stuck at it. Nothing but visitors: M—— called, fresh from Mehemet Ali. He told me Mehemet Ali could not get sleep, and would soon go. He said the French ships were ill manned, and could not stand before ours, which delighted my soul. He spoke disrespectfully of Crémieux. M—— is of that Colonial Office class ready to go any where, in any way. What a peculiar class they are! I never go down near the Colonial Office but I meet anxious cadaverous faces fresh from the secretary's writing room—victims preparing for the Cape, Sierra Leone, Cuba,—West or East, North or South,—not happy at home, not happy abroad,—carrying English notions into military governments,—provoking governors,—exasperating colonial notions,—sent home,—sent out,

and dying at last to the great relief of Lord John, or Lord Dick, or whoever happens to be the bored.

"*9th.* — Awoke with 39*l.* to pay, and only eight sovereigns in my snuff-box, where I keep my money, never taking snuff. I trusted and prayed. Before twelve I received 20*l.*; then 15*l.* 15*s.* more on a commission from Sir John Hanmer, and 4*l.* 4*s.* came by post from Bath, for a proof after letters, making up the money.

"*10th.* — Had my picture extended on a new frame. As I walked along the streets to-day, and saw the general effect of objects, I could not help reflecting, how art was true art only when the leading objects were chosen.

"Supposing all nature open to us instead of the general effect only, we should not, and could not bear existence; but Providence has wisely adapted our eyes to see nothing but what is necessary for comprehension and the purposes of life. Could we perceive we breathed nothing but animalculæ, drank snaky monsters in the purest water, and eat living masses in the freshest flesh, life would be insufferable: but see how wisely our powers of vision are limited. We see and recognise objects by the leading characteristics. The great painter does the same. And you recognise the nature of the things he paints on such principles better than if he laid open pores, hairs, dimples, pimples, and wrinkles.

"*13th.* — Rubbed in a Napoleon for Sir John Hanmer, and worked at the Anti-Slavery picture. Their bringing me thirty-one heads more, after arranging for one hundred and three, is rather a joke; but if they like, they shall have heads all over, like a peacock's tail.

"*17th.* — Looked at, cleaned, and put in order the Solomon. It has now been painted twenty-seven years. It has lately been in a warehouse where there was no fire, and the damp had seized on the robe and the crown on his head.

"The drapery was painted in oil luckily, but being lake, an animal substance, the damp had fixed on and mildewed it; so on the crown, painted in Indian yellow, a

vegetable. All the rest of the picture being in earths or minerals was not in the least affected, and Solomon's face was quite pure in the midst of the mildew. Had the drapery been painted in gum or rosin, the whole would have run or dissolved.

"In looking again, after a long absence at this wonderful picture, painted at twenty-six and twenty-seven, and brought out at twenty-eight, I candidly acknowledge I am astonished. Turner said to a friend, 'Tell Haydon I am astonished;' and so he well might be. Taking into account all my difficulties, necessities, want of instruction from any master, my youth, and the fact that I had only painted three pictures before, when I look at the execution, the manner and firmness of the touch, I no longer wonder at the uproar it made at its appearance. Good God! Ought I to fear comparison of it with the Duke of Sutherland's Murillo, or any other picture? Certainly not. But I want humility, and it pleases God to humble my mind by neglect and obscurity, and so fit me for another world. His will be done. In Him I trust, with all my heart and soul, and know it will please Him one day, that when I am dead it shall have fair play for the honour of my country. I await in patience and submit. Amen.

"*23rd.* — Gave my first lecture at Birmingham. — Genteelly but not numerously attended, and coldly welcomed. In fact, no welcome at all. I was perfectly cool, and at last warmed them up, and made my bow amidst hearty applause.

"*24th.* — Dined at dear, honest John Sturge's, and spent a very pleasant evening. They were all teetotallers except me and John Sturge. We took a glass of Sherry together, and after dinner, with fruit as usual, we chatted away so pleasantly, and the Quakers seemed to enjoy my stories so heartily, that in spite of their gravity they burst into roars of laughter. I could not have believed so pleasant a dessert could have passed without a glass of port. At the conclusion I took one glass, and that was

all. How completely it is habit; but I felt weak on arriving home, and ordered my negus. I have no time to feel weak. If I was sure the feeling would go off I would try abstinence, but I fear the weakness of my eyes proceeds from scrofula, and alcohol is a necessary stimulus.

"*25th* to *30th*. — Lecturing and visiting manufactories. If ever any town needed a school of design, and if there is one where it would be more useful than another, it is Birmingham."

From Birmingham he proceeded to Liverpool, where his lectures were again attended by large and enthusiastic audiences.

The diplomatic out-generalling of the French by the Foreign Secretary in the Eastern entanglement this year delighted Haydon so, that he expressed his satisfaction in a long letter to Lord Palmerston, remarking, however, "The two great pivots of Whig policy were friendship with France and toleration of the Catholics. I disbelieve the character of the one and the instinct of the other. In the friendship with France they have been proved wrong, and so they will in their reliance on the changed character of Catholics."

At the close of the year he was at Manchester, whence he dates his usual summary of the twelvemonth.

"*December* 31. — The last day of 1840. A year to me of great blessings, with bitter sorrow, because my dearest Mary, with her noble heart, tender nature, and devoted love, has been prostrated in health. How grateful we ought to be that our daughter has been well and soundly educated, that our eldest youth is good and innocent, and our youngest boy unstained and religious, and that my step-son, Hyman, has ample provision by his classical talents and application at Wadham. In concluding the year I have indeed great mercies to be grateful for.

"With respect to the prospects of art, my lectures continue to excite as much attention as ever. Fresh engagements pour in, and wherever I go the same enthusiasm is roused.

"I have lectured on the naked model in London, in Edinburgh, and Manchester, and lately had wrestlers to struggle before 1,500 people at Liverpool, with immense approbation. Fifty years ago such a thing would not have been possible. It is said Cornelius is coming to adorn the Lords. I shall feel it if I am not selected, after what has passed with the Duke, and Lord Melbourne, and Mr. Canning. But I am become a thorough Christian, and if this darling object of a long life be missed, I shall consider it a proper check to my pride, and bow my head in submission. Let the will of my Creator be done. I shall not the less continue to do my duty to advance the taste of my country.'

1841.

During this year he brought his picture of the Anti-Slavery Convention to an end, and exhibited it without much success. His lectures, too, went on, and sufficed, with his commissions from Sir John Hanmer and Mr. Rogers, to keep him free from any great pecuniary harass.

This year, too, the Fine Arts Committee for the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament sat and examined witnesses; but Haydon was not summoned. He felt this severely, and it gave him, as it were, a presentiment of what was to follow on the appointment of the Fine Arts Commission. He set about experiments in fresco, trying all the while to make up his mind beforehand that he was not to be allowed to reap of the harvest which he had certainly done more than any of his brethren to sow. But it was hardly in human nature, certainly it was not in Haydon's, to console himself for the exclusion he foresaw, by the thought that at last the public claims of art were recognised. A still severer blow this year was the death of David Wilkie, to whom, notwithstanding their complete antagonism of temperament, Haydon was warmly attached. When the year opened he was concluding his lectures at Liverpool.

"*January 1st.* — Lectured at the Royal Institution, and took my leave. Congratulated them on the success of the School of Design. The advance is extraordinary, and yet the prejudices in the manufacturers and society are not yet got rid of. Families reject drawing-masters because they, to improve themselves, attend the school; whereas they ought to employ no drawing-master who does not.

"*2nd.* — Arrived at Sheffield by coach, and was more tired with this paltry forty miles than the thousand I have travelled by rail. But I saw the country, which is peculiarly Scotch and romantic after Staley Bridge.

"*4th.* — Heavy snow. The air is sharp and cutting at Sheffield. No wonder they are celebrated for knives. Lectured, but the audience the dullest I ever knew.

"*5th.* — Dined at Manchester with Turner, a pupil of Sir Astley Cooper. Cooper told him he had retired; but after two months, being miserable, he asked himself, 'What do I like best in the world?' 'My profession,' was the answer. 'Then,' said he, 'why the deuce should I leave off that employment which gives me the greatest delight?' and so he returned to practice.

"*6th.* — Lectured again. Audience impressed, but dull. I told them I had seen no casts in Sheffield, and they looked at each other."

On his return to town he resumed work on his Anti-Slavery picture — new heads presenting themselves every day, until at last the picture threatened to become nothing but heads, without room for bodies.

"*February 2nd.* — Worked fairly, after being out again in the morning on money matters. My dear landlord helped me as usual. What should I do without him? I have no right to complain of my employers, but they should prevent my losing my time about trifles when 100*l.* would clear me.

"*3rd.* — If Providence always interfered free will would be over. But if required, or prayed to, He always interferes. If asked, He grants; if you knock, He opens, and

He punishes. But He lets men act, and often whispers to save them. Would men could *all* believe this as *I* do.

"*9th.*— Sketched O'Connell. I came at ten and he was asleep. I went at eleven and he came out as usual — rolling and good natured. I went up to his breakfast room; as he read his letters I sketched him. He then sat regularly, and when I said I was sorry to keep him so long, he said, 'I have used you so ill by lying a-bed, my conscience obliges me to give you a good sitting.' We talked of the Catholics and Protestants. He said, 'If you apply to a man's reason, you only apply to half of him, and the smallest half.'

"'You English,' said he, 'don't know what is going on in Ireland. Repeal will triumph.' He is grown older, considerably, but there is in his look inexpressible good nature. He told me he sat to Wilkie for his portrait, at the same time as the Duke, and he said such was the Duke's determination to be in proper costume, that he used to come for the Queen's picture of her First Council, to Kensington, in the coldest weather, in white duck trowsers.

"Felt unhappy in bed at my approaching difficulties. Just like the Jews, mistrusting my good Creator who had delivered me so often. I fell asleep, and awoke about three. Something whispered me, 'How can you despond? Did I not support thee in early life? Did I not say to thee "Fear not, I am with thee? Be not dismayed, for I am thy God!" I replied, 'Thou didst, I will despond no more.' My low spirits went. I arose confiding, and by post came a remittance from Sir John Hanmer, which prevented my being penniless, after matriculating my dear Frank at Caius — Gratitude — gratitude — gratitude! 'Knock and it shall be opened; ask and ye shall have.' Amen."

The most interesting circumstance in connection with the Anti-slavery Convention picture was the visit the painter paid to the venerable Thomas Clarkson, at Playford Hall.

"*April 8th.*—Left town on the 6th by steam: arrived at Ipswich at seven, and found Clarkson's carriage waiting. Got to Playford Hall at eight. Found the dear old man at tea with his niece and wife, looking much better than when in town. Playford is a fine old building: 1593 the last date, but must be much older, they say. It is surrounded by a moat with running water. Clarkson has a head like a patriarch, and in his prime must have been a noble figure. He was very happy to see me, but there is a nervous irritability which is peculiar. He lives too much with adorers, especially women.

"As he seemed impatient at my staying beyond a certain time I went to bed, and wished him good night. I slept well, and the next morning walked in the garden and fields. He breakfasted on milk and bread (alone), and I breakfasted with Mrs. T. Clarkson up stairs. I promised to sketch him at ten, and at ten I was ready.

"He seemed much pleased by a letter from Guizot, wherein he had said Soult and he meant to bring in Abolition next year. Dear old man, no praise seemed lost on him. He wanted to show me other letters, which I had not time to read.

"When all was ready,—the windows fitted, he said, 'Call in the maids.' In came six servant girls, and washerwomen (it being washing day). 'I am determined they shall see the first stroke.' In they all crowded, timidly wondering. Clarkson said, 'There now, that is the first stroke; come again in an hour, and you shall see the last!'

"We now began to talk: he said, 'When Christophe's wife and daughters, all accomplished women, were brought or introduced by him to Wilberforce, and others in high life, there was a sort of shrink at admitting them into society.' I told him I believed it, because when I resolved to place the African in front of the picture on the same level as the Europeans there was the same delicacy, but I got him and put him in at once. Shame prevented remonstrance.

"Clarkson showed no envy. He spoke of Grenville

Sharpe and Wilberforce with affection and respect; 'but,' said the patriarch, 'they thought of the *slave*, I of the *slave trade*.' I admired this distinction.

"I think Clarkson's intellects are unimpaired, and shine through his infirmities. He told the whole story of his vision. He said he was sleeping when a voice awoke him, and he heard distinctly the words, 'You have not done all your work. There is America.' Clarkson said, it was vivid. He sat upright in his bed; he listened and heard no more. Then the whole subject of his last pamphlet came to his mind. Texts without end crowded in, and he got up in the morning, and began it, and worked eight hours a day till it was done — till he hoped he had not left the Americans a leg to stand on.

"Now come the causes of this belief. There is no doubt all men who devote their lives from boyhood to a great cause have the impression of being called or led by the Deity. Does this impression come from the mere physical exercise of the brain in one direction, so that imagination is excited, or does perpetual solitude engender the notion that what is merely imagined is actual? Clarkson says he was sleeping. Might he not have dreamt strongly? He heard a voice, and sat upright, neither asleep nor awake, and still heard the imagined sounds of the dream before his reason returned with his waking. This is the physical explanation, and is always more gratifying to the world than the supposition that any being is so favoured by God as to be called and selected. On the other hand, Clarkson has evidently been a great instrument for the abolition of a great curse. A whole species who have suffered for centuries have by his exertions, and those of others, been advanced in the scale of human beings, to liberty and protection. Is such a cause unworthy the interference of the Deity? If not, is it improbable he would select for such a benevolent purpose a human being as his instrument? The men who do these great things *universally* have the impression they are so impelled. For instance, Columbus believed he

heard a voice in the storm, encouraging him to persevere. Socrates believed in his attendant spirit; and, if it be allowed to refer to Christ, the Saviour always talked as of an immediate communication. I myself have believed in such impressions all my life. I believe I have been so acted on from seventeen to fifty-five, for the purpose of reforming and refining my great country in art. I believe that my sufferings were meant, first, to correct me, and then, by rousing attention, to interest my nation. I know that I am corrected and a better man, and I know there exists a sympathy for me, and, by reflection, for my style and object, which, without such causes, would not have operated so soon. At seventeen, I could not write a word intelligibly: who gave me the power to thunder out in one night, as if by inspiration, my thoughts on the Academic question? Who guided me as to the only sound system of education in an artist, in opposition to all the existing practice of the day in England? Who cheered me when all the world seemed adverse to desert? God, my great, my benevolent, my blessed Creator, by the influence — and the influence only, of His holy, holy, holy Spirit!

"Perhaps this is insanity as well as Clarkson's, Columbus's, Milton's, and others'. Perhaps we are all 'drunk with new wine.' No, no. We are all more alive to the supernatural and spiritual than the rest of our fellow creatures. Where could I see the prototype of the head of Lazarus? I had never seen a man raised from the dead. Who was my inspirer? God, my blessed Creator.

"How often in prison, in want, in distress, in blindness, have I knelt in agony before Him, my forehead touching the ground, and prayed for His mercy. How often have I arisen with '*Go on*,' so loud in my brain as to make me start. How often have I, in despair, opened the Scriptures, and seen, as if in letters of fire, 'Fear thou not. I am with thee.' And have I ever had occasion but once to find the result did not answer the promises? And that one result will yet be accomplished.

"I believe Clarkson did hear a voice, like other selected beings before he was born.

"After finishing my drawing I started by mail, and was in town by eight the next morning.

"Why was I not so impressed as when I visited the Duke? Here was a man who in his Christian and peaceable object had shown equal perseverance, equal skill, equal courage, and yet I was not so affected.

"Clarkson has more weaknesses than the Duke. He is not so high bred. He makes a pride of his debilities. He boasts of his swollen legs, and his pills, as if they were so many claims to distinction. The Duke did not let you see him in his infirmities. He was deaf, but he would not have let you see it if possible; he dined like others, ate like others, and did every thing like others; and what he did not do like others, he did not do before others.

"Lord Grey and Clarkson have both that infirmity of asking questions about themselves, as if they had forgot the answers, that they may elicit again the answers for the pleasure of hearing the repetition: The Duke—never. He is too much a man. Himself seems the last thing he remembers, except when others presume on his modesty. He never obtruded Waterloo, unless it was forced on him, or arose out of the conversation, nor did he shrink if the company seemed to press it.

"In fact, the Duke was a high-bred man. The want of this is never compensated for. Never.

"Though Clarkson is a gentleman by birth, and was educated like one, he is too natural for any artifice. He says what he thinks, does what he feels inclined, is impatient, childish, simple: hungry, and will eat; restless, and will let you see it; punctual, and will hurry; nervous, and won't be hurried; positive, and hates contradiction; charitable; speaks affectionately of all, even of Wilberforce's sons, whose conduct he lamented, more as if it cast a shadow over the father's tomb, than as if he felt wounded from what they had said of himself.

"Of the three venerable patriarchs of great causes—

the Duke, Lord Grey, and Clarkson,—the Duke is the greatest character by far.

"*April 27th.*—There is always something to do. I inscribed the names of Wilberforce, Sharpe, and Toussaint to-day, and that completes the undertaking.

"The moment a great canvas goes from my house I dread to look at my painting-room. When a great canvas is up I feel sheltered, though I have not one farthing in my pocket. How extraordinary is habit! Grant me, O God, a long life. The more pictures I paint, the more worthy my mind will be of another world. I know and feel it. But Thou knowest best. I humbly submit to Thy will, and will try to be always ready.

"27 New Bond Street.
"28th, 1841.

"Dear Haydon,

"I have just received thy note saying that 'Wilberforce, Sharpe, and Toussaint' are inscribed on the curtains. I am *exceedingly sorry* to hear it. They had *nothing whatever* to do with the *Convention*, and must *come out*. I shall be in Piccadilly at three o'clock.

"Thine truly,
"JOHN BEAUMONT."

"The gratitude of posterity! Without Wilberforce, Toussaint, or Sharpe, no Convention would have been held on the subject. And here is my friend Beaumont insisting on their names (introduced merely in allusion to their services) being struck out.

"*30th.*—The last day of April. I have finished my great work, and this day ends the month.

"The delight I had in turning to one of my historical compositions after I had got rid of that dreadful collection of faces, is not to be described."

On the 13th of May he records the failure of the Exhibition.

"*25th.*—After the bustle of a work of portraits, the lassitude of mind which seizes one is extraordinary. Johnson, after completing his dictionary, passed two years doing

little. Sir Joshua thought his mind would not recover. This was nothing but the over-relaxation of the string after constant tension.

"To a man like me, used to solitude, the worry of such a picture is dreadful, and nothing could keep an artist from being torn to pieces by 138 sitters, but the utmost decision, by which they are made to perceive he is not to be trifled with.

"Spent the morning in studying my darling cartoons. Oh, what a blessing!

"The criticism of this picture has been absurd. Because it looks like mere nature, the critics think the art has been overlooked; whereas, there is as much, or more art, in this artless look than in many compositions of more profundity."

It was at this time that the news of Wilkie's death reached England. Haydon was deeply shaken by the loss of his old friend, for, despite rooted differences of character, and long estrangements, he had a true and deep regard for Wilkie, as I believe Wilkie had for him. The thought of this death dwelt in Haydon's mind for months, and hardly any entry of his journal for the rest of the year but contains some allusion to it.

"*May 12th.*—Read prayers, and prayed for the soul of my dear old friend David Wilkie. The last week I have been at Dover, and one evening, at Warren's library, in The Chronicle, I read an account of the Oriental's arrival. I rapidly ran over the names, and did not see Wilkie's; I read on, my heart literally thumping against my side, till I came to 'Sir David Wilkie expired in the bay of Gibraltar.' A painful trembling seized me. I had begged and entreated him before he went to be cautious of such a journey. I begged him to read Madden, to understand the nature of the diseases, and consider his weakness of constitution. In fact, I all but predicted his death. In my mind, privately, I felt convinced he would not return, and said so to my family.

"Poor dear Wilkie! with all thy heartless timidities

of character,—with thy shrinking, cowardly want of resolution, looking as if thou hadst sneaked through life pursued by the ghosts of forty Academicians,—thy great genius, our early friendship, our long attachment through thirty-six years, thy touching death and romantic burial, brought thy loss bitterly to my heart.

"*May 15th.*—I dreamt I was sleeping in the tombs of the Kings at Jerusalem, and awoke in a wild confusion, and thought, in the dim twilight of daybreak, the arch of my bed was the cold cave. Poor Wilkie! he seemed to look on me and to say, 'Did I ever give you cause of offence? Did I not bear and forbear? Did I not assist you with money? Was not our friendship unalloyed till you tried to destroy the Institute in which you were brought up? Then did I leave you? Did I not enjoy your genius — bear testimony to your great talents? My character was different from yours. You have no right to reproach me for not being willing to go to the extremes of your hatred, and involve myself in suspicions which I did not deserve. No, my dear Haydon, I loved you as much as, nay more than any man; and while we entertained the same views, saw each other daily, and pursued the same objects, nothing disturbed our happiness. When you did not fear ill-usage as I did; when worse treatment afflicted and nearly destroyed me, you ought not to blame me for wishing for that peace so natural to my nature.'

"This passed through my imagination as I lay dozing; and I hugged my pillow and seemed to wish never again to wake.

"'But,' I replied, 'you were a slave to the great and the world. You feared to show regard for a man the world had deserted. You shrank from an ardent heart, whose only fault was its excess of affection. You were not a Christian when the applause of men was concerned, and fell a victim to disappointment at Court, which you pursued with a mean adulation, till you were driven from its precincts. I acknowledge you bore and forbore—not from Christian duty, but because it was to your interests the

less dangerous course of the two. You lent me money, but you talked of it with a gross want of delicacy. When the world complained, you abused me. You ridiculed the school I formed. You envied me in all my great successes—Jerusalem, Lazarus, Mock Election, pupils, drawings, lectures; and at all times tried to prove they were not successes, with a pale face and quivering lip —more pale and more quivering than usual. There was no occasion to join in the cry to prove you had no connection with me; our known friendship would have induced my bitterest enemies to pardon in you a delicate and affectionate silence.

" 'These were frailties. Your virtues were great—your love of art a passion—your industry unexampled—your decorum deserving imitation; but you might have had virtues; you might have loved your art; you might have been industrious; you might have been decorous; and yet not have deserted your sincere and affectionate old friend in the time of his sorrow—sorrow brought on by his disgust at your treatment by men whom *you* tried to conciliate, afterwards, by calumniating the man who defended you.'

" This is the way I went on till daybreak, and sprang up to dress, saying, 'Poor Wilkie!'

" Yesterday I called on our old friend, Collins. Collins was an humble adorer. In his presence Wilkie felt all he said was listened to—with me it was contested. Collins was affected, and so was I. He came to the Academy in 1806, we in 1805; but he was one of the set who became a leader in his department. Collins, and Jackson, and Wilkie were all more violent against the Academy than I was; but all deserted me to suit their interest. Perhaps they got wiser; but at any rate I was firm, and suffered.

" Collins said, 'If it were not for the Academy, depend upon it artists would be treated like carpenters.' There was some truth in that, but I fear *they* treat artists like carpenters, and keep all the respect paid to themselves. Wilkie is a loss indeed to me. His mildness soothed

anger, checked violence, and rendered sarcasm a cruelty. I feel as if a part of my head had fallen from my shoulders; I miss something intellectual that I used to consult. Hail, and farewell!

"Poor fellow! He was coming home with new views, and a new style for sacred subjects, for which he was not fit. He could no more have painted Christ than he could have raised Lazarus.

"I offered Murray my own life, with all Wilkie's and Sir George's correspondence with me. Wilkie's life I could not write.

"16*th*.—Another dear old friend gone— Thomas Kearsey, for whom I painted the first Napoleon. He died characteristically. He came to town to attend a meeting of directors of the Regent Canal; blew up the directors; dined with them; eat twice as much as he could digest, as usual; was seized with a vomiting of blood; died, and was buried in the corner of a field on his own farm, detesting the being herded with his own species after death.

"Poor Wilkie! I miss the consciousness of his existence. Our friendship began in a dispute, continued in long arguments, and ended in a sarcasm. Yet we were attached to each other.

"17*th*.—Nothing can compensate me for the loss of Wilkie in the art—though latterly, owing to my views about the Academy, we were not together so much. We never met but we lingered, unwilling to separate.

"Old associations crowded on us. While he lived, there was always something natural, sound, and solid in the art. Now there is nothing—nobody. The loss to the Academy is irreparable.

"It comes over me fifty times a day.

"I feel as if marriage, children,—all—had interrupted a series of feelings on art. I feel as if there was now no one to talk to, to consult—he was so pure, though so totally different in style.

"Poor Wilkie! Poor fellow! I looked over my prints, and remembered his doing so hundreds of times.

I remember his remarks on many figures in Raffaele. He relished Raffaele as much as any man. I read some of his early letters, with his allusions to our pleasant fortnight at Sir George's, his remarks on various things; all of which brought crowds of thoughts to my mind.

"Poor Wilkie — poor fellow! Could one have imagined he would have been flung in the depths of the ocean! When I think of his long illness in 1810; his patience—his meekness, and submission,—it is impossible not to forgive his frailties.

"18*th*. — My only regret is the thirty-nine Academicians were not flung after him, as they ought to have been, on the ancient principle of sacrificing to the manes of a distinguished man!

"Poor Wilkie! I don't feel my heart beat so much to-day; I was frightened at its continuance yesterday, and last night. But now it's gone. Let me think of his virtues, and forget all his abject slavery to the world.

"Peace to his spirit!

"May we meet hereafter, cleansed of our earthly frailties; never to separate more!

"Wrote to Sir Robert Peel to relieve my thoughts.

"Every word Wilkie said on composition should be treasured up. Young men may study his rustic groups with as much certainty as Raffaele's.

"Poor fellow! I wonder what the fish think of him, with their large glassy eyes, in the gurgling deep.

"It is extraordinary the impression the man has made on my mind. His presence haunts me. I hear his voice fifty times a day. I kept a journal of our voyage into Devonshire, 1809, which I shall look out.

"Yet taking him as a man, he was not worthy of such interest.

"19*th*. — Declined signing the Address to Mrs. Wilkie; as coming through the President and Council, it would, on my part, be acknowledging an authority I dispute.

"This was cunning. They thought my feelings would hurry me away to sign it without reflection or reading,

and then they would have turned round and said, 'See! he acknowledges our authority.'

"A well known model came to me, followed me, and said, 'Have you signed the paper? I advise you, sir, to make haste, as it will only lie this day.'

"A whole month have I been squandering my time: I could have painted a hundred guinea picture. I could have earned five guineas a day. Wilkie's death and Mary's illness have fretted me, but those horrid fits of having no sense of duty sometimes lay hold of me.

"To church to-morrow. To the launch of the Trafalgar, Monday — and then to work.

"Like Johnson in hypocondria, there I sit, sluggish, staring, idle, gaping, with not one idea. Several times do these journals record this condition of brain.

"Wilkie was as fine an example as I ever witnessed of love of art. Wherever he was it never left him. When a boy, the parishioners complained of Master David sketching them in church; as when I was at Honiton, the clerk complained to Haynes of my sketching him. When on intimate terms we used to excite each other. We used to go to church together for two years to hear Sidney Smith at London-street chapel. I used to call on him at 72 or 74 Great Portland Street on the way.

"The want now in the press is of editors independent of society. The Hunts on that point were noble characters. I should like to know the amount of the bribe which could have made them say what they did not think, or omit to say what they knew ought to have been said.

"There is not a journal now existing would have published my attack on the Academy, as first written, for fear of society. This was a paltry fear the Hunts disdained where truth was the object. And this is a tribute they deserve most heartily, though it would have been better for my worldly interest if I had never met them. Noble fellows!

"When Wilkie was alive there was always something existing stirring, sound, of high repute.

"There is now nothing sound or of high repute. He was as a guarantee in the Academy. There is now none, and every year they will get worse and worse. They must.

"He kept them right as far as he could. He had all the novelty and originality of genius. With a man of real genius, you know not what he is going to come out with next. He does not know himself. But with a man of no genius nothing comes. There is not a man of real genius left in the Academy.

"The perfection of Wilkie's early compositions can only be accounted for by his careful study of the Cartoons, or some such standard works. The principles of repetition of line, of quantity, of groups, of action and repose — light, dark, — show deep reflection; though Graham must have been an excellent master to have sent a pupil abroad so admirably grounded.

"I never saw the picture he won the ten guineas prize with at Graham's. It was Macduff, I think. I wonder who has it. From his own description of it, it must have been quite original. He entered his name as student, November 1805, twenty-one. I was entered March 9th, 1805, nineteen. I saw the book yesterday. If twenty-one was correct he was in his fifty-eighth year. I have written to Cults to know.

"Wilfully he would not make such a mistake, and yet he told me he was a month older than I."

Haydon now began his autobiography, in the intervals his working at the picture of Mary Queen of Scots showing her infant son to the English ambassador.

"*June 24th.* — Wrote all the morning, and concluded the first chapter of my intended memoirs of myself, interleaving Wilkie's and Jackson's memoirs. Sent it to Murray as a specimen, and my messenger lost it in Portman Square. So much for the beginning, — what will be the end, Heaven knows.

"*25th.* — My object will not be to paint ourselves *en beau*. Of the three, Jackson, Wilkie, and myself, Wilkie's conduct is the safest to hold up as an example to the mo-

dest student, mine the noblest to the aspiring, and Jackson's the most warning to the patronised.

"I sent Murray the introductory chapter of my life, which the wife of my poor old Irishman Fitz, lost in Portman Square.

"Some fellow picked it up and carried it to Murray. This was a romantic beginning. Success! Worked five hours and a half, pretty well. Dearest Mary sat.

"*30th.* — The last day of June, and only to-day have I worked as I ought since the great picture went. It has required all my energy to get over a dulness and lassitude I can only account for from the reaction after a picture of that sort, which has caused eight or ten months' perpetual excitement.

"Put in the Queen's two hands well; worked nearly seven hours heartily, but it ought to be eight.

"I have not recovered Wilkie's death.

> Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit
> Nulli flebilior quam tibi.—B. R. HAYDON.

"*July 2nd.* — As I painted all day I thought how we used to anticipate each seeing the other's work at conclusion; how we used to dine, drink tea, and talk together for hours. Called on Hamilton, who gave me a letter to Barry.

"He said Eastlake had been examined, and that I had no chance of being employed to adorn either House.

"That if I had gone twenty years ago to Italy, it would have made all the difference.

"Where did Shakspeare go? Where Raffaele, Phidias, Michel Angelo? What absurdity!

"These journals show I first proposed in the House schools of design. I petitioned the Committee to adorn the House. Lord Morpeth presented that petition. It was seconded by T. Duncombe, and sent up to the Committee; and now, at the instigation of the Academy, Eastlake, my pupil, is to be chosen, because being my pupil it may be more mortifying to my feelings. Good God!

Such is irritated power. However, they know not the resting place of my mind.

"I have nearly passed three twenties of my life. The life of man is but three score and ten, so fifteen years more may finish me. I have sacrificed myself always for the art, and this is my reward. Thou, O Lord, knowest my heart, and that rather than the thing should not be done, I would grind the colours of others.

"But I foresee it will be a job, like the National Gallery.

"They are now talking of giving every artist a chance. A pretty *mêlée* of absurdity it will be, unless one mind has the entire lead. *Nous verrons.* I am prepared for every disgrace, and bow humbly to that Creator who seems to think I am not yet endowed with humility sufficient.

"*8th.*—Worked and advanced. Called on Napier, and was amazingly pleased with him. He put my boy's name third on his list, and said, 'You are bringing him up to a bad trade.' 'Never mind,' said I, 'if he be as distinguished as you are.' Heard last night from Lord Minto. Wrote Lord John, Lord Palmerston, and William Cowper. Innes and Barrow are trying too. The deuce is in it if we do not get him off. Wrote Sir C. Adam and Sir George Cockburn. Sir George's letter was straightforward.

"*9th.*—It may be laid down that self-destruction is the physical mode of relieving a diseased brain, because the first impression on a brain diseased, or diseased for a time, is the necessity for this horrid crime. There is no doubt of it.

"*10th.*—My eyes strained. Saw Barry on Thursday, with a letter from Hamilton. Am to see him to-day, and he promised me sections and plans of the Houses of Lords and Commons. We talked of it. He said whether anything were done or no, he would leave the Hall and House of Lords so that they would be in a mess if painting was not introduced.

"It seems he travelled with Eastlake. I said, 'I hope

you won't forget me, Mr. Barry.' 'It will be a great shame if they do, Mr. Haydon.' 'I hope *you* won't forget me, Mr. Barry.' He blushed!

"*27th.*—Called on Macdonald, Wilkie's old friend, and got three valuable letters of Wilkie's to him (1804 and 1805), written just before he came to town. Went to church at the New Church* after twenty-seven years. I went there when first I came to town, and prayed for all that has happened, and now went and thanked God. I felt as if I had opened the way for others, and might soon be done with: God knows. I was affected; Wilkie's death has broken a link in my life.

"Called on my dear old pupil Eastlake. He was affected at seeing me; he showed me a passage from a German author†, referring to my *brochure* twenty years ago on the Ilissus and Horse's head, which Goëthe alluded to.

"We talked of the Houses of Commons and Lords, and of their probable ornament. He spoke of his evidence, and I told him that if I was not consulted, I should come out as on the Elgin Marble question. The evidence is printing.

"*28th.*—Worked heartily, and nearly finished Agave for Sir John Hanmer. I hope I shall be able to keep from attacking or writing, though the Exhibition just closed, above the line, is a disgrace to the country.

"My mind is in such a beautiful tone! I work so delightfully: colours—ideas—brushes, flow like a river. How grateful I am.

"*August 4th.*—Worked hard; went to the Gallery to see Correggio, Reynolds, and Rubens. I studied well, and saw my own defects when I came home. No boy of eighteen is more eager to attain excellence than I am, or more alive to, and desirous of discovering my own errors: I trust I shall always be so to the day of my death. I want to get that broad style of imitating nature I see in

* In the Strand.

† Rumohr's *Italienische Forschungen*, vol. i. p. 29.

the great masters, — not in Vandyke, but in Titian, Correggio, Angelo, Tintoretto, Rembrandt, and Reynolds. Founded as I am I know I could improve on it; I'll try.

"*2d.* — My boy's head looks little and very bad. How inferior to Correggio and Reynolds. God! I'll remedy this.

"Saw a Giorgione; deep toned — gorgeous — glittering. What a lesson!

"I nauseate my own fresh-complexioned English look. Why? Is not the blooming *fraicheur* of England as beautiful, in its way, as the *embruno* tint of Italy, or Spain, or Egypt? Sir Joshua looked by his side like milk and cream, but washy and faint.

"I had a delightful lesson, and I will try to profit by it. I flew at the arrangement of my picture and improved it wonderfully.

"The glazing of Giorgione is rich and gemmy, not liquid, and yet not dry. In the head of a man with a helmet, the flesh is wonderfully kept down, to give effect to the armour, and yet not overdone. The subject is the Woman taken in Adultery.

11th. — Wrote on adorning the House of Lords.

"English art never stood higher than at the end of the war. Foreigners were astonished at our condition, and might well be. The reason was, blockading kept the rich from running over the Continent; our energies were compressed and devoted to ourselves, and we flourished accordingly. Wilkie was in his zenith; so was Lawrence; so was Flaxman; so were our water-colour painters; and so was I, for my Solomon was an English triumph, and Landseer was beginning to bud.

"We escaped the contagion of David's brickdust which infected the Continent, and the frescoes are but a branch of the same Upas root grafted upon Albert Durer's hardness, Cimabue's Gothicism, and the gilt ground inanity of the middle age. All the vast comprehensiveness of Velasquez, Rubens, and Titian are to be set aside, and we are not to go on where they left off, but to begin where their predecessors began 300 years before.

"The great cause of this probable change is the pernicious popularity of an eminent and victorious painter, the exact sort of genius the Academy should have controlled.*

"It is too late now; the evil is done; but the young student should be eternally cautioned to beware. Yet what a state the schools are in! The keeper is so amiable in private life, that one dreads to find fault. A keeper so totally inadequate to his situation will throw the student back an age, now of all other times, when he ought to be advanced.

"If Government placed me at the head of a school, I would soon produce a race capable of meeting the emergency; but then comes the pride of the Academy, and the honour of England is not to be compared to that. Had I been perfectly supported, would this have been the condition of art?

"Here are the Patrons,—after having for fifty years suffered Barry to live in poverty, and allowing me to go to prison four times; who permitted me to be for years without an order; who deserted me because I told them large works ought to be executed for the honour of the country; who have pressed down genius by buying nothing but small works; and who allowed my school, which they applauded me for founding, to be destroyed, for fear of the Academy —now in a great emergency turn round and say, 'We want great works, but you can't draw; we must call in the Germans,' who for twenty years have been patronised by the King and kept at work, and you wish to bring them at once into a contest with us who have never painted fresco, and put us in competition with them out of our element, instead of employing us in our own.

"Shame on you, to trample down and desert, and calumniate, and ridicule a nature that 'loved not wisely, but too well!' Shame on you! And now you will reap the reward of your folly. To whom do I owe my salvation? To the people, who believed in my truth, sym-

* I presume from other passages the allusion here is to M'Clise.

pathised with my sufferings, and gave my genius that fair play which you, with mortified pride, refused.

"We shall all meet hereafter stripped and without disguise. May you be able in the presence of your God to say you have done your duty as I have done mine.

"What youth did I ever turn away that wanted instruction? When did self-love stand in the way of my duty to art?

"Who would like to paint in fresco? says Eastlake. I do not know who would like. I know who would not.

"The fashionable portrait-painter in silk stockings, and the president in cocked hat, how would they feel in mortar and lime? How would they like to exchange a cocked hat for a paper bonnet, and to stand up like men?

"13*th*.—Wrote Mr. Labouchere my report on the report, in which I pointed out the necessity for a wall being devoted to fresco in the school of design at Somerset House.

"18*th*.—Got my first lesson in fresco from Latilla, a good-natured fellow. I saw him put in a head, and now I fear not. God bless my efforts.

"19*th*.—Prepared for my own attempt. Latilla's cracked from his being in too great a hurry to begin, and not giving the lime time to mature.

"20*th*.—I began fresco to-day and have succeeded, and taken off all apprehension as to the process. I'll take to it. God bless me in it. Amen.

"Latilla painted a head and mixed some cement,—only one third sand and two thirds lime. I said, I have painted always in the old way—in oil,—and it never cracked. I let him do as he liked, and it began to crack before he was half through, and in the morning was blistered to atoms.

"To-day I followed.

"Where the other head had been no suction took place, and the intonaco remained soft, nor did it set till it was scraped off, and renewed with plaster.

"21.—Eastlake called, and thought my fresco successful.

"It was interesting. I knelt down yesterday morning and prayed God with all my heart to bless my beginning and progression in fresco with all the ardour with which I knelt down on my arrival in London in 1804.

"*25th.* — Sir Robert Inglis called, and was much pleased with my fresco. Mr. Bankes called with Lady Spencer, his niece, and they were much pleased too. This is an advance. This is the genuine fresco on the wet mortar.

"What I suffered at first, lest some artist might get the start of me! My excitement has completely knocked me up, — taken away my voice.

"*26th.* — Mr. Hawes called, and was much pleased. He said, 'If they ask about fresco — there it is.' I wrote him to-night, and offered to give up my whole time to fresco for ten years for a certain income. That I would.

"*27th.* — The fresco is nearly dry; has got whiter, brighter, and more unearthly. Sir John Hanmer called, and spent an hour, and I showed him the whole system of study from dissection onwards. He made many inquiries. He was amazingly pleased with the fresco, and begged me to go on. I showed him the system, and painted an eye on the wet mortar before him. D—— called with the air of a master of the practice, saw and felt nothing of the poetry, but pointed out the colour of the lips, and said it would not stand, and that I had too much impasto, and that the colours ought to be like stained drawing, hatched, glazed, and thin. He said it was like Michel Angelo's style of fresco, and not like Raffaele's, and that he was a bungler with his tools. I replied that to be like him was at least something in a first attempt.

"This is the comfort of professional judgment.

"The upper part of the face is improved enormously.

"*3rd.* — Nothing could be better hit than the fresco. I took all the Committee before the division, so that every member was in town, and up they came, and were convinced it could be done. And now they are off into the country, where they will spread it.

"I have been compelled to sell the copyright of the

Duke to fit out my boys, — one for the navy, and the other for Cambridge. To be sure it is hard. I took several months about the picture when a portrait-painter would have taken one. I went to Waterloo to be correct, which the portrait man never would have undertaken. It has been one year and a half engraving, and I can only get 200*l.* for the result.

"I was engaged to paint the picture for 600 guineas, and they only could raise 400.

"And the publisher will make thousands. But then is it nothing to be able to do it? Are the repute, the delight, the sonnet of Wordsworth, nothing? They are an equivalent; but still I have thrown away a trump that might have been a property for life.

"*4th.* — Received the first 100*l.*, and made up my mind to the loss philosophically. At the beginning of this week I had hardly a shilling. I end it having received 171*l.* Such is the result of 'seeing One who is invisible.' I close the week in gratitude.

"London, Sept. 20th, 1841.

"Sir,

"A great era in art is coming which I always foresaw. Pray, pray, Sir Robert Peel, put *yourself* at the head of it. That which I begged Lord Liverpool, Canning, Lord Ripon, Lord Grey, Lord Melbourne to begin, is beginning. Let the glory be yours. Will you let it escape? Fear not the people. They will back you in everything. When the cartoons were moved up, twenty-five years ago, what was the universal insinuation? This. 'The people care nothing for the cartoons;' and yet the people crowded to such excess to see the cartoons, and the copies of my pupils, that the doors of the gallery were obliged to be closed for fear of injury.

"Only do justice to the English people or the House. Their taste is in advance of our production. I know it. Was I not told if I exhibited the naked figure I should be hooted. I did, and was overwhelmed with shouts of applause.

"I again brought in two wrestlers, stripped above and below, and put them to wrestle. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm in London, in Liverpool, in Edinburgh.

"Do not have any doubt, Sir Robert Peel. Seize this great

moment and carry it through. For my part, all my agitation and complaints are over. A great opportunity is come, and complaints must cease. I give all mine to the winds for ever."

"*Oct. 30th.* — Called on Eastlake, and spent a delightful half hour: he showed me a report by a pupil of Maratti on the state of the frescoes before he cleaned them. All the lower part of the school of Athens was invisible from scratches and dust. Eastlake saw Cornelius, who told him that lime of less than three years' slaking would fail, and that the lime for his Last Judgment was twelve years old.

"He told Eastlake that you should put lime in a bag and dip it in water, and if the lime dried instantly to dust, that was the lime fit for fresco.

"*31st.* — Called on Hamilton, who said it is not true that the Germans revived fresco. That it was never extinct, but always practised in Italy, more or less. He said there was no intention of employing the Germans.

"Cornelius said to Eastlake, 'Titian and Rubens must be put aside!' Eastlake showed me the receipt of Michel Angelo for 500 gold crowns or ducats, paid to him for beginning the Sistine ceiling that day (oggi) in the June (I believe) of 1508.

"Thus ends October. I finished the Quaker picture in April; June and July I finished Infant and Mary Queen of Scots; August was passed in fresco; September in putting my boy to sea, and my eldest son to Caius College; and this month in writing Wilkie's life, and lecturing at Sheffield.

"*November 1st.* — Worked four hours; much interrupted, but got on. The calls to-day were incessant. The letters endless. It is extraordinary what people, of all descriptions, come to me for advice and information in art. I care for nothing if art is talked of; but when asses call, and waste my time, I get despotic.

"*6th.* — Dear Jeremiah Harman advanced me 1,000*l.* to carry me through Jerusalem and Lazarus. I was ruined and he lost his money. He was angry with me,

and it was just; but the moment he heard I was ruined, he sent over to Kearsey and Spurr, my solicitors, and released me from the debt. This is now twenty years ago. Eastlake told me he had a fresco. I wrote to him to see it, and concluded by saying, 'Are we to descend into the grave, my dear Mr. Harman, without explanation, when I can give it?' He wrote to me immediately to come. I went; and on entering his library he held out his hand, and said, 'Haydon, I am glad to see you.' I was very much affected; he would not allow anything to be said, but remarked, 'It is twenty years ago. I believe you meant honourably, but you were ruined.' I replied, 'My dear Mr. Harman, I did, and now you say that, I can leave my name to my children with the only questionable thing of my whole life cleared up.'

"He showed me his exquisite collection. I never saw such gems. The Correggio, and Perino del Vaga, were of the most essential service; and after lunching, I took my leave of this dear and venerable man, so relieved of the burthen on my mind as cannot be expressed.

"*25th.* — I mixed to-day lime and marble-dust, and lime and sand equal parts. The marble-dust and lime became beautifully smooth. I then mixed cement and marble-dust, and cement alone, and placed all experiments on the wall against my next attempt, to see which cracks and which does not.

"*27th.* — November is nearly gone. I have done a good deal. Nearly finished Poictiers, and sketched, and invented, and lectured. To-morrow I go to Liverpool, and on the 6th to Birmingham.

"*December 3rd.* — Went to Liverpool, and was much delighted with my reception. Gave the lecture on Wilkie.

"*4th.* — Selected drawings and papers for Birmingham. Charles Eastlake elected Secretary to the Commission. No one living so fit.

"*10th.* — Eastlake's kindness, as can be seen, is great. He frankly writes me his continuous knowledge about

fresco, as he gains it, as I communicated with him in early life about art. Now Wilkie is gone, his mind is the only one I think of.

"17*th*. — Walked to see Watt's monument at Wandsworth church. Bolton's was close to it. It is Chantrey's *chef-d'œuvre*. As I came home, the booming rattle of the train seemed like the spirit of Watt still animating inert matter.

"The statue is very fine, and contains the essence of Chantrey's peculiar power.

"31*st*. — Last day of 1841. I have had great prosperity and constant employment. The health of my dear love is much improved. I have planted one boy in the service, who promises well, and has obtained the approbation of his officers and captain. I have placed the other at Cambridge; he has got through his first term. I have paid for all with my own earnings. For all which blessings I thank God. For the watching over the well-being of human creatures who depend on you, and have been brought into the world by you, is after all the most important duty of man. Every boy I have educated (and I have brought out four and educated seven) was brought up in the fear of God, the love of truth, and the adoration of a stern morality. For all these blessings I thank God with all my heart, and I pray Him humbly that by this time twelvemonths I may be able to thank Him for a continuance of such mercies. Amen.

"As to the state of art, it is dangerous. A great moment is come; and I do not believe any one so capable of wielding it as myself, when, from circumstances, and the prejudices of all men, I have the least chance of any. Because:

"1st. I have loved my art always better than myself.

"2nd. I dissected and drew two years before I painted.

"3rd. My pictures of Solomon, Jerusalem, and Lazarus are indisputable evidences of genius.

"4th. I educated Eastlake, the Landseers, Harvey, Bewick, Chatfield, Lance; and founded a school, the

shattered fragments of which have reformed art in England. Therefore I have no claim.

"5th. I stood forth and defended the Elgin Marbles and demolished Knight.

"6th. I have been imprisoned four times for persevering to improve the people.

"7th. I first proposed to adorn the House of Lords.

"8th. I have had a plan before every Ministry for twenty-five years.

"9th. I first petitioned the House by Lord Brougham, 1823; by Lord Durham, 1824; by Lord Colbourne, 1826; by Lord Dover, 1827; by Lord Morpeth, 1833 or '34, in favour of high art, and the Building Committee in specific favour of this very object—the decoration of the House of Lords.

"10th. I have lost all my property; have been refused the honours of my country; have had my talents denied, my character defamed, my property dissipated, my health injured, my mind distracted, for my invincible devotion to the great object now about to be carried. And therefore I cannot be, ought not to be, and have not any right to hope to be rewarded by having a share in its emolument, its honour, or its glory.

"But still I trust my merciful Creator will not let me leave this world without an opportunity to put forth, to the full extent of their capability, the talents with which He has blessed me, to promote by art the cause of virtue, morality, patriotism, or religion. In Him I trust, as I have always done, and am sure these journals, which have so often recorded His mercies, will not cease continuance till I have recorded in them the realisation, under his merciful blessing, of the great object of my being.

"I feel I shall realise this instinct in gratitude and shouts!

"Oh Lord, let not this be the presumption of imbecility, but the just confidence of anticipating inspiration.

"Amen with all my soul.

"This year — 1841 — will be remembered in English

art as the year of Wilkie's death. Poor Wilkie! His loss is irreparable.

"I close 1841 in gratitude for the mercies bestowed during its progress, in hopes for their continuance in 1842, and in earnest prayer for that national employment which I am now again utterly without; so that I may be spared from a recurrence to those dreadful distresses which have before so often distracted my mind, harassed my spirit, and rendered life a struggle of sorrow, degradation, and pain.

"Oh Lord, I earnestly call on Thee to avert so shocking an anticipation. For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

1842.

The Fine Arts Commission was sitting through this year, and towards the end of April issued a notice of the conditions for the cartoon-competition, intended to test the capacity of English artists for the style of art suited to the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament. The delight with which Haydon welcomed this first step towards achievement of the great effort of his life, was damped by painful forebodings that he was not destined to share the fruits of the victory, after having so bravely borne the brunt of the battle. This fear, which had been working on him all the last year, seems to grow stronger and stronger through this. Still he continued to pursue his researches and experiments in fresco painting, seeking information in all quarters,—from students of the old frescoes in Italy, and workers in modern ones at Munich,—and protesting all the while, with his usual vehemence, against any infection of English art with Germanism. He also carried on this year a correspondence, of considerable interest, with Rumohr, the author of the *Italienische Forschungen*, one of the soundest contemporary German critics of Italian art, from whose letters I have extracted freely, as they seem to me to

convey in their quaint English theories and opinions upon art in every way deserving of attention.

During the year he finished his pictures of Mary of Guise, and of the battle of Poictiers, both of which he sent to the Academy Exhibition, besides painting a picture of the Maid of Saragossa, another of Curtius leaping into the Gulf, and another of a subject conceived many years before, Alexander the Great encountering and killing a Lion. He had, also, before the year ended, finished a cartoon of the Curse pronounced against Adam and Eve for the Westminster Hall competition, and had begun another of The Black Prince entering London in triumph with the French King prisoner. I think that even those who, up to this point, have felt little admiration for either the man or the painter Haydon, will hardly refuse him some sympathy at this moment of his life, when the goal was appearing, just as his failing strength, — which he too felt to be failing, in spite of his vehement assertion of unimpaired powers, — whispered to him that the race was not to be for his winning; that he would have to stand by, while younger and fresher runners passed him to take the crown. Already, the anticipation of this fate was working in his mind, let him strive as he might to keep it down; and his assurance that he bears a heart made up for either fortune will impose as little on those who read his journals, as I believe it did on himself.

"*January 2nd.*—Went to Hanover Square. Heard Dean of Carlisle, who is always earnest.

"Evans called, who made distemper copies of the Loggie for Nash, and he told me many useful things of Fresco.

"1st. Raffaele's heads are impastoed like oil.

"2nd. Tints are mixed.

"3rd. It is not perpetual glazing.

"4th. Raffaele's lights in foreheads are loaded.

"5th. Fresco never extinct in Italy. Always practised.

" 6th. Students given a lunette in the Vatican to paint after they have got a medal.

" 7th. Benvenuti mixed pots of tints, as I do in oil on my palette.

" *4th.* — Went to the Adelphi, and looked at Barry's pictures. Miss Corkings, the housekeeper, was a girl of twelve years old when Barry painted the work. She told me many anecdotes. She said his violence was dreadful, his oaths horrid, and his temper like insanity. She said he carried virtue to a vice. His hatred of obligation was such he would accept nothing. Wherever he dined he left 1*s.* 2*d.* in the plate, and gentlemen indulged him. The servants were afraid to go near him; in summer he came to work at five, and worked till dark, when a lamp was lighted, and he went on etching till eleven at night.

" She said, when coaxed to talk, his conversation was sublime. She thought the want of early discipline was the cause of his defects. He began his work in 1780, and was seven years before he concluded it. She remembered Burke and Johnson calling once, but no artist. She really believed he would have shot any one who had dared. He had tea boiled in a quart pot, and a penny roll for breakfast, dined in Porridge island, and had milk for supper, which was prepared in the house.

" There is a grasp of mind there nowhere else to be found, as Johnson said, but no colour, no surface, beauty, or correct drawing. Still, as the only work of the kind, it is an honour to the country.

" *6th.* — The obstructions in fresco do not deserve the name of difficulties. They are useless and petty annoyances. It is a nuisance to have a colour dry one thing when you mean it for another. It is a nuisance to have a seam in the flesh, and to have no depth in the shadow.

" It is a bore to copy your own cartoon when the fire of invention is over, and can never be recalled; if the difficulty be conquered, it is by luck, not by art, or science, or skill.

"But I do not see they entitle fresco to any superiority over oil.

"The execution of the great Venetian works in the Louvre was quite equal in power to any fresco, and they were a million times superior in tone.

"Called on D ——, who is very amiable, and had an interesting conversation.

"He said the early frescoes were stained drawings, having the ground for the lights. (Not true. B. R. H.)

"After Giorgione the impasto of oil was copied in fresco, and that began the modern system of Raffaele. Massaccio and Pinturichio stained.

"I then saw Barry. He laid before me plans and sections, and the spaces where pictures could be introduced. He said nothing was fixed on, but as soon as the Committee met, the first question would be fresco or no fresco, and that then he would house lime in two or three vaults. He asked which lime I liked best. I said, chalk. He agreed with me.

"*7th.* — Lectured on the Elgin Marbles at Mechanics. Wrote my Memoirs — hard. What a lesson they will be to young men!

"Barry procured me sections and tracings. I fear the spaces will not be large enough for fresco, the great beauty of which is light and space. Oil and fresco should not be mixed.

"Fresco will make oil look heavy, and oil will make fresco look mealy.

"*9th.* — I called on poor little Macdonald, Wilkie's early patron and friend, for he first gave him a commission, in Edinburgh, for the first Village Politicians. I found him ill and in poverty, with an early picture of Wilkie's to sell.*

"There certainly seems at this moment a general con-

* This early picture of Wilkie's is now in the possession of Dr. Darling. Though clumsy in drawing, it is admirable in composition and colour — finer, perhaps, indeed, in this last quality than any of his later works. — Ed.

spiracy against British art, at the very time it requires all encouragement. I suppose foreigners are at the bottom of it, who want a piece of the cake now making.

"When Englishmen go abroad, they not only lose their heart and feeling for England, but they lose their common perception.

"Hezekiah was dying. He prayed, with tears, to live, and fifteen years were added to his life. Therefore, prayer is available, and can alter the apparent destiny of a man.

"*12th.* — Wrote hard at my lecture on Fresco for the Royal Institution.

"*13th.* — No young man who is not independent should treat his superiors in rank, wealth, and station as if they were his equals.

"Men are all equal in the eye of the law and of God, but by the gift of God men are most unequal. Honesty, diligence, talent will accumulate wealth. A man's children enjoy it. Men of honourable station have a right to deference, and even if ignorant, are entitled further to respectful expostulation, and not sarcastic exposure. Such deference to superiors in age and station is not servility, but good sense, and proceeds from a just modesty in your own pretensions. I might have saved myself much pain had this been inculcated on me.

"I passed an hour and a half with——.

"It is extraordinary the eternal disposition of the Academicians to see nothing in my character but what is wrong. It amounts to a morbid insanity, and is caused by the conscious conviction that all my calamities in life have arisen from their injustice. I press upon their imagination and disturb their tranquillity. My name is never even spoken in their presence but a sneer follows.

"People are never charitable enough to think of my neglect of my own interests. They dwell only on the result; viz. my incapacity to attend to the interests of others. Is there anything worse than not to pay a tradesman? Yes. (I did not reply), — to take half price from a Duke, and never begin his picture. This is the tone of society

adopted towards me; and it is never told how many tradesmen I have paid off since my troubles, — of the dividends I have shared on the receipt of any large sum. It is shocking!

"Whilst the Academy exists as the Royal Institution,— whilst the President is by right a Trustee of the Museum and National Gallery, — their influence will ever be in opposition to any plan which will endanger their supremacy; and no plan, however beneficial, will or can ever be adopted which, by giving a chance to the genius of the people, will place their portrait iniquity on the right ground. This scheme of Fresco will end in air, through their insinuations.

"'How many wish to paint in fresco?' said ——. It is not what the artists wish. It is what the state wants. That is the question. In the press, now, I have hardly a friend, except the Chronicle and the Spectator. I have only to show a work to set the whole press in an uproar of abuse. I attribute this entirely to the students of the last twenty-five years having grown up with literary men of their own age; and the general tone the students imbibed at the Academy, as a pupil told me, was to consider me a monster. Their literary friends have issued out to their duties as reporters or critics, as editors or purveyors, and the moment Haydon comes before them, he is denounced before the pen is dipped in ink. The last picture I exhibited was the Sampson. All the sound principles of its composition, its colour, its story, its drawing, its light and shadow were utterly unnoticed, and the picture was held up as an abortion not to be tolerated.

"Had the student gone to it with modesty, and tried to find out what is good, his mind, his practice, and his hand would have been improved. The object was clear,— I was beginning to get commissions in the country, and the Christians hoped to put a stop to them. They boasted, in fact, they would do so. All the principles I have advocated for thirty-eight years are now beginning to bud. They know I have been the most prominent

man, and they cannot bear to dwell on the fact that, when the plant bursts into flower, the credit of watering the germ through frost and snow, and wind and rain, belongs to Haydon.

"Many years ago, on my knees, in an agony of pain, I prayed I might live to see the great principles of art acknowledged,—I cared not for tasting the fruits;—and that I might not leave the world with the talents with which God had blessed me, cruelly ruined or wasted. Perhaps I shall be taken at my word.

"'Thy will, not mine, be done.'

"15*th.*—Half the month gone—wholly occupied in lecturing and writing a new lecture on Fresco, for the Royal Institution.

"16*th.*—After my mind exhausts itself in one direction it flies off in another. I seized chalk all of a sudden as I was writing, and placed the leg and thigh of the angel Gabriel rightly, and immediately my mind teemed with thoughts of new subjects. Went to the National Gallery, and came back disgusted with the horny, oily, heavy, dull look of the finest works after fresco.

"17*th.*—My soul begins to yearn for something else. My attempt in fresco has opened my eyes so completely to a power I knew nothing of, that all art here palls on my senses. Great and good and merciful Creator, spare me till I have realised what I now foresee I can do.

"20*th.*—There is no desire in the English for high art. Fresco being immovable, is no property; and the commercial feeling connected with the aristocratical renders them insensible to any feeling for characters higher than themselves. I am very discontented all of a sudden, and cannot tell why. It is the agony of ungratified ambition—that is the reason. I could execute now a series of fresco foreshortenings with terrific power. Why don't you? No money.

"21*st.*—Set my palette. Then came on darkness visible, which lasted all day. E—— shall be my safety-valve. I told him he and Sir Robert would be baffled

by the portrait influence, and that fresco would be turned to the right-about, and that the people, at last, disgusted with being the ridicule of the Continent for want of talent, would spontaneously get rid of the nuisance.

"As the time approached, the cowards shrink from fresco. I'll give it to them if they do. I shall make it a strong point against them; but for the present, as E—— says, mum. My large canvas is home, and up to-morrow. There is nothing like a large canvas. Let me be penniless, helpless, hungry, thirsty, croaking or fierce, the blank, even space of a large canvas restores me to happiness, to anticipations of glory, difficulty, danger, ruin, or victory. My heart expands, and I stride my room like a Hercules.

"Three commissions are deferred, and I am again left penniless for the present; but I despair not. He who carried me through so many trials will carry me gloriously through this. I know it, I feel it, and rejoice at the trial. I glory in being tried. Amen.

"*23rd.*—Wrote my life all day. Did not go to church. E—— called. Hall of the Athenæum called. E—— was kind and affectionate, and begged me to be quiet. He said all my friends were in alarm, as it was a great moment in my life. I told him he need not fear.

"*24th.*—Oh Almighty God! It is now thirty years since I commenced my picture of Solomon; though deserted by the world, my family, father, friends, Thou knowest well that I trusted in Thee; that Thou didst inspire my spirit with a fiery confidence; that Thou didst whisper me to endure as seeing One who is invisible: Thou knowest I never doubted, though without money, though in debt, though oppressed.

"I prayed for thy blessing on my commencing labours. Thou carriedst me through to victory, and triumph, and exultation.

"I am this moment going to begin a grand work of Alexander and the Lion; bless its commencement, progression, and conclusion as thou blessedst Solomon. Grant, in spite of whatever obstruction, I may bring it to a grand

and triumphant conclusion. Spare my intellect, my eyes, my health, my head, my strength. Confirm my piety, and grant, Oh Lord, that this work may advance the feeling of my great country for high and moral art, and that I may not be taken till Art be on a firm foundation, never to recede, and that I may realise all my imagination hoped in my early youth, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

"*26th.*—The mysterious influence under which I always begin a great work, is hardly to be credited, in my circumstances of necessity. Here was I with hardly money for the week,—with commissions deferred—with a boy at Cambridge in want of money I could not send him,—and a boy on board the —— still owed 3*l.* of his quarter (10*l.*)—seized at daybreak with an irresistible impulse,—a whisper audible, loud, startling,—to begin a great work. The canvas was lying at the colourman's to be kept till paid for. I could not pay. I wrote him and offered a bill at six months. He consented; the canvas comes home, and after prayer—ardent and sincere—I fly at it, and get the whole in, capitally arranged, in two days, about twelve hours' work, owing to the season of the year. Good and merciful God, am I not reserved for great things? Surely I am. Surely at fifty-six to be more active than at twenty-six is extraordinary. Continue Thy blessings, and grant I may finish both Alexander and the Curtius.

"*27th.*—I rub in Curtius to-day. Oh God, bless me at beginning, progression, and conclusion.

"*February 1st.*—Sluggish,—always—after lecturing. I really am tired of lecturing. Nothing but the wants of my boys induce me. When I am in that infernal humour, I feel disposed to stand still, think of nothing, do nothing, see nothing, speak nothing, hear nothing, and listen to nothing for hours. It is a sort of catalepsy of brain.

"Lord Melbourne was dining where E—— was present, when, after dinner, as Lord Melbourne was roosting, they began to discuss fresco. They thought he was asleep, when suddenly he said, 'Which is the lightest?' 'Fresco,

my Lord.' 'Then, damme, I'm for fresco,' said Lord Melbourne.

"10*th.* — Worked hard, and painted hands right heartily from nature, better than I ever did. When Wilkie and I were young, after such a day of hands we should have had long discussions; holding the candle close, looking in, talking of touches, surface, tones — how to touch in, and take a body at the right time, — and then drink tea with all our souls. These were the days of real delight. Poor Wilkie!

"11*th.* — My hands look capitally to-day. I declare my feelings about art are as fresh as at sixteen.

"20*th.* — Lectured on Invention, at London Institution. Painted in the morning with facility a boy's head, and, I think, finished the Poictiers.

"24th. — Awoke at four, with two sublime conceptions. One of Nebuchadnezzar walking on the terrace, and saying, 'Is not this Great Babylon?' and the other of his spirit visiting the Euphrates now, — '*Was* not this Great Babylon?'

"28*th.* — Last day of the month; not properly occupied, so as to make my conscience easy. Lecturing, travelling, want of money, losing commissions from manufacturing distress, have all in turns harassed and distressed me, and kept me running the gauntlet for money. I have worked, but how? By snatches as before. The reign of the Tories has always been a curse to me. I never get employed when they are uppermost. What I have done shows improvement and power of hand and mind, which will come out yet greater than ever.

"6*th.* — I got up yesterday, after lying awake for several hours with all the old feelings of torture at want of money. My boy Frederick was unhappy on board the ——. A bill coming due of 44*l.* 13*s.* for my boy Frank, at Caius (half of a tutor's bill). Three commissions for 700*l.* put off till next year. My Poictiers half glazed. My dear Mary's health broken up. Good God! I thought, what are my hopes? A voice within said, God.

I turned round in perfect confidence and fell asleep. I awoke and dressed at my usual time. Rushed out, longing to paint. Went to a man who held a bill for 7*l.* 10*s.* I could not pay, and got a week. To another for 10*l.*, and got another. Called at the Admiralty, and stated my uneasiness at my son's being on board a ship in such a state, without schoolmaster, chaplain, and the captain a veteran lubber. Young Barrow immediately took particulars. Ascertained there were two vacancies in the Impregnable. Mr. Innes came in, and both joined, and sent up a letter to Sir W. Gage, who before five appointed him to the Impregnable, and ordered him to go out in the Formidable. So that anxiety was over. I rushed home, and nearly glazed Poictiers. Yesterday, Sunday, I went to church, (I seem, when I do not, to lose the countenance of my Creator), and prayed with all my heart and all my soul for relief. I knew if my debt to the Tutor of Caius was not paid, the mind of my son Frank would be destroyed, from his sensitiveness to honour and right. As he was now beating third year men, I dreaded any check, and I got up in a state of perfect reliance I should not be deserted.

"*7th.* — To-day I went early to John Beaumont the Quaker, and laid before him my situation. I offered the drawings of the Anti-Slavery meeting for 50*l.* though 100*l.* is less than their value. He gave faint hopes. I called on my publisher of the Duke and requested an advance, as I had 200*l.* coming in as soon as the print was out, which his delay retarded. He looked as publishers do when you want money. I came home without despair, hearing and believing the voice 'Trust in God.' At home I found 50*l.* from ——. I had written a rich banker, a manufacturer, and a Duke; — who assisted me? The Duke of course. I'd lay my head on the block if I was sure a race of fearless designer would spring up from my blood, as the giants from the iron teeth of Cadmus; though, like them, I fear my progeny would cut each other's throats directly.

"*22nd.*—Out on business, and my dear old landlord' Newton took the Poictiers, and struck off 525*l.* of debt, reducing my balance, so now I hope to get clear, and give him equivalents, so that in case of death he might not be a loser. What landlords I have had! Why? Because they knew my objects were public and honourable. But for my landlord Solomon would not have been done. But for my landlord I could not have been preserved through all my latter troubles. God has indeed blessed me.

"Painted two hours, finished musket and bayonet. The musket fell down. I did not see it, and struck my foot against it, and ran the bayonet half an inch into my left foot. It bled copiously. As I wanted blood, I painted away on the ground of my Saragossa, whilst the surgeon was coming. Never lose an opportunity. Lord Lansdowne called soon after to see my pictures."

The following is from Rumohr's first letter of March 1st:—

"You offer to send me your excellent treatise on the two horses, which, if I remember exactly, embraced likewise an analysis of the superior beauties of the statue believed to be the River God, Ilissus. Nothing would or could be more agreeable to my wishes, but to read again a book, of which I had lost the notes I took in reading it many years ago at Florence. I was in quest of it everywhere, but wanting the exact copy of the title, nobody, neither the booksellers, neither the bibliothecaries, felt inclined to give themselves the trouble of finding it out. Yes, my dear sir, as you will give me leave to address you, it was in your work I first and perhaps lastly found out a striking likeness of my own way to look at objects of the fine arts, which are (with the only exception of architectonical decoration, whose principle is the style or geometrical harmony) nothing else but the expression of some inspired mind by way of the means and types of natural forms and combinations. The artist who knows nature the best will show the greatest ability in representing every object which strikes his mind or rises out of its depth or abundance. If the more ancient painters of the four-

* See a note referring to these Tracts of Haydon, p. 29. vol. i. of Rumohr's Italienische Forschungen.

teenth century please, it is not for their ignorance of osteology and anatomy, nor for their want of a profound observation of the limbs usually covered in modern times. They please only because their ideas were extremely simple—such as might be made perceptible to others by the most simple kind of drawing, which, notwithstanding, rose out of a great attention to natural attitudes, and to the character and expression of human features. But a mind equally rich and deep like Raffaele's would have been at a loss being confined to that simplest kind of study and observation of human nature peculiar to the early painters.

"I admit likewise all inspiration rising out of the beauty and interest of wholly natural apparitions, and I doubt if art in our times be capable to be inspired by any other way. Even the love of our own country and its olden times, as far as I see, is unable to move the soul of a modern artist. Church picture* is equally bad in the southern and Catholic countries as it would be and is in Protestant, where it is occasionally admitted. But in imitating natural visions† modern art, especially in drawing, often is excellent and surpasses many of the best paintings of better epochas. Modern portrait-painting I cannot ascribe‡ to the enthusiastic imitations of nature."

From Rumohr's second letter of March 24th:—

"If there be no misunderstanding on my side there is a great deal of real analogy between your principles and mine. In the two treatises, On the Horseheads and Ilissus, if you hold nature in form was no objection to ideal conception, and tasteful arrangement or high style, then must I conclude you seem to be in my way of thinking, and that art is the expression of human mind through the means which nature offers to genius, breathing§ an infinity of types whose signification is clear and open to most men, and even to many animals, partly at least, as the temper and state of mind of their masters to dogs. I speak not here of decorative art, which is a mere subsidiary to architecture, and submits to its laws of tasteful linear disposition, but of representing art. So I think that the conceptions may be free, or if dependent at all, dependent only on the general impulse given to human mind by the spirit of nations and epochs: but that the forms, which in representing them are made use of by the

* Religious painting.
† Appearances, objects.
‡ Class amongst.
§ Inspiring?

artist, are positive, and predestined by law of nature, and any form beyond nature hideous, and without the least intelligible sense or expression. Beauty is not the source but the inevitable consequence of true art; hence the fine arts have a nobler object than that principle of all mannered and insufferable modern schools, to refine and polish the shape and forms of natural things. Natural forms well disposed geometrically, and well adapted to the conceptions of a noble and elevated mind, may appear to be somewhat superior to nature, but they are not so by themselves. If I was in possession of the whole treasure of your lively language, I should propose here many things in order to have them answered.

"Since your last I understand your letter as far as your humorous disposition against portrait-painting. I like the portraits of the great historical painters, and I believe a portrait or two a year to be an excellent exercise for them, especially for colour's sake. But that manufactured kind in use is detestable, and as you tell me has become in your country a public nuisance. Your perseverance to maintain the right tone of art does you great honour. I am of your opinion that local obstructions have the greatest share in what appears to the common observer a want of genius. But between these local obstructions I am disposed to place the political greatness—the vast extent of the British Empire,—the exertions of the British nation to obtain its present superiority, which begun so early as the reign of Elizabeth. Never so far as historical knowledge reaches hath the thirst of wealth and power combined with the fine arts. Power more than once hath conquered them, made use of them, giving in every instance a false declination to talent as well as to genius. But to foster them in their youthful state, to give them a proper occupation in their upper stages, hath never been the merit of mighty peoples or sovereigns. Look at the Macedonian kings or to imperial Rome, or to the Popes, especially Leo X., who absorbed in a few years what had been created in two centuries by Florence and Assisi.

"British art must be public and authoritative, and perhaps your New House might produce a new era."

"*April 4th.* — To-day I have sent Poictiers and Mary of Guise to the Academy. I do it on the principle that at such a crisis it is the duty of all to burke local differences,

to support and stand by each other, or we shall be invaded by foreign troops. How far this is on my part a dereliction of duty God only knows. I meant it not as such. I meant it to help and keep up an historical air in the Exhibition, and prevent the sneers of foreigners. It will be, and may be called *succumbing*, but my opinion of Academies as nuisances is the same."

From Rumohr's third letter of April 9th:—

"I shall not deny that perfection of shape and form, or as you call it nature elevated, can be, and hath been effectually in the instance of true Greek art, the very object of representation in art. But even in that justly advanced work, in my opinion perfection of shape was an inevitable consequence of far-spread ideas of a general turn of mind of morals and habits far distant from ours. There existed in those happy times a general admiration of nature's most accomplished forms combined with multiplied occasions to look on them, to enjoy them, to notice them. Now, even a superficial acquaintance with the human frame is restricted to artists, and a very few dilettante. Men who like yourself combine a natural genius with a scholar-like breeding may understand the immense superiority of Greek art, and make it an object of general or partial representation, or may represent Greek objects to high-bred gentlemen. But such an art will never be a popular one — will never be deservedly appreciated by the great mass of the people, so as art once hath been in Greece, and Catholic Christian art in Italy, and in whole Europe. And so I beg your leave to conclude that perception of shape in our time, and perhaps for ever, hath ceased to be the prevalent object of representation. The head, the face, hath become more essential than what the Italian calls the 'ignudo,' and I feel some tendency to defend Cornelius so far as he denies that excellence of form in the sense of true Greek art ever was to be combined with modern subjects, but his own forms are perhaps less able than Greek ones to express the noble conceptions of his own mind. He knows not an iota of nature. He wanted occasion in his youth and leisure in his advanced age to acquire a profound knowledge of the human frame, and he neglected, perhaps by a false principle, the study and constant observation of heads and characters, essential to a painter of Christian subjects. He is my

friend, and I shall never cease to admire his superior intellect and the vast capacity of his mind. Overbeck at Rome hath less energy and invention, but far more acquired knowledge of the human frame. I saw a number of years past a transparent picture, poetry with many accessories — the invention was Cornelius's, the picture, and the drawing on a larger scale executed by Overbeck. It was far the finest production of modern art I ever saw in my life. The energy of the one was softened by the sober reflection of the other.

"Our German painters surely, at least those pretended admirers of the middle age, understand not the true merit of the old painters. They notice them superficially and have used them only to excuse and cover their own deficiencies. I have passed great part of my life in Italy, and have known some hundreds of that numerous class, but none of them spent much time in observing or studying the older pictures as they might have done, and pretend to do. I flatter myself that I know them somewhat better, and I have done my best to show their merits and their faults to my readers. I cannot help to continue an admirer of your nation, and perhaps its last misfortunes in the East may rouse a new set of feelings, and even a stronger feeling of the moral value of art, which in a country like yours, will take a *political* or *no turn* at all. Your navy, your army, part of your statesmen are somewhat beyond the line of common merit. I cannot read the clear and intelligent speeches of Sir R. Peel in the present difficulties without emotion. He feels what he thinks, and thinks what he feels. And so did your great patron the Duke of Wellington in his glorious mid-career. I hope yet to expose to you what may be called my system, but leave it to my next."

"*22nd.* — Finally succeeded in composition of Saragossa, balancing both sides. Good heavens! when I think how my pictures are abused, and know the deep principles on which I arrange and paint every iota in them. The young men little know what they might learn if they would — as they will bye-and-bye — study them."

On the 25th of April appeared the notice of the Fine Arts Commission, setting out the conditions of the competition for cartoons intended as trial works of candidates for employment in the decorations of the New Houses of

Parliament. Haydon naturally exulted in this consummation of hopes cherished for so many years.

"*25th.*—This is indeed a glorious Report for me. Here is my pupil, Eastlake,—whom I instructed, whose dissections I superintended, whose ambition I excited, whose principles of art I formed,—putting forth a code by my influence and the influence of his own sound understanding, which will entirely change the whole system of British art.

"The whole of these journals, petitions, and prayers and confidences will show how this Report must make my heart leap with gratitude and joy to the good and great Creator, who has blessed me through every variety of fortune to this first great accomplishment of my ardent hopes.

"O God! Bless me with life, and health, and intellect, and eyes to realise the wishes of the Commissioners. Bless my pupil Eastlake also, and grant we may both live to see the English school on a basis never to be shaken, and no longer liable to the unjust suspicion of some alive.

"Amen, O Almighty God; with all my heart, and all my soul, Amen.

"*May 1st.*—Cartoons are a means and not an end, and wherever they have become an end instead of a means, they have been the ruin of the art of a country.

"The German school at this moment makes them too much an end, so does the Italian; and the art, as an art of imitating nature by painting, may be said to be ruined in both countries.

"The great Italians always treated cartoon drawing as a means. The model of all cartoons is the one for 'The School of Athens' at Milan, which I saw in the Louvre.

"From laziness, from want of genius, from incompetence of colour, lack of power of imitation, or ignorance of light and shadow, the modern Italians dwell for days, and months, and years over finished cartoons. There is nothing so delusive as this sleepy practice, and after all

this 'trouble, this learned trouble,' said Lawrence, 'there comes a d——d bad picture.'"

From Rumohr's letter of April 23rd: —

"I looked to art and knew artists from my first youth, and I knew in that time many hundreds of fine talents, especially among the Germans of every part of that vast country. But nobody of them will fix much attention after a fifty years. Talent is not enough if not sustained by true enthusiasm and of a decided kind. I knew them Grecians in my first days, afterwards Michel Angelos, then Romanists and imitators of the second, and finally of the first period of the Italian middle-age picture, and now-a-days there is a new tendency in vogue, very flat, very sentimental. Wherefore there are so many talents lost, so many pictures which are merely toys for children—fashionable amusements. The only reason to be adduced is, the want of a decided tendency in the nation as such. The artists in modern Germany are obliged to invent first of all an object of representation, and such a one as may impose as new, or as in the fashion. Patriotic feelings are but feeble, where a universal interest*, historical as well as geographical, hath subdued them more than even persecution. In England it is quite the contrary. To love your country is a merit not subject to suspicion. You may, more than ourselves, avoid that dangerous shallow and hidden shoal of the artists—learned distraction. And I cannot but applaud your country taking up the most memorable points of modern history."

"*Sunday, May 8th.*—Read prayers; but I am not content. I feel as if I had been slighted. After so many years of devotion as these journals exhibit, never to be thought of in the examination, or given any status by official consultation, pains my heart.

"Perhaps it may be a proper punishment for having made art so great a god of my idolatry. Perhaps God may bring me to a right appreciation of human fame by mortifying my pride and ambition. I bow; but I am pained.

"The press too—exactly as all my early aspirations are

* Where an interest in all countries has weakened the feeling for Germany in particular.

realising — turns round, and by the grossest abuse, and most unjust criticisms, endeavours to deny my pretensions and prevent my employment. One would think the press would congratulate the man they have supported all their lives. No; they are jealous of the very rank to which they helped to raise me. They now turn round, and blacken my fair repute.

"13*th*.— I begin to feel right. Finish Saragossa, and then to fresco and cartoons for the remainder of the year; and God bless me through them. Amen.

"In truth I have been much hurt that my services have not been acknowledged in the evidence, or otherwise. But I have recovered the balance of my mind again, and feel I am born for whatever is arduous, and that I must be actuated by higher feelings than trust in human gratitude.

"17*th*.—Worked gloriously at Saragossa, and finished the dead chasseur in six hours outright. My model knocked up. I felt the old divine spark as powerfully as in 1822, in Lazarus. God be thanked for this happy day. I have 33*l*. 11*s*. to pay Newton—15*l*. for schooling, 1*l*. 1*s*. 8*d*., 10*l*. and 6*l*.; and have only one sovereign. A lawyer has offered for 60 per cent. to help me! Good God!

"18*th*.—Borrowed 50*l*. on 70*l*. worth of chalk studies, framed and glazed, and paid 7*l*. for three months—60 per cent. Was forced to do it. The reptile's mouth watered as he drawled over the sketches, longing for me not to pay, that he might keep them.

"Engaged a model for to-morrow, and at it again. Huzza!

"After thirty-eight years of bitter suffering, perpetual struggle, incessant industry, undaunted perseverance, four imprisonments, three ruins, and five petitions to the House — never letting the subject of state support rest, night or day; in prison or out; turning everything before the public, and hanging it on this necessity—the wants of his family, the agonies of his wife, the oppression of the Academy, directing all to the great cause, it is curious to see that the man who has got hold of the public heart —

who is listened to and hailed by the masses—who has been mainly instrumental in founding Schools of Design, and whose evidence before the Committee was followed by the institution of a head school in London — who fought the battle of the necessity of the figure to the mechanics as well as the artist,—it is curious as a bit of human justice, to find chairman, committee, witnesses, pupils, avoid throughout the whole inquiry any thought, word or deed, which could convey to a foreign nation, or a native artist, a noble lord or an honourable member, that there was such a creature as Haydon on earth!

"And do they suppose that their unjust omission of me will make the British people forget me? No, no. I defy them. I am too deep in the hearts of the public, and the very omission will in all reason bring me more ardently to their minds.

"*22nd.* — Wordsworth called to-day, and we went to church together. There was no seat to be got at the chapel near us, belonging to the rectory of Paddington, and we sat among publicans and sinners. I determined to try him, so advised our staying, as we could hear more easily. He agreed like a Christian; and I was much interested in seeing his venerable white head close to a servant in livery, and on the same level. The servant in livery fell asleep, and so did Wordsworth. I jogged him at the Gospel, and he opened his eyes and read well. A preacher preached when we expected another, so it was a disappointment. We afterwards walked to Rogers's across the park. He had a party to lunch, so I went into the pictures, and sucked Rembrandt, Reynolds, Veronese, Raffaele, Bassan, and Tintoretto. Wordsworth said, 'Haydon is down stairs.' 'Ah,' said Rogers, 'he is better employed than chattering nonsense up stairs.' As Wordsworth and I crossed the park, we said 'Scott, Wilkie, Keats, Hazlitt, Beaumont, Jackson, Charles Lamb are all gone—we only are left.' He said, 'How old are you?' 'Fifty-six,' I replied. 'How old are you?' 'Seventy-three' he said; 'in my seventy-third year. I was born in 1770.' 'And I in

1786.' 'You have many years before you.' 'I trust I have; and you, too, I hope. Let us cut out Titian, who was ninety-nine.' 'Was he ninety-nine?' said Wordsworth. 'Yes,' said I, 'and his death was a moral; for as he lay dying of the plague, he was plundered, and could not help himself.' We got on Wakley's abuse. We laughed at him. I quoted his own beautiful address to the stock dove. He said, once in a wood, Mrs. Wordsworth and a lady were walking, when the stock dove was cooing. A farmer's wife coming by said to herself, 'Oh, I do like stock doves.' Mrs. Wordsworth, in all her enthusiasm for Wordsworth's poetry, took the old woman to her heart; 'but,' continued the old woman, 'Some like them in a pie; for my part there's nothing like 'em stewed in onions.'"

Wanting real cannon, shot, shell, &c. for his Saragossa, he goes to Woolwich.

"23*rd*.—Saw Colonel Cockburn, who gave me a letter to Colonel Paterson, at the Rotunda, and there I was provided with twenty-four pounders, shells, screws, ramrods, matches, and everything. Made most useful sketches, and returned ready for to-morrow. I flew about with all the vigour of my youth, and much more strength.

"How the real object clears your head. Some students said Wilkie had no imagination, because he could not do a particular thing without seeing it. What stuff! Imagination is not shown in a brass pan — a brass pan must be seen to be painted; and if painted without being seen, cannot be true. An artist may imagine everything, but will it be true? will it be like? Truth of imitation is the basis of all art—*imaginative* or *imitative*. How untrue was my cannon before I went to Woolwich, and studied one, and drew one, and questioned artillery men and officers, and got at the anatomy of the thing.

"I could now fire one myself, and direct the men."

From Rumohr's letter of May 12th.

"I am of your opinion in all that concerneth the pictures for the great Hall in your Parliament House. I hope, how-

ever, the subjects you indicated will be chosen in your own history, the richest in the world in picturesque, striking, and decisive facts. Examples and not allegories. Symbolic and allegorical figures may be disposed in the accessories and subordinated to the general disposition merely of architectonical facts, but fill not large spaces with cold reasoning. Allegories would be tedious even to those few able to understand their sense, if there be any. Allegory being a kind of writing by emblems is an agreeable thing interwoven in the architectonical divisions of large walls or ceilings. But the human mind likes not to read mere thought in characters of immense length or breadth; what is written to be understood abstractedly can be written down with a few tokens and signs sufficient for the intellect, and is graceful because subordinated. How amiable was Raffaele in any thing of that kind. But as the most interesting and resulting parts of your history are *very modern* facts, with broad and picturesque, not statuesque costumes, so I wish to know you free, in the execution, from any kind of middle age, or Greek or Roman style. The Flemish or the Spanish school in their large picturesque way should be the models of the style. But of the style — not of the cold mannerism of Rubens, nor of the extravagancy of Murillo and some pictures of Velasquez."

"*May 29th.*—Went to church with dear Wordsworth, who is dearer than ever and more venerable, to hear a sermon by Mr. Boone. He was much pleased. He had breakfasted with us. We afterwards called on L ——. L —— is lively, handsome, malicious, and melancholy. He took us to the Zoological Gardens. During the walk we talked of some great defects in Cunningham's Lives of the Painters. Wordsworth said, 'I could have told him of Gainsborough.' He then sat down and looked up like an apostle, and said, 'Gainsborough was at the house of a friend in Bath who was ill and very fond of his daughter; she was going to school. Gainsborough said to the child, "Can you keep a secret?" "I don't know," said the little dear, "but I will try." Said he, "You are going to school. Your father loves you; I will paint your portrait." The child sat. When she was gone,

the portrait was placed at the bottom of the bed of the sick father, who was affected and delighted.'

"Wordsworth told this in so beautiful and poetical a way that L —— for a moment forgot his sarcasm and his melancholy, his evil and his mischief, and in casting my eye I saw him leaning and looking at Wordsworth, and smiling at the purity of his nature with something like the look of the Devil at Adam and Eve. C —— N ——'s eyes, L ——'s melancholy, Byron's voluptuousness, Napoleon's mouth, Haydon's forehead, and Hazlitt's brows, will make a very fine devil.

"*30th.*—L —— told us Sidney Smith said he had got rid of the two great bores of society, invitation and introduction, and that he literally went to routs without either.

"*31st.*—End of May, 1842. The great cause is advanced. State support has been decided on. My dear pupil has been the manager, following my footsteps with more temper and prudence. There can be no doubt that my perpetual agitation of the principle kept it alive, but these journals bear testimony I have never shrunk, and will, if not burned, bear evidence of my tenacity.

"*June 1st.*—O God, bless me through this month, and extricate me from its coming difficulties. Grant by the end my Saragossa may be nearly done, in spite of any obstruction, and relieve me in mercy from my pressure and the miseries which must come if I do not keep my pecuniary engagements. O Lord, Amen.

"*9th.*—Painted a Napoleon musing (front), and sold it for twenty guineas,—all in six hours. A blessing. How I have struggled up under difficulties! I was out to-day to beg mercy of a lawyer for *8l. 2s. 6d.*, who gave me till ten to-morrow. I then came home, and touched at Napoleon and completed it, ignorant how I was to keep the promise. At four I was out again to defer *25l.* Came home to dine. Dined; as I was promised peace to-morrow till half-past eight in the evening.

"My friend came in the evening, and paid me *10l.*,

half for Napoleon. Thus I clear off 8*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* How I am to manage the 25*l.*, or 56*l.* 3*s.* 8*d.*, for Frank's College bill, I know not.

"Lord Brougham has helped me for the last with half, 16*l.*, the balance of 87*l.* Dear Mary raised 10*l.* on her watch for Frank, and I 10*l.* more, so we brought him clear home, crowned as first prize man in mathematics at Jesus, first year, but were drained.

"11*th.*—Worked well and successfully till one,—four hours. I then started on business to a money-lending old dog, to get renewals. Succeeded at the cost of 5*l.* in getting peace for three months; I consider it well spent. Wrote Hope and Sir John Hanmer for help. College bills are coming in. The Duke of Sutherland helped me with one, —Lord Brougham with the other; and all this is owing to putting out both boys relying on three commissions which were deferred. In God I trust by hard work and good conduct to get through. Saragossa nearly done through all of it.

"14*th.*—Out on business. Saw dear Wordsworth, who promised to sit at three. Wordsworth sat and looked venerable, but I was tired with the heat and very heavy, and he had an inflamed lid and could only sit in one light, —a light I detest, for it hurts my eyes. I made a successful sketch. He comes again to-morrow.

"We talked of our merry dinner with C. Lamb and John Keats. He then fell asleep, and so did I nearly, it was so hot; — but I suppose we are getting dozy.

"16*th.*—Wordsworth breakfasted early with me, and we had a good sitting. He was remarkably well, and in better spirits, and we had a good set-to.

"I had told him Canova said of Fuseli, '*Ve ne sono in gli arte due cose, il fuoco e la fiamma.*' 'He forgot the third,' said Wordsworth, 'and that is *il fumo*, of which Fuseli had plenty.'

"His knowledge of art is extraordinary. He detects errors in hands like a connoisseur or artist. We spent a very pleasant morning. We talked again of our old friends,

and to ascertain his real height I measured him, and found him, to my wonder, eight heads high, or 5 ft. $9\frac{7}{8}$ in., and of very fine, heroic proportions. He made me write them down, in order, he said, to show Mrs. Wordsworth my opinion of his proportions.

"The time came and he went, wishing me prosperity, and blessing me with all his honest heart.

"Perhaps I may never see him again. God bless him!

"*21st.*—Longest day; and thus ends the first half of 1842. I have worked well and advanced, and I think that my exhibiting again has not done harm, but good.

"The Commissioners are a long time making their report. I hope it will be a good one. At present all is mystery, but I will not be trifled with, and I keep myself quiet to be effective at the right time,—only when it arrives! —

"Went to Windsor Castle—a fine, gloomy, old Gothic palace, but I was disappointed with the inside.

"The Waterloo Gallery, from not being arranged as a gallery, is a disjointed failure. No one portrait has reference to any other; there is no composition as a whole; they are separate pictures, painted as separate pictures, and it is melancholy to see so total an absence in king and painter of all comprehension of mind.

"The rapidity of railroad communication destroys the poetry and mystery of distant places. You went to Windsor as an exploit for two days. Now, down you go in an hour, see it in another, and home in a third. It is painfully attainable, and therefore to be despised.

"The way to visit a palace is to take a Testament, and read the Epistles as you walk about. Never does the insignificance of all human splendour diminish to such a degree as at such a time.

"The view over Eton is splendid, and the whole Castle has a fine gloomy barbarism; but the public rooms disappointed me. The ceilings by Verrio, the Gobelin Tapestry from Coypel, and the paltry ceilings with gilt tridents are ludicrous. The finest portrait is Wilkie's William IV., in the Waterloo Room.

"*26th.*—They must not, they cannot, do justice to me. I offended, assaulted, and refuted the aristocratical principle in my art, and the aristocracy out of the art feel it a duty to withhold all support from me. This is the secret of all the neglect and opposition I have met with; added to this, that the aristocracy have no judgment, and are always putting off making a selection or coming to a judgment. It is all 'prizes next year,' or 'competition the year after.'"

From Rumohr's letter, 8th June:—

"I am in opposition to the artists of these modern times in that one and single point that whatever way be the taste, manner, opinions of the different schools prevailing actually, there is no artist in the present world who does not hope to acquire that divine and primitive inspiration, which conduces to what you call high art, by imitation of some period of ancient and old art. Yourself, you hope in the true Greek art (your pure feeling of its excellence hath been, to my great advantage, the origin of our warm and frequent active correspondence); others in the Dutch or the mediæval art. It is all the same: artists may form their tastes, clear up their ideas, acquire many technical accomplishments by admiring, observing, studying excellent works of any kind. But that mental principle,—that genuine inspiration not personal, but natural and coeval,—cannot be acquired intentionally, and without it there is but one kind possible—the imitation of nature's infinite beauties; and I fear that in our times, and in every part of the world, there is (with very few exceptions) not much inspiration left, besides that strong feeling for nature, characterising our epoch.

"One of these exceptions may be found in the strong sensation of a British heart for political and patriotic subjects."

"*29th.*—Nearly the last day. For the last fortnight it is extraordinary how harass, anxieties, and distractions have interrupted my studies. Saturday week was the last day I put a touch to Saragossa; since then all has been begging friends for help, dwelling in agony (when my family thought I was sleeping) on the certainty of ruin at the end of my great cartoon, and yet, with that pertinacity, which has been the characteristic of my whole life, ordering

the paper, canvas, frame 13 feet by 10½, to begin as soon as possible, though ruin will follow.

"I confess I feel it cruel, after thirty-eight years of devotion, to be tried again before I am employed.

"Burke said, there was hardly a point of pride which was not injurious to a man's interests.

"I say there is no point of pride which is not whispered by the devil.

"*July* 1*st*.—Worked in great anxiety. Three bills due this month and no funds. Called on William Woodburn, and, as the subject was comparatively new, he gave me a touching account of Wilkie's last journey and death. Poor fellow! Woodburn said he quacked himself to death; his only anxiety wherever he went was, if there were a medical man in the town; and if there were none, he bought medicines of his own.

"At Jerusalem he was delighted like a child, believing everything told him. They embarked at Jaffa on board a Greek vessel laden with soap, and encountered a terrific gale. Neither of them spoke to each other the whole night: however, they got safe to Damietta and to Alexandria.

"Mehemet Ali he spoke of with a sort of pleasure and respect: he appointed them at eight in the morning; they went and had pipes and coffee. Woodburn told him, through his dragoman, it was early for European manners. He said, 'I have been an early riser all my life, and shall be ever so.'

"When they embarked on board the Oriental, Woodburn said, 'Now, my dear Wilkie, I consider you safe in England; I will go to Cairo.' Wilkie became so alarmed at being left alone, and begged so hard, that Woodburn agreed to go home with him. Woodburn said he often talked of me, and alluded to our journey to Paris, 1814.

"As they entered the bay Woodburn went down to call him, and found him up with his pantaloons on. Woodburn said, 'It is a beautiful morning, join us at

breakfast?' He replied, 'I should wish to see the doctor first.'

"The doctor was sent for, and shortly came up to Woodburn, and said, 'Your friend is in considerable danger.' They then resolved to call up the medical attendant of Sir James Carnac (I think), and after going in he came out, and said, 'Has your friend made his will?'

"Woodburn said he lost his faculties; he went in and found Wilkie stretched on his back, his eyes fixed, his hand hanging by his side. The medical man put a towel on his breast, leant down and listened to his heart, and after a minute or two said, 'Your friend is gone.' Woodburn said he looked at his hand, and thought, 'Good God! what that hand has done!'

"Poor Wilkie!

"Woodburn then went to the captain, after trying to get the body ashore and delaying a few hours, and begged a coffin might be made. He replied that one was nearly done. The body was stripped and placed in the coffin in a clean sheet; iron and weights were placed in; a clergyman read the service, and David Wilkie was lowered to his last refuge from worldly anxiety in the depths of Trafalgar Bay.

"I envy him his entombment, and I hope I may follow him in some way equally extraordinary and romantic. Peace to his spirit!

"He had endeared himself to the crew, the captain, and passengers.

"*6th.*—Called in to see my dear old painting-room, at 41. Great Marlborough Street, where I painted my Dentatus, Macbeth, Solomon, and a part of Jerusalem. Perkins, my dear old landlord (who behaved so nobly through Solomon, and whom I paid off after, but who lost in the end) was dead.

"The house was bought and undergoing repair—the rooms stripped and desolate; the cupboard, the little room where I slept, and the plaster room, with all their associations, crowded on me. Watson Taylor lodged there

before me, with his mother. Farquhar lived near. I thought once of putting up a brass plate, 'Here Haydon painted his Solomon, 1813.' For want of engraving, the picture is now forgotten, and the surgeon who has bought the house would perhaps have papered it up. So much for the brass plate.

"Just as I had really brought the whole country to see the value of the figure, come these Gothic ferocities, which stop the whole, — but I hope not.

"*9th.* — How delightfully time flies when one paints! Delicious art — the bane and blessing of my life!

"Painted in delicious and exquisite misery. A bill due and no money. Went out for it last night, and came home wet, weary, and disappointed. Succeeded in the head of the Heroine of Saragossa. I made it a splendid head.

"The greatest curse that can befall a father in England is to have a son gifted with a passion and a genius for high art. Thank God with all my soul and all my nature, my children have witnessed the harassing agonies under which I have ever painted; and the very name of painting — the very name of high art — the very thought of a picture, gives them a hideous and disgusting taste in their mouths. Thank God, not one of my boys, nor my girl, can draw a straight line, even with a ruler, much less without one. And I pray God, on my knees, with my forehead bent to the earth, and my lips to the dust, that he will, in his mercy, afflict them with every other passion, appetite, or misery, with wretchedness, disease, insanity, or gabbling idiotism, rather than a longing for painting — that scorned, miserable art, — that greater imposture than the human species it imitates.

"*10th.* — At church, and prayed from my heart. As I prayed, I felt uneasy at risking labour on a Cartoon, with the uncertainty of reward and with my family, however much my duty may involve my executing such a Cartoon; when suddenly a ray of light seemed to pass into my heart, and I felt inexpressible joy and encouragement to go on.

Go on I will, and from this instant all doubt has vanished. I shall proceed with the certainty of success; reward and employment will follow, as surely as if it were announced.

"I put this impression down to judge of results, believing and trusting in God with all my heart.

"*11th.* — I finished the Saragossa as far as figures go on Saturday. Thus I have painted it in four months, deducting one for my foot and its consequences, leaving three for actual work; and grateful I ought to be, and grateful I am. Now for my cartoon. Edward the Black Prince entering London with John — Conqueror and Captive — or the Curse; which? The one is suitable to the building, the other is interesting to the world.

"*13th.* — Huzza — huzza — huzza; and one cheer more!

"My cartoon is up, and makes my heart beat, as all large bare spaces do, and ever have done. Difficulties to conquer. Victories to win. Enemies to beat. The nation to please. The honour of England to be kept up.

"Huzza — huzza — huzza; and one cheer more!

"*22nd.*—Began my cartoon in reality. Tried a bit first, and steamed at it most successfully, so that the sized part is all right. I got the whole in, feeling extreme agony of mind at my necessities at intervals. I sent off my portrait of Raffaele and poor dear Wilkie, to raise something for the day. It is dreadful; but it can't be helped. After what I have suffered, it is cruel of —— and Sir Robert Peel thus to put me to the test again. Darling called (one of my oldest friends) and lent me 5*l.*

"*25th.* — Began Adam's head to-day. I hope God will bless me through it, and through the week. Amen.

"I have a 14*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* bill I promised on Saturday, and could not pay it; and 7*l.* due to-day at four. Can't pay it. And these are the agreeable sensations I must abstract my mind from before I can invent and execute the grandest and weakest of human beings. Yet, under God's blessing, I'll succeed.

"Eight o'clock. Got on capitally, and arranged the 7*l.*

by paying 5*s.* for a month's renewal, after drawing six hours and three quarters, and allowing a quarter for lunch.

"29*th.* — L—— liked my Adam, and I think it good. In how extraordinary a way was it produced. Good heavens! But I conscientiously believe, under the blessing of God, that all this row about art will be a working up of glory for me. I feel it, and know it. In Him I trust.

"*August* 1*st.* — Worked hard and well advanced. Tortured by having only 7*s.* in my pocket, and 4*s.* of that raised on one of my two pair of spectacles. Lord Grey says he can't help me. Lord Colborne won't double his raffle money. Leader has not replied. Under all these torments my landlord forbears and helps; but it is painful to be in such a situation again. However, let God grant me health, intellect, and eyes, and eight hours free, and I'll do it.

"4*th.*—My eyes strained dreadfully. In great distress of mind, having only 10*s.* Called on an old friend, and told him the truth, — that owing to the quarrel of engraver and publisher I was kept out of my money for the Duke's print. He was distressed, but he and his wife squeezed out 5*l.* for a month. His name is Illidge — a good, mild creature. I hope I shall be able to repay it. My bill of 15*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* went back. As I came along in anxiety, I thought it would improve my composition to lower Christ in the design. But for this internal delight I should have gone mad long ago.

"5*th.*—Having finished, steamed, and settled Adam, my principal figure, I see my way in cartoons. And I now see why Europe has produced no colourist or great executor with the brush since the great Flemish eras of Rubens and Rembrandt.

"Cartoon pictures in chalk are the abuse of a noble principle — a modern lassitude.

"Cartoons are a *means*, and not an *end*. When they become an end they ruin the artist and the art, and the

great cartoon drawer becomes a helpless infant with the brush.

"To-morrow a rowing letter about my bill, 15*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.* In the meanwhile I have finished Adam, and placed Eve in a better position, and improved the whole thing. I never answer letters till four. I will work seven hours in delight, and then answer about my bill. Pay it I shall as a point of honour, as it is my last bill of education (a sacred debt) for dear Fred. But I must and will have time. All this would make a bill-broker (S. Gurney for instance) look grave. It is irregular; but what is a man to do who has 700 guineas deferred till next year, and owing to the squabbling of publisher and engraver can't touch 125*l.* due on the Duke's print?

"*9th.* — Put in the head of Eve; but instead of shutting the eyes as I first conceived, I opened them to show her beauty, and made a common *ad captandum vulgus* thing. Obliged to go out as I put in the eyes to arrange about a 50*l.* bill. Come home in the heat, and finished the head. My model, a sweet girl, wondering what I was doing.

"In the midst of the grossest misery my landlord called and gave me 3*l.* 1*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.* I paid my rates with in the evening; the rest left for necessities.

"*20th.* — Completed Adam and Eve. Now for Satan on Monday, with only 1*s.* 6*d.* in my pocket. Huzza!

"*22nd.* — My want of money, and want of means of raising money, is dreadful. I have now got Satan's head to do. In the middle of the night I saw his large, fiery, cruel, rimmed eye, and kept staring at the dark, where nothing was, for an hour.

"*24th.* — Worked very hard, and got the Devil's figure in. Wrote the Dukes of Devonshire and Richmond about my necessities. Made an accurate study first from life.

"*27th.* — Very hard run for cash, so I sent out to Woodburn's a frame containing the first sketch in chalk of Rent-day, Distraining for Rent, and two more. I asked him fifteen guineas, but he would only give me five,

so relieved at any rate for a day, I hurried away to Wilkie's Exhibition, and spent three hours. This is the last time we shall ever see Wilkie's works together again. Hail and farewell, the only friend of my youth! A higher and deeper art is breeding in England, but full justice has been done to thee!

"*31st.*—Woodburn had just received 7000*l.* from Oxford for Raffaele's drawings. Last day of August. I have worked not as I ought, but as well as I could, considering my dreadful necessities. I borrowed 4*l.* last night of my landlord to pay a servant; 10*l.* to-day of my butterman, Webb, an old pupil recommended me by Sir George Beaumont twenty-five years ago, but who wisely, after drawing hands, set up a butter-shop, and was enabled to send his master 10*l.* in his necessities.

"'Webb,' said I, 'when you were a poor youth I gave my time to you for nothing.' 'You did.' 'I want 10*l.*' 'You shall have it, Mr. Haydon. I shall ever feel grateful.'

"I paid 7*l.* out of the 10*l.*, and borrowed 10*l.* of the man I paid the 7*l.* to, to meet my son's bill on board Impregnable, due at Coutts' to-morrow. Came home, took out our Saviour, and tried him walking in the garden. He would not do, so put him in again sitting and reposing. Better than ever. Satan looked powerfully. It is a blessing to get ease for twenty-four hours, which Webb's 10*l.* has caused to my mind.

"Thus ends August."

From Rumohr's letter of August 22nd:—

"I have been struck by what you observe on the consequences of cartoons, and find it just, in as far as the last and present century are concerned in the question; modern cartoons with few exceptions are licked (smoothed) and polished intentionally, and modern artists would rather subject themselves to some heavy fine than to stray one line of (from) their precious and beloved preparations on paper or cartoon. Their tenderness for paper drawings, or rather paper itself, is in great part the occasion of certain distortions peculiar to modern art. They

fear to become unclean, to miss that delicious Chinese neatness, by correcting any line of chalk (?) most evidently incorrect, ugly, detestable. Wherefore should they swerve in painting from such perfectly clean and neat models?

"Notwithstanding this coincidence, I must needs object to the application you made of that remark to objects of the noble period of Raffaele, and especially on that celebrated piece of cartoon containing the middle group of the school of Athens. You did not observe, or forgot after so many years past, that yonder admirable piece of masterly hand arrived at Paris in but indifferent state of preservation, and truly unfit to be exposed to a northern eye, inasmuch as (insomuch that) the judicious French found it convenient to be retouched by some clever academicians, who had appropriated to themselves that wondrously perfect kind of drawing with prolonged large parallel strokes, imitated from the fine metallic-lustre-looking manner of the best modern engravers. To arrive at perfection they chose to recopy some of the numerous copies existing at Paris of the original picture at Rome, and in that way the cartoon was made to look like the picture, and the picture might appear to yourself to be a mere copy of the cartoon, viz., in its present adulterated state.

"I have seen a great deal of ancient studies, drawings, cartoons, and sketches of such. The outline and the masses of light were everywhere defined with great exactitude, viz., if predestined for the fresco execution; but there was left in the spaces between the outlines and masses an infinity of points still to decide (open for decision), with exception of such cartoons as were worked to guide the hand of scholars and manuals (handicraftsmen). The great painters in Raffaele's period chose when drawing everywhere the materials and the manner that suited best their ends. They were wild or collected, rough or delicate. Since a century drawing is become a manner; intelligence, beauty, sense, vivacity of conception have been subjected to that idle and tedious neat and soft manner. And so no doubt what hath become insipid in the cartoon ought to become intolerable in its pictorial copy.

"The most perfect painter of fresco (though not the best of all painters) hath been Domenico Ghirlandajo, a Florentine. He used to light up his pictures in the afternoon, when the local tints began to dry, being still wet enough to assimilate those last *pastose* (fat) touches, somewhat like to the oil manner of

Paolo Veronese. But Raffaele, in his Mass of Bolsena and in some parts of the Heliodorus, was likewise admirable by the intelligence, hardihood, and taste of his colouring in fresco."

"*September 13th.* — Called in Lombard Street on G——, who broke his word after giving me an order. I told him I wanted 56*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.*, to pay my son's bill at Cambridge. I asked his help. He refused. I asked Lord Melbourne. I asked Lords Shrewsbury, Digby, and Carlisle to take shares in Saragossa. Lord Carlisle only did. I was harassed to death, and came home exhausted. I then set my drapery for Christ by putting up two plaster legs, my lay figure being in pawn, and sallied forth again to put off 11*l.* 10*s.*, which I could not pay. Yet I will finish Christ this week, and I trust in God pay my dear Frank's bill too. The moment a disappointment takes place, my mind springs to a new hope. It is this elasticity which supports me. In God I know I shall not trust in vain, as this week will show.

"'Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saved them out of their distresses.'

"Most cordially do I believe it.

"*17th.* — Thus I have, by the blessing of God, accomplished my cartoon figures, four in two months. Had my mind been at rest I could have done all four in a month, or had I wanted them, in less time. When I look back and think under what miseries and distress I began the cartoon, without money or employment, I must believe nothing but the Almighty blessing me throughout, with friends to help and aid me, could have accomplished it.

"Grateful I am beyond expression, and I trust to go on to a triumphant conclusion, and that I may be ultimately victorious in my great object, which has been so long my hope and prayer.

"Think of my influence with my species to induce them to trust me for papers, canvas, chalk, labour, rent, models, to get collectors to pay my taxes, and landlords to abstain from rent; but I always show them my work,

and they acquiesce. I then work away in ecstasy till some other dun comes, who is shown in, and equally vanquished. A woman came, and on seeing the cartoon, lifted up her hands and eyes, and said, 'Oh! What a sublime *genus*.'

"But it is not *my* influence. It is not *human*.

"*23rd.*—Worked, steamed, and splashed oil colour over Adam's leg. It was evidently too short, and being nicely worked, I hesitated, with that lazy apathy which comes over one, to alter it as I ought. The splash of oil decided it, so I pasted paper over it, and on Monday a *new* leg. Now the short one is gone, the figure looks right.

"*27th.*—Worked hard, and put in the new leg, and the whole figure fell into proportion and fitness; but for the oil splash I should perhaps have sullenly risked public disapprobation of a short leg. It was out of perspective. Is it not extraordinary a man of my experience should conceitedly suspect he need not take so much trouble as when young, and is it not proper to find he requires it as much as ever? Why did I not put my model thirty feet off, as I did in Lazarus when I made my first drawing? I did it yesterday, but why did I not do it at first? Impudent conceit. And the oil splash brought me to my senses.

"*October 2nd.*—Finished my letter to The Sheffield Mercury, on a school of design. It is my conviction, if sound art be not combined with practical science at the schools of design, from the facilities given by them both to artists and mechanics, the art will be seriously injured in the next three years,—which I hope to prevent.

"*5th.*—The cartoon is laid aside, and now my mind begins to fret. I can't sleep for want of another overwhelming subject. Which shall I fly at—Alexander killing an enormous Lion, or Curtius? A single head is misery to me. I get sick. My imagination aches. Worked at a head—a sketch—all trifles.

"*11th.*—Collins called to-day, and in course of con-

versation said, '*I really think you ought to join us!*' I said nothing.

"The state of the question is this. All the objects I have fought for are coming. If they are realised without the Academy claiming me as a member, I am victorious, isolated, unsanctioned by rank or station. If they induce me to join them, and the victory comes after, they will claim a share in the honour of an achievement they have always tried to oppose. So if I am quiet, and let things take their course, whether I benefit or not individually, my character is consistent before the country. I would not lose that character in dear old England for all the treasures of the earth.

"My dear old friend and fellow student Collins is anxious for me to join the Academy. But how can I? It is too late. After having brought up my family through every species of misery to distinction and honour, am I now to show that, after all, *their* honours were necessary? Oh no, no — the compromise of principle would be dreadful. Let me die as I have lived, O God, and give me strength of mind to resist temptation, for I see it's coming. And let me live in the hearts of my countrymen, like John Milton and William Shakspeare! Ah! may I be worthy! May I be worthy! Amen."

His first cartoon being now complete, he next began his picture of Curtius leaping into the Gulf. * He sent his sketch for the picture, at the request, I presume, of Miss Mitford, to her friend Miss E. B. Barrett (now Mrs. Browning), together with the portrait of Wordsworth on Helvellyn, painted this year. The portrait inspired this sonnet.

"Wordsworth upon Helvellyn! Let the cloud
Ebb audibly along the mountain wind,
Then break against the rock, and show behind
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd
The sense with beauty. He with forehead bowed
And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined

* This picture is now in the possession of Mr. Barrett, a dealer, in the Strand.

Before the sovrân thoughts of his own mind,
And very meek with inspirations proud,
Takes here his rightful place, as poet-priest,
By the high altar, singing praise and prayer
To the yet higher heavens. A vision free
And noble, Haydon, hath thine art released.
No portrait this with academic air,
This is the poet and his poetry."

"*October 25th.*—Out to National Gallery. After dwelling on the rawness of fresco, the tone of Titian went into my soul like the tone of an organ. How I gloried in the Bacchus and Ariadne! How I tasted the Ganymede with its fleshiness, its black eagle against a clear sky. Nothing in fresco can equal these — their juicy richness, their delicious harmony. Oh I shall get sick of lime, but duty calls."

From Rumohr's letter of December 4th: —

"Germany is a *terra incognita* to you as to most of your countrymen. You have lived so many centuries in a compact political union, you will, even when present, find it difficult to think clearly of German things. Here is no centralisation of any but an ideal kind, not existing in reality, but merely in mind. There are epidemical infections of errors which appear to become tolerably universal, but not so much as to destroy every particular turn of mind. I have outlived in art at least five different periods of that kind. Firstly, the passage of (from) Winckelman's and Mengs' theory to a determined predilection for old Grecian things, which then, in want of the Athenian Marbles, not yet known or brought into a European place, were chosen amongst the ancient vases and potteries. Then they went admiring Leonardo and Raffaele, doing their best to imitate them. After these models a passage to the elder Italian, and finally to the Germans, until Durer. Artists generally *spoke* much of ancient painters; I observed mostly a singular aversion from studying and observing them with some attention; all this ended with the superficiality of the new, pleasing Dusseldorf school manner. But neither sculpture nor landscape nor Genre-painting shared all these passages. So that you may find in every corner of Germany individuals of great merit in their way who acquired their art and know-

ledge in perfect independence of the prevailing epidemic. These very generally will preserve their credit in a future period: their studies after natural subjects are truly interesting, and superior perhaps to every thing produced with an ideal tendency.

"The reason of that superiority of naturalism is this. There hath not been existing in Germany during the last thirty-five years, neither a patriotic, nor a religious, nor even an intellectual want of pictures and statues; there hath not been, for the same reason, any uninterrupted flow of a rich and irresistible inspiration among artists. Your British artists, beginning a new era in the new Parliament House, might obtain such a flow of inspiration, by their object being a patriotical one, and their minds susceptible, so I hope, of an exalted feeling for their country, and for its history, for its polish, its importance, and *avenir*. I cannot endure the thought of such a work executed by foreigners, even if Raffaeles and Leonardos were to be procured. Notwithstanding, I must acknowledge the modern German painters, and especially Cornelius, to have had the first hand in historical and monumental fresco painting—to have acquired a vast deal of experience in conception, disposition, and execution of such things, not to be neglected by your countrymen. You may learn even by their errors."

"*December 15th.*—I have this moment completed Curtius before I put out and proceed with Alexander. I humbly and gratefully return thanks to Almighty God for enabling me to bring another picture to conclusion; that He hath blessed me with eyes, intellect, health, strength, and piety to get through with it in spite of many pecuniary difficulties deep and harassing. Grant, O Lord, it may be purchased and add to the fame of my great country, and help me to discharge the debts incurred during its progress, and to maintain my dear family in respectability and virtue. Amen.

"*25th.*—In the middle of the night I awoke rather depressed from the multiplicity of anxieties. I put my hand on the Testament I always sleep with, and opened a passage in the dark, folded down the leaf, and at daylight found this blessed consolation: "and our hope of

you is steadfast, knowing that as ye are partakers of the *sufferings* so shall ye be also of the *consolation.*'

"*29th.*—My canvas up for my new cartoon. O God, bless its beginning, progression, and conclusion. O God, enable me, aided but by Thee, to bring it to a grand and triumphant conclusion, that it may elevate the honour of the country, and enable me to support my family with honour. Grant that no difficulties may daunt or obstruct me, but that under Thy blessing, I may vanquish them all; and grant these things, and above all health of body and mind, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

"*31st.*—On reviewing the past year it is wonderful to think how I have been assisted by my Creator in the most trying situations. January, I wrote my lecture on Fresco. February, I began to prepare to do something, having had three commissions deferred amounting to 700 guineas. I plunged at the Saragossa and got it done. I then in July began a cartoon in appalling necessities, and by His blessing who always blesses me I got through that. I flew at Curtius and finished that, and this day began to sketch the arrangement of a second cartoon; so that I have worked well, happily, and gloriously.

"I have finished two great works, one cartoon, one small picture of the Duke, half done a humorous picture of The First Child, and sketched in The Black Prince.

"I have lived to see a vote by the State for high art, for which I have laboured. I have lived to find myself, though the very cause of the movement, utterly forgotten, as if I had never existed at all. Such is human gratitude. The first victim in all revolutions is he who caused them.

"In Him I trust who has always blessed me when I deserved it, and who has punished me when I wanted correction.

"For all the mercies of the year past accept my deepest gratitude, O God! and grant in concluding the year 1843, I may have less to complain of, more to be grateful for, and in every way have proved myself worthy

of the continuance of thy advice, protection and help. Amen."

1843.

In no year of Haydon's life had he severer distresses to encounter than in this of 1843. It brought the consummation of what he had so earnestly fought for,—a competition of native artists to prove their capability of executing great monumental and decorative works, but with this came his own bitter disappointment at not being among the successful competitors.

In all his struggles up to this point Haydon had the consolation of hope that better times were coming. But now the good time for art was come, and *he* was passed over. The blow fell heavily,—indeed, I may say, was mortal. He tried to cheat himself into the belief that the old hostile influences to which he attributed all his misfortunes and difficulties had been working here also, and that he should yet rise superior to their malice. But the anticipation that had led him on thus far was, in truth, henceforth impossible. He would not admit to himself that his powers were impaired—that he was less fit for great achievements in his art now than when he painted Solomon and Lazarus. But if he held this opinion himself, he held it alone. It was apparent to all, and to none more than to his warmest and truest friends, that years of harass, humiliation, distraction, and conflict had enfeebled his energies, and led him to seek in exaggeration (to which even in his best days he had been prone) the effect he could no longer attain by well-measured force. His restless desire to have a hand in all that was projected for art had wearied those in authority, and even his old and sincere friend, the secretary of the commission, was unable to put forward his name without the chance of doing him more injury than service. He had shown himself too intractable to follow, and he had not inspired that confidence which might have given him a right to lead.

And thus the cloud settled about him, and grew darker and denser every month of his few remaining years of life. It is so painful to follow day by day his struggles with disappointment, despondency, and embarrassment, that I feel it due to the reader to be as brief, in my extracts from the journals of these last years, as I can be, consistently with distinctness. The last two volumes of the journals are little more than a record of desperate struggles, alternating with despondency and angry protestations — all pointing to the sad catastrophe which brought this stormy career to a close.

He began with the year his second cartoon of The Black Prince entering London with the French King Prisoner.

"*January 4th.*—Full of anxiety on money. Two-thirds of my income diminished. Last year, no commission. Curtius, Saragossa, and cartoon done without order or return, except four or five shares, and now I have prepared a fresh cartoon, and am to begin it to-morrow—as I began Solomon,—without a shilling. Fifty-seven years old on the 25th.

"In God I trust as before. Amen.

"*5th.*—Got my cartoon in, grumbling all the time at what I consider the loss of brush power which must accrue, but yet going on, as I always do, trusting in my Protector.

"I had exactly 13*s.* 6*d.*—all the ready money I have in the world—in my pocket. So I was 13*s.* 6*d.* better than when I began Solomon thirty years ago.

"*9th.*—What I fear is that my thinking always under the harrow of pecuniary necessity will at last affect my understanding. I trust in God; but to-day I had a dulness of brain and torpor of thought quite frightful.

"*10th.*—What is high art in England but a long Khyber Pass, with the misery of a passage in, but no passage out? Thirty-nine years have I struggled to raise my country's tastes, and thirty-two have I been utterly without employment.

Went to the Tower to get armour, which I selected, but when (after an order from the Ordnance had been issued) I was told I must deposit the amount, I refused to do so. After having had armour from the Tower for thirty-five years, and always returned it, I considered this a dirty resolution as applicable to myself. I had no objection, had I been informed of it; but to come down and be taken by surprise was disgusting. I told them it was worthy of a nation of shopkeepers. I was in a passion and poured forth.

"*11th.*—Got my order from the Ordnance to get my armour, and I go down to-morrow and bully the storekeepers.

"*12th.*—Went and got my armour, and brought it home in victory. I asked them if it was the *last* act of the Whigs, or the *first* of the Tories. They were as polite as before they were insolent. Mr. Byam of the Ordnance, who has known me thirty-five years, brought it before the Board, and they accepted me, and granted my wish. Lord Colborne took a second share in Saragossa, and my dear Talfourd sent me effective help;—so I return thanks to God I have escaped ruin at present.

"*28th.*—Worked very hard, and got on powerfully. Worked the whole week gloriously, with all the fury, constancy, and vigour of earlier days, and to-morrow must pay the penalty of having deferred all pecuniary matters till I have not *2s. 6d.* in the house. My dearest Mary bears it pretty well,—very well,—but it tries her. I only hope she will hold out like me."

He exhibited his Curtius at the British Institution.

"*February 3rd.*—Out early in the morning to glaze my picture of Curtius. Found Etty in the hall waiting like myself to go up. Chatted with Etty, who said my example and Hilton's, in early life, had greatly influenced him. At the time I mounted to go up, and was looking at the Curtius, I felt somebody pat my shoulder, saying, 'well done.' I turned round and found Etty. I toned the picture like lightning. In one hour and a half I had *10l.* to pay upon my honour, and only *2l. 15s.* in my pocket.

I drove away to Newton, paid him 2*l.* 15*s.*, and borrowed 10*l.* I then drove away to my friend, and paid him the 10*l.*, and borrowed 5*l.* more, but felt relieved I had not broke my honour. Then home, took out all my proofs, called on my subscribers, and saw them left.

"Thus I have done my duty to everybody to-day; and what is life but a struggle of duty to your God, your country, and your species, day and night, till death?

"*March* 1*st.**—Bless me, O Lord, through this month, in spite of its awful pecuniary necessities. But I trust in Thee. Grant I may get through my cartoon, and fit Saragossa for the public, and keep my health, and never lose my confidence in Thee, Thou great and beneficent Creator. Amen.

"10*th.*—Went out and paid in 10*l.* for Coutts for my dear Fred. Came home and flew at the Saragossa. Glazed it beautifully. At one flew out and raised 15*l.* of a draper whom I dealt with (taking 4*l.* in goods). Drove home, and by three Saragossa was done. Rushed up and paid my rates—a warrant would have been issued to-morrow. This is the life of high art in England. Refused by my Prince†, to whose income I contribute, threatened by a collector, helped by a draper, and two judge's orders to pay on Saturday, with only 2*s.* to meet 32*l.* Yet do I cheerfully rely it will be done, and this book will prove it.

"From a letter to Eastlake, March 13th:—

"My dear Eastlake,

"I am delighted, because being a permanent plan it has broken the ice, and will ultimately end in decoration. I depend on your's and the commissioners' judgments; it was

* The Twenty-fifth Volume of the Journal begins at February 15th, 1843, with motto from Amos ix. v. 15., and from the 78th Psalm: "But He being full of compassion forgave their iniquity, and destroyed them not: yea, many a time turned he his anger away, and did not stir up all his wrath."

† Alluding to an unsuccessful application to H. R. H. Prince Albert just before.

doing the thing rightly and with energy; no mincing the matter. Go on, and God prosper us all.

"I appeal to the Royal Commission, to the First Lord, to you the secretary, to Barry the architect, if I ought not to be indulged in my hereditary right to do this, viz., that when the houses are ready, cartoons done, colours mixed, and all at their posts, I shall be allowed, *employed* or *not employed*, to take the *first* brush and dip into the *first* colour, and put the *first* touch on the *first* intonaco. If that is not granted I'll haunt every noble Lord and you, till you join my disturbed spirit on the banks of the Styx. Keep that in view if you regard my peace of mind, my ambition, my pride and my glory.

"Ever yours,
"B. R. HAYDON."

"*15th.*—Hard at work, and got through my second cartoon. O God, I bless Thee with all my heart and soul for Thy mercies in thus bringing me through the difficulties and troubles which have pursued me up to this moment. O God, still protect and support me, and carry me through to the full realisation of all the consequences of these attempts. O God, spare, protect, and bless me to the end, and accept my deepest gratitude.

"*24th.*—Dined at Lupton's with Carew and Clint, and had a very pleasant night. Carew told us a capital story of the Duke. The Duke was at the Marchioness of Downshire's, and the ladies plagued him for some of his stories. For some time he declared all his stories were in print. At last he said, 'Well, I'll tell you one that has not been printed.' In the middle of the battle of Waterloo he saw a man in plain clothes riding about on a cob in the thickest fire. During a temporary lull the Duke beckoned him, and he rode over. He asked him who he was, and what business he had there. He replied he was an Englishman accidentally at Brussels, that he had never seen a fight and wanted to see one. The Duke told him he was in instant danger of his life; he said 'not more than your Grace,' and they parted. But every now and then he saw the Cob-man riding about in

the smoke, and at last having nobody to send to a regiment, he again beckoned to this little fellow, and told him to go up to that regiment and order them to charge—giving him some mark of authority the colonel would recognise. Away he galloped, and in a few minutes the Duke saw his order obeyed. The Duke asked him for his card, and found in the evening, when the card fell out of his sash, that he lived at Birmingham, and was a button manufacturer! When at Birmingham the Duke inquired of the firm, and found he was their traveller, and then in Ireland. When he returned, at the Duke's request he called on him in London. The Duke was happy to see him, and said he had a vacancy in the Mint of 800*l.* a-year, where accounts were wanted. The little Cob-man said it would be exactly the thing, and the Duke installed him.

"I will ascertain if the facts are correct. If true, it redounds much to his Grace's honour.

"25*th.*—Two months more would not keep me too long from painting, so to-day, under that mysterious influence, I took out my cartoon, and before I was aware had got in a Virgin and Child. So I have begun; but I was in miserable want of money, as usual. I had money to send to my son at Cambridge, and out I went, feeling a culprit. Is it not better to paint things of five guineas a head than go on in this condition? It is certainly; and if this stake fail, I'll astonish my friends at the ease with which I'll come to do things for subsistence, and to save a competence for old age.

"27*th.*—The moment I touch a great canvas I think I see my Creator smiling on all my efforts. The moment I do mean things for subsistence I feel as if He had turned his back, and what's more, I believe it.

"31*st.*—Last day of March. I have worked well, have suffered great necessity, but here I am by God's blessing, with my cartoons both done, and effectually done. I am now preparing for a new work, but have not yet decided whether it shall be fresco or not. I hanker

after lime, and have begun my third cartoon for it, and have to-day been busy preparing lime.

"If ever artist was fit for fresco, I am. I have always done everything at once. For all Thy mercies and trials this month I bless Thee, O God, with all my soul. Amen.

"*April 14th, Good Friday.*—After thirty-one years I this day received the Sacrament, sincerely asked pardon, and promised a new life. The Dean of Carlisle administered—an old friend and admirer,—after an admirable, nay, beautiful, sermon. It was interesting, because to him I wrote, years since, in an agony of doubt and apprehension. I had one sovereign (all in money I possess), and no silver, when the churchwarden (an old friend, Stanley) held out the plate: I gave *nothing*—ought I not to have given *all*, and have trusted in God? Surely. But in the dread of being without any at all, and in the belief that a sovereign was more than my necessitous condition warranted, I gave nothing. This tormented me. It proved the devil had power yet. I will make amends. I reviewed my life for thirty-one years. I had married and brought up a family. I had been four times in prison. I had injured friends by not paying their loans. I had been swallowed up by ambition, but not on selfish principles. All these things were crimes, and I repented.

"I had educated and planted four boys, and will educate a dear girl. I had not made an improper use of the money borrowed; but what right had I to borrow at all, if not to repay? I had paid 1000*l.*, but there was more yet, and one good man had lost some hundreds.

"All these things came across me, and I felt as if my soul was blackened; but a ray of brilliant hope supported me, and I went up in quiet self-possession, believing that if I believed, the atonement would reconcile me to God, and I trust it may. I never wilfully injured either man or woman.

"This day is a remarkable day in my life, and on this great sacrificial day I will, as long as I live, repeat this act. God bless my resolution. Amen."

Wilkie's life by Allan Cunningham appeared about this time.

"16*th*. — Prayed in private, and arranged papers to collect my life, as Wilkie's memoirs have roused me again.

"17*th*. — Made a study for Alexander's head from life. Borne down by necessity — apprehensive of an execution for 1*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*. and 5*s*. 6*d*. costs. Wrote ten pages of my life, and copied two letters of Wilkie's.

"18*th*. — In the city and deferred a payment, but suffered excruciating agony for want of money.

"20*th*. — Went out in great misery to raise 6*l*. 10*s*., the balance of a judge's order — Dr. Darling, my old friend, helped me. Just as I was going to set my palette I was served with a copy of a writ for another debt. I came home and corrected my figure, and prepared for the model to-morrow.

"21*st*. — Awoke in the night, my heart beating and my head aching from my anxieties; but in God I trust, as I have always done, and always will; and this Journal will again bear testimony I do not trust in vain.

"22*nd*. — Now reader, whoever thou art — young and thoughtless, or old and reflecting — was I not right to trust in God? Was it vanity? Was it presumption? Was it weakness? To-day — this very day, — I have sold my Curtius, when only yesterday I had no hope; and my heart beat, and my head whirled, and my hand shook at my distress. I had taken the butter knife off the table to raise 3*s*.

"'Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.'—Ps. cvii. v. 17.

"How often have I occasion to write this!

"27*th*. — Would any man believe that for the thirty-five years I was intimate with Wilkie, for twenty of them most intimate, I never knew he kept a journal of the weaknesses, follies, and habits of his friends?

"*May* 3*rd*. — Out the whole day on money. Sold Curtius, but got a bill at six months, which in the city is awful. Came home, weary, hot, penniless; lunched and

fell asleep: awoke by the servants fighting in the kitchen; went to my painting room and looked at Alexander, and remembered a beautiful day lost. Brunskill, my model, obliged to go, as I could not attend to him. Called on a lawyer, and begged for mercy for 27*l.* till Saturday — refused. At dinner, Bishop came, and sent in a note. I came out, and was served with a writ. As I came down Chancery Lane, a cab wheel came off, and down came horse. The horse, in his struggles, put himself in the action of Bucephalus. I studied him gloriously. The very thing, and shall try it at once.

"*May* 8*th.*—Monday, Exhibition opened. Went down, and found Saragossa placed so disgracefully high, that its execution, expression, and tone were utterly lost. This will be the last malicious bite of my bitter enemies, early and late, even to the grave. Felt great agony at my necessities. I have every chance of my cartoons being laid hold of, after all my necessities and struggles.

"10*th.*—Called on Leslie to-day, and was much amused at his accounts of Wilkie. Leslie said capitally, 'Wilkie was so anxious to do every thing exactly like other people, he made himself odd in trying to be natural.' At Lawrence's funeral, Constable was his pendant. Cope, the city marshal, stood before them in a splendid cocked hat and black scarf. Wilkie was fond of painting cocked hats; and while looking down with all the semblance of woe, said to Constable, 'Just look at that cocked hat. It's grand!'

"18*th.*—A young pupil came to-day, and paid me 100*l.*, part of 200*l.* premium. Io Pæan! was I not right to endure, as seeing One who is invisible?

"Made a capital sketch of Nelson at Copenhagen.

"20*th.* — Laid up with a burnt foot from steaming the cartoons the last time. Another blessing attending on 100*l.* Could not stand to paint, so I wrote my memoirs —eight hours.

"22*nd.* — Laid up — wrote all day. I really am astonished at my *thinking* at twenty-six, now I extract from my journal.

"*June 1st.* — O God, I thank Thee that this day I have safely placed my cartoons in Westminster Hall. Prosper them! It is a great day on my mind and soul. I bless thee I have lived to see this day. Spare my life, O Lord, until I have shown thy strength unto this generation, and thy power unto that which is to come. Am in deep gratitude to have lived to such a day.

"I found Eastlake, my pupil, walking about. He was most happy to see me. I said, 'Do you recollect drinking tea with me in 1808, and telling me my conversation had made you a painter?' 'I do,' said he, 'and there is no doubt of it.' And 'Do you remember,' said he, 'coming with me into Westminster Hall, and drawing a gigantic limb on the wall with the end of the umbrella, saying "This is the place for art."' I did not. He said I actually did so, thirty years ago; and he remembered my jumping up to reach high. Now here we were, master and pupil, marching about, and the first act of this great drama of art just beginning. O God! when I reflect on thy leading me on so many years from the beginning, I must believe I ever have been, and ever shall be, protected by Thee.

"How interesting that we were both from Devon; both having finished our schooling at Plympton Grammar School, where Reynolds was educated.

"*7th.*—Wrote my life—vol. ii. Three weeks of nothing but thinking. Dead thinking without the excitement of painting fatigues me. I hope soon to get to work,—painting is such a delight. Since March 15th, when I finished my cartoon, I have advanced and rubbed in Alexander, and prepared for my fresco, but have not done much else. My foot better."

The day for the opening of the Cartoon Exhibition was now approaching.

"*10th.* — Wyse said the exhibition (at Westminster Hall) would honour the school. I thank God for it. These journals bear testimony to my belief in British genius. I have never spared any instruction or expense to advance

it. Another pupil for a short time paid 25*l.* to-day. God be thanked for it! Things are looking well, and I shall live to see my dear country's glory yet, as I always predicted.

"15*th.*—Six months of the year gone! I have done one cartoon, one sketch of Curtius, one sketch of Nelson, advanced Alexander, which ought to have been done; and have finished my first volume of memoirs. For three months—since March 15th,—I have not exerted myself as I ought, and for the last month I have been lame. Truly have I been wounded in the service. Last year I ran a bayonet through my foot while painting Saragossa; and this, I burnt my other foot while steaming my cartoon.

"17*th.*—Perhaps God may punish me, as he did Napoleon, as an example, for pursuing a great object with less regard to moral principle than became a Christian—that is, raising money to get through, careless of the means of repaying, though I had reason to hope the aristocracy would have helped me by purchase to keep my word. The decision will take place in a few days. What ought I to have done? Kept my cartoons, and showed them alone? It would have been a wiser plan; but it would have been shrinking from a contest with my brothers, which might have turned to my disadvantage. It is my policy to go through without complaint all the steps degradation points to, to give them no excuse for not employing me,—and what then? Shall I be employed? No, indeed; but have the door slammed in my face; while my enemies will chuckle at my degradation and submission.

"This is the last time, I think, I will compete.

"I have made up my mind to a reverse. Though I trust in God with confidence, yet I am not sure I am yet sufficiently cleansed by adversity, not to need more of it. For the sake of my boys, and only daughter—and, above all, for the sake of my dear Mary,—I hope not. To have exhibited cartoons alone would have been an act of defiance to the Royal Commission, and of mistrust. But

would I not have been justified when there were Academicians amongst the judges, though the Prince has the casting vote?

"*18th.*—Went to church at St. George's, Hanove Square, and felt the most refreshing assurance of protection and victory. The last time I was there I received the Sacrament, and did not give my only sovereign in charity as I ought, which gave me great pain. To-day, when the Dean of Carlisle implored assistance for the Church Fund, saying 550,000 persons by it had been provided with seats, where none had been erected before, I thought I'd give 1*s.*, then 2*s.* 6*d.*,—10*s.* 6*d.* At last said a voice within me, 'That sovereign you ought to have given.' 'I will,' I felt, and took it out and gave it to the plate with as pure a feeling as ever animated a human breast. O God, prosper it! Thus have I expiated my neglect.

"*26th.*—In great money distress, having paid away all my receipts,—125*l.* in five weeks. I have now 21*l.*, 11*l.*, 3*s.*, 10*l.* to pay this week, and not a pound. How I am neglected in employment large or small!"

The opening of the Cartoon Exhibition was fixed for the 3rd of July. On the 27th of June Haydon received intelligence from Eastlake that his cartoons were not included among those selected for reward!

The next entry in the journal is three days later.

"*June 30th.*—I went to bed in a decent state of anxiety. It has given a great shock to my family, especially to my dear boy, Frank, and revived all the old horrors of arrest, execution, and debt. It is exactly what I predicted, and it is, I think, intentional. I called on William Hamilton, and found he had adopted, with exquisite tact, the tone of society. He told me Sir Robert felt annoyed at my restless activity about the arts; that I interfered in everything I had no business to do. I said, I had; that the School of Design had gone to ruin, as I predicted, and that they had been obliged to adopt the figure, which they never would have done but for my re-

peated interference. He said, 'You wrote about the Arabesques: now we had settled to buy them before, and it was intrusion!' Good heavens! — no feeling for my enthusiasm for art, — but such is Sir Robert's dignity, a natural impulse is an offence. Hamilton said, if he mentioned my name, it was an insult. He really gives me up. He stuck to me to the last, but this decision has proved to him the hopelessness of defending me any longer. Hamilton had no objection to my *intrusion* on the Elgin Marble question, and gave me the motto. He said, 'You should write to Sir Robert Peel.' Yes—'we did not give him a prize, but, poor fellow, we relieved him.' That won't do.

"I am wounded, and being ill from confinement, it shook me; but not more than the decision of the Gallery at twenty-six (in 1812).

"*July* 1*st*.—A day of great misery. I said to my dear love, 'I am not included.' Her expression was a study. She said, 'We shall be ruined.' I looked up my lectures, papers and journals, and sent them to my dear Æschylus Barrett, with two jars of oil (1816), twenty-seven years old. I burnt loads of private letters, and prepared for executions Lords Alford and Northampton and William Hamilton took additional shares in Saragossa. 7*l*. was raised on my daughter's and Mary's dresses.

"On Monday I went down, and was astonished at the power displayed. There are cartoons equal to any school. My own looked grand, like the effusion of a master, — soft and natural, but not hard and definite; too much shadow for fresco—fit for oil; but there were disproportions. I gained great knowledge. The Death of Lear, Alfred in the Danish Camp, Constance, were never exceeded. But the great mistake—and it has been a tremendous one—is the selection of a pupil of De la Roche's for *the* prize.* The injury it will do is incalculable, for,

* This is an error. Mr. Armitage, who is here referred to, obtained one of the highest premiums, Mr. Cope and Mr. Watts carrying off the others, and all three being equal.

instead of destroying the prejudices against British genius, it will root them deeper than ever. For what has the Commission done? It has unjustly preferred a foreign production to the splendid productions of natives, and thus excited the power of Britain only to mock it, and expose it to more ridicule than ever insulted it before. Thus this Royal Commission has backed Winkleman and Du Bos, and done more injury than was ever done by the bitterest enemy. I was introduced to the young artist and his father, and had a long and interesting talk. I found out the system of De la Roche, and do not wonder at the bad drawing of his school.

"*July* 13*th.*—Worked a little—the only day I have been able to stand for two months. Began Nelson Sealing the Letter at Copenhagen, and improved Alexander. God be thanked!

"15*th.*—Worked, but unhappily. I am ashamed to own how the attacks of the press wound me. Curious that now the press sees all that I fought for is coming to pass, they seem to have particular pleasure in preventing my tasting any of its fruits. How cruel it is! What a pleasure they seem to take in preventing people from accomplishing the darling object of their existence.

"16*th.*—Prayed, but felt harassed. One struggles still to trust in God, but I am afraid to do so any longer, from my own unworthiness. 'Ask,' Christ has said, 'it shall be given; knock and it shall be opened.'

"'If a child asked a father for food, would he give him a serpent? How much more would your heavenly Father?'

"I ask from my heart, Thou good Being, to be saved, with my family, from the fatal ruin which must overwhelm me and them without Thy interference, promising repentance sincere and intense.

"22*nd.*—'I sought the Lord, and He helped me, and delivered me from all my fears.' It is indeed cruel of Sir Robert Peel to have sanctioned such decisions, and to have left out my cartoons, deserving as they are, after the

battle I have fought for so many years. It is a blow at me, and a warning to others how they presume to tell truth, to fight for truth, or persevere for truth's sake.

"*23rd.*—I knelt down and thanked God for His merciful blessing this week. I have got through its difficulties up to this instant, eleven o'clock, Saturday, as I prayed. Ought I not to be grateful? Indeed I am. *25l.* I received from a pupil, *15l.* was lent me, and *13l.* to-day our dear Mary had from our sons,—*53l.*; *48l.* of which I have paid away, and saved myself up to to-night. O God! accept my gratitude. Amen.

"*28th.*—With my experience of the world, with my knowledge of the aristocracy, connoisseurs, and academicians; — the aristocracy angry because I told them at Oxford they went out knowing as little of art as they came in; — the connoisseurs angry because I proved them fools on the Elgin Marbles; — the Academicians thirsty for revenge because I brought them before a committee, — how could I be so weak as to give these three classes an opportunity of inflicting a blow, in hopes that my age would not be able to bear it so well as at twenty-six? O Haydon, Haydon! Your love of art and your willingness at fifty-seven to think better than you knew of your species, got the better of your common sense. I imagined at such a bright epoch all hearts would unite, all hearts rejoice, all hearts forget and forgive for the sake of the great object of advancing the standard taste of the country. What was there to forgive? A too ardent zeal, and over-anxious ardour for the principles of high art — offensive to the authorities who wished to check it. Shocking, but true! Three times did Sir Charles Bell struggle to get appointed lecturer to the Academy, and failed; three times did I, and failed likewise. Bell said he was convinced the old members wished to obstruct.

"Made a sketch of Lord Willoughby's head for ten guineas, and got another order for *20l.*, so that I have escaped, so far, the executions I dreaded. I have been blessed this week — God be thanked heartily. Amen.

I have been humiliated by this disappointment, but corrected. We were all too high. I bow.

"*Aug. 5th.*—Finished my lecture, but much harassed in money matters. Went out in all the horrors of an execution, which I got delayed till Tuesday. Came home and finished my lecture. Yet I trust in God. He will carry me through.

"*7th.*—Occupied all day with preparations for lecture—God grant it success. Heard of Rumohr's death.

"*8th.* — Thank God, my lecture was the most brilliant success. How mysteriously am I influenced! O God, accept my deepest gratitude. Amen. Many members were there and cheered me much. It was the completest success in a lecture I ever had.

"*11th.* —Hankered after my divine art, but feel oppressed by my ill treatment. I hope in God I shall recover my enthusiasm, but at present I am exceedingly shocked, though my lecture proved I still stood in the public feeling higher than ever.

"*14th.* — Another day to go through. Stale, flat, and unprofitable are days to me. I want change. A fortnight by the sea would restore me. My wife and daughter want it too; but we have little hope. I am waiting for sitters I detest, and could vomit over. As poor Ingres said, '*Je vomirais pour trois jours,*' I say, '*Pour toujours.*' All this is wicked, for I trust in God. My sitters came, but I was so nervously disgusted I told them frankly it was not my *forte*. I presented them with a drawing, and begged them to let me off. They were so kind, they saw the propriety. They shook hands; and when they were gone I hurried away throne and chairs, and felt as if I had got out of a thunder-cloud that oppressed me. I breathed and looked up at Alexander with glory. Huzza! huzza!

"*15th.* — I went to Southwell to-day to get lodgings at a farm-house for my daughter, and was so delighted with the air and freshness, I sucked it in like nectar.

"It was a long time before the turbulent ambition of

my mind could relish it; but at last I was fairly vanquished, and this day's air has completely revived me. The buds, the sun, the meadows, all have sunk deep into my nature, and made me a new being. Thanks to God!

"16*th*. — I felt yesterday exactly as Satan felt when he entered Paradise — 'Saw undelighted all delight.'

"31*st*. — Last day of August. Sir George Cockburn sat three quarters of an hour at the Admiralty. I was determined to bring him out about Napoleon; so, after a little preliminary chat, I said, 'Sir George, this is an opportunity which may never occur again. May I ask you one or two questions?' 'You may.' 'Why did you think meanly of Napoleon?' 'I'll tell you,' said he. 'When I went to him with Lord Keith, I went prepared to admire him. He behaved violently; said I should pass over his *cadavre*, that he would not go to St. Helena, and so forth. Not caring for all this, I said, "At what hour shall I send the boat?"' I forget Sir George's continuation, for the servant came in. After answering the servant, rather nettled at the interruption, he went on to say, 'I came at the hour next day to take him on board the Bellerophon, prepared to use force and ready even for bloodshed. To my utter wonder he skipped away, and went on board without a word. After all those threats, what do you think of that? At dinner he talked indecently before women, and burst forth and gave me a whole history of his Egyptian campaign, puffing himself grossly — in fact, he would talk of nothing but himself. When we got to St. Helena, we rode out to choose a situation. He wished to have the house in which a family were, *instantly*. I explained that a week's notice was only decent. He said he could sleep under a tent. As they rode down the hill I showed him the room I meant to occupy. Napoleon said, "That is the very room I should like," so it was given up to him. Then he complained of the sentries. They were withdrawn, and sergeants put instead. Then he complained of them, and gave his honour, if they were removed, he would never

violate his limits. I yielded, and that very night he went into the town. He then asked for the 4,000 napoleons taken from him, which was granted; and he bought up all the gold lace and green baize in the town to dress up his suite, and spent days in carving and arranging this gold lace. Now, these are my reasons for thinking meanly of him. He told me lies repeatedly; and after granting him my own room at his own request, he wrote the Government that he had been forced into one room.'

"*September 1st.* — Sir George sat again to-day. He said, of the three (Nelson, Collingwood, and St. Vincent) Collingwood was the best seaman. He said Nelson's Agamemnon was not in the best order. He knew Sir Sidney Smith well; admired him; but would not have entrusted him with a fleet. He said Acre was the very place for him. He was not of that high order of mind the others were.

"*4th.* — Went and removed my cartoons. Thus ends the cartoon contest; and as the very first inventor and beginner of this mode of rousing the people when they were pronounced incapable of relishing refined works of art without colour, I am deeply wounded at the insult inflicted. These journals witness under what trials I began them, — how I called on my Creator for His blessing, — how I trusted in Him, and how I have been degraded, insulted, and harassed. O, Lord! Thou knowest best. I submit. Amen.

"*5th.* — Awoke severely pained at the insult. Went out of town to see Mary. The air and peace relieved me.

"*6th.* — Awoke again physically depressed. I got up, saying, 'Is this Benjamin Robert Haydon? I'll see if I'll be conquered by cartoons.' I resolved to do some violent bodily exercise; so I moved out all my plasters, cleaned the windows myself (I don't wonder servants have good appetites),—I dusted, and got smothered; lifted till my back creaked, and rowed the servant for not cleaning my plate (2 forks, 1 table-spoon, and 6 teaspoons; 1

pepper-box and 1 salt-spoon). In fact, by perspiration and violent effort I cleared out the cobwebs, and felt my dignity revive. Now I am safe.

"19*th*.—Perhaps I have presumed too much on the goodness of my Creator—appealed to Him too much and too freely.

"People wonder why I have been so treated; but a moment's reflection would explain it. Authority, property, and law have been so long established in England, and such great results have been the consequence of their security, that it is considered better to put up with any oppressions from authority, however infamous, than to endanger its dignity by any resistance, however just. I was oppressed by authority; I revenged it successfully, and exposed my oppressors before a Committee of the House. It was necessary that I should be punished as a warning to others. My oppressors are acute and talented, malignant and envious men. They are ever on the watch to see that I am not patronised, or employed, or distinguished, because I am as acute and talented as they are, without their envy; and inasmuch as they are determined to prevent any appearance of my being sanctioned, however indirectly, by commission or reward, I am determined to give every reward a tendency, as it were a sanction, against them. Though I first planned the decoration of the Lords (1812), made sketches (1819), and put them on canvas (1835), and laid them before all the Ministries in succession, down to Sir Robert Peel, — though in my evidence I first planned a central school of design and branch schools, and first mentioned the Lords' decoration, the Academy, the Government, and the Commission thoroughly understand each other. They have all made up their minds that I must be sacrificed as a successful rebel, because I have succeeded in spite of four ruins, and will keep my ground in spite of four more. My cartoons, therefore, it was clearly predetermined, were not to be rewarded, on the principle of authority being supported at all hazards. Every artist of any feeling

saw, whatever merit there might be in my cartoons, 1st., that they were the cartoons of a painter who could execute them with the brush; 2nd. that no principle of art had been neglected, as applicable in them; and 3dly. that though there were two or three disproportions, from the smallness of the room in which they were executed, a day's labour would have remedied them; and because a shoulder might be a trifle too heavy, or a calf a trifle too large, to deny reward to works whose character, expression, and knowledge of construction were self-evident, was unjust, tyrannical; particularly taking into consideration that they were known to be by a man who made the very first cartoon-display ever made, and who, wherever the art was in danger from any cause, has shown fight, whatever were or might be the consequences.

"If among the English nobility there had ever existed a desire for high art, why did no commission follow Reynolds's Hercules strangling the Serpents, Flaxman's Designs, Hilton's Christ Rejected, Etty's Holofernes, my Solomon, and Lazarus, and Xenophon, or West's Lear? 'We have no houses,' said the Duke to me; I could have said to him, 'How comes it your Grace hangs up, in your staircase at Strathfieldsaye, Fuseli's conception of Satan calling up the Rebel Angels, a picture of gigantic size, which you bought for a trifle at his sale?' It is not that there is no genius. It is not that there is no room. It is not that there are no houses. It is that you have no desire — no taste — no sensibility to the honour of your great country, where art is concerned. Your Lordships throw the blame on the artists where you alone are concerned and to blame. You subscribe to British Galleries, to societies, to raffles, and to benevolent funds, as you would to Grisi's benefit or Lablache's concert,—because it is a part of your duty, as men of fashion, to keep up your splendour during the season; but you have no love of art further than as it ministers to your vanities, or transcribes, for the admiration of posterity, the grace and beauty of your wives and children.

"The whole effervescence will be allowed to die away again, and nothing will do but the people taking art in their own hands, and commissioning artists to execute great works for great public places. At present, with all their enthusiasm, they are not educated enough to prevent their becoming the victims of jobbers; and therefore I fear to push such a principle yet (though it is the only plan to be effected), from the condition of the aristocracy, who are totally unfit to conduct such a scheme.

"*20th.* — Spent the whole day with a lion, and came home with a contempt for the human species. Before the day was over we got intimate. He showed me his hideous teeth, and affectionately leaned his head aside as I patted him, suffered me to touch his paw, and smooth his mane. The lioness was in heat, and as playful as a kitten, and on my stooping down to get my port crayon, gave me an affectionate pat on the head like the blow of a sledge hammer, but I luckily had my hat on. The lion and lioness were kept separate. I made most useful studies, and came home rich in knowledge and ready to begin.

"*30th.* — Last day of the month. During a few days at the latter end I have worked well, but since 15th April, I have never done my duty. Two months laid up, and the rest harassed, disappointed, and tormented. But I have now recovered from the pain and shock of being so badly treated, and am fairly at work. Did Bucephalus to-day by completing the head. For the blessings of this month accept my thanks, O God, and may I remedy soon the evil. Amen with all my soul."

From a letter to the Duke of Sutherland (October 2nd).

"Be assured I have broken a hard shell, and found more ashes than fruit.

"Different treatment when I was a diligent and obedient student would have made me a different man.

"My education was imperfect: I was never taught the properties of self-command, and I flung myself from my home on the world ready to revenge insult and keenly alive to oppression.

"Oppression is always more likely to elicit the vices than the virtues of the most gentle.

"I am now hard at work on Alexander killing a Lion, as the only subject likely to make me bear up under a cloud of mental tortures which make me wonder my faculties remain clear. I believe I am meant to try the experiment how much a human brain can bear without insanity, or a human constitution without death."

"*4th.* — Finished my sketch. As I wanted advice, I wrote to Collins to come and see the picture, as I always considered Collins one of us,—Wilkie, Jackson, and myself,—and sound in imitation. He called, and we talked as usual about the Academy. Whenever Wilkie, Jackson, and I met, that was the first question. An Academician comes to me; or I ask him to come; he immediately supposes I have an ulterior view. I may regret and do regret the loss of early friendships, which my advocacy of my principles occasioned; but I never regret, and never will, the impulses which inspired it. They always mistake my *private* regrets for *public*. I would do exactly as I did if I had to act over again, but I regret the position which obliged me to do it. I should like to have kept my position in private friendship, but I would sacrifice it again, as I have done, on a principle of public duty, if it were required.

"If, therefore, I say to Collins or to any old friend, 'I regret our separation,' it is not that I regret the *cause*, but that separation was the *consequence* of the cause.

"*17th.* — Went to Brighton to sketch Nelson's secretary, Wallis, who wrote and sealed Lord Nelson's celebrated letter to the Crown Prince at Copenhagen. I sketched him. He has a fine head. I returned to dinner; so much for steam.

"*19th.* — Lectured at Greenwich on the Elgin Marbles. The people exceedingly enthusiastic. The people of this great country are more fit to receive grand art than the aristocracy are to grant it.

"*30th.* — Out the whole day on money, as I have to pay Frank's term money, or he loses it.

"The last day of the month. In September I did the Lion. In October I have done Bucephalus, and ought to have concluded Alexander, but money distresses have hindered me. I conclude the month in gratitude to God for still having food, clothing, a bed, a house, a love, and a brain.

"*November 6th.* — O God, bless me this day. Amen.

"A day lost. I went into the city to get time as usual, and returned in doubt. Worked at my picture in sorrow, set my drapery for to-morrow, and under God's blessing will paint, if the Lord Chancellor and all his host knock the door down.

"*7th.* — Worked delightfully hard. Threatened with a writ at one, begged till to-morrow, worked away, and got Alexander nearly complete. The writ came at eight. The delight I had to-day is almost a compensation for months of sorrow. At it again to-morrow morning at eight, with God's blessing.

"*18th.* — The Alexander is nearly done. How grateful I feel to God for all his mercies during its progress.

"Put in Alexander's head 19th April; worked till middle of May; then burnt my foot; laid up and wrote till July. The Cartoon decision (being ill from long confinement) shook me by its injustice; began again September, till now, — altogether four months at the picture. July and August out of town, now and then. Painted several sketches; rubbed in Nelson.

"*28th.* — Painted a little Napoleon in four hours; wetted a little wax in oil, but I don't like it. Alexander still laid aside till I fly at the ground in a day or two; I have every prospect of getting through my weekly payments. I trust in God with all my heart. Did He ever fail me except when I angered him by sin? Never. I got two orders last night, cheap; but it is better to work for small payment, and to get out of debt, than to stand

on your pride, and *then* be obliged to borrow after doing the Grand Seigneur.

" *December 6th.*—Nearly finished another Napoleon in four hours,—nine to one.

" *13th.*—Worked hard, and finished another Napoleon,—'Haydon, patent for rapid manufacture of Napoleons musing.' This is the eighth; Kearsey's, from which the engraving is made, the first; Sir Robert's, second; Duke of Sutherland's, third; Rogers' fourth; Sir John Hanmer's, fifth; Bennoch's, Twentyman's, and Hardy's, three city friends, sixth, seventh, and eighth.

" *16th.*—Worked furiously for seven hours, and nearly did a repetition in small of Curtius. Sent home two Napoleons, in small,—seventh and eighth. I have resolved to paint cheap and small, rather than borrow; so far it succeeds, and I hope God will bless it, and that I may get out of debt. This week I have been blessed, and have worked hard.

" *19th.*—Worked and finished a small Curtius, and rubbed in a Napoleon; the ninth.

" *22nd.*—'How to paint a Historical Picture,' and 'How to make use of ancient sculpture applied to the forms of high art,' would be two capital subjects for new lectures. Composed a letter on professors of art at Oxford and Cambridge before going to sleep, between four and five, and awoke again at seven, brimming. Worked and finished Napoleon; got in another Napoleon. Met a friend in Pall Mall who possesses that head of Lorenzo di Medici; I collared him, and said, 'Your life or a Napoleon?' He burst out laughing, and said, 'a Napoleon of course;' so I went home and got it in before four.

" *30th.*—Finished Alexander to-day at the British Institution, by toning down the sky, and the whole looked strong and rich; how Sir George would have relished its mode of colour and touch! I thank God for all his mercies during the whole thing. Had I not had a great picture to fly to, I could not have stood my ground. I

have Macbeth and Napoleon rubbed in for instant application; I carried my lunch with me, and did what no mortal ever did before in that room, broiled it on the coals, and with a pint of the coldest pump water, lunched heartier than the Queen. It was the south room, where all that were illustrious and great have walked on those splendid nights we used to have:—Davy, Wilkie, Talma, Lamb, Hazlitt, Beaumont, Madame de Stäel, Talleyrand, Canning, Wellington, Lady Jersey, and my own love, Mary. Such is human destiny!—Alexander the Great was before me—a mutton chop on the coals. I had just written to Wordsworth, full of poetry on my reflections, at being alone in a gallery where I had seen such splendid scenes, and such illustrious people. My chop was cooked to a *tee;* I ate it like a Red Indian; and drank the cool translucent with a gusto a wine-connoisseur knows not. I then thought the distant cloud was too much advanced, so toning it down with black I hit the mark, and pronounced the work done.—*Io Pæan!*—and I fell on my knees and thanked God, and bowed my forehead, and touched the ground, and sprung up, my heart beating at the anticipation of a greater work, and a more terrific struggle.

"This is B. R. Haydon—the *real* man—may he live a thousand years! and here he sneezed—lucky!

"30*th.* — It is past two, and I am retiring to rest. In less than sixty minutes 1843 will be swallowed up in the gulph of time; 1823 was my first ruin,—1843 nearly brought me again to prison; but I never was better, and have got through. I have lived to carry the great principle of state support, and, as Wilkie said, to be convinced I shall be the least likely to taste its fruits. Such is the gratitude of mankind to those who tell them the truth, and devote themselves to their service. My sons are doing well; my Mary is as lovely as ever; my own health stronger than at eighteen; my faith in God now become an instinct, and my want of money the same; I have got through another great work, if not the greatest, Alexander,

and am now fit for others. O God! bless the beginning, progression, and conclusion of 1844; and though I have less sin to repent of than ever I had before, let me at its conclusion have conquered even that!

" Amen, in gratitude and peace, amen.

1844.

" *January* 1*st.*—Worked and nearly did a large Napoleon's head; had a rough canvass with a delicious tooth.

" 2*nd.*—Finished the body of Napoleon; went out on business in snow and sleet. The head and hat looked well.

" 3*rd.*—Finished the Napoleon figure in three days; I could do it in one summer day; to-morrow for the sea, the next for the sky.

" 4*th.*—Another day of work; God be thanked! Put in the sea—a delicious tint. How exquisite is a bare canvas, sized alone, to paint on; how the colour drags over; how the slightest colour, thin as water, tells; how it glitters in body; how the brush flies—now here—now there; it seems as if face, hands, sky, thought, poetry, and expression were hid in the handle, and streamed out as it touched the canvas. What magic! what fire! what unerring hand and eye! what fancy! what power! what a gift of God! I bow and am grateful.

" 10*th.*—It is extraordinary what a guard I am obliged to keep on myself. The moment the excitement of a great work is over, if I do not go at another, I am sure to burst out—in writing. My brain seems to require constant pressure to be easy, and my body incessant activity. In a great public work alone I shall ever find rest, which will never be afforded me.

" Moved the Napoleon to the gallery; it looked well.

" 14*th.*—Half the month is gone, and I have done my duty: carry me through the remainder, O thou most merciful Being! Amen. I have income-tax, and Heaven

knows what to pay; but I trust where I have trusted so often before. These first fourteen days I have done my duty well; I have prepared two pictures for completion, and I hope to get successfully through them. I am convinced my mind would have sunk had I not had Solomon in early life, and Alexander last June to contend with and fly to: a great work under all circumstances is a stimulus to exertion."

The question of Sir Joshua Reynolds's authorship of his Discourses was revived this year by an assertion of The Times reviewer of Wilkie's life, that Burke 'had touched up and revised, if he did not altogether write, Sir Joshua's Discourses.' The subject had before this occupied Haydon's attention, but he was now lucky enough to obtain, through Sir Joshua's surviving niece, Mrs. Gwatkin, conclusive evidence that the Discourses were entirely of Sir Joshua's own composition, written indeed, in great part, in his niece's presence, and without any assistance from Burke. Mrs. Gwatkin, then living at Plymouth, and in her eighty-ninth year, writes (on the 11th of January),

"Intimately associated as I was with my uncle Sir Joshua Reynolds, and conversant as I was both with his occupations and habits, I can take upon myself positively to assert that he was the author, the unassisted author, of the Discourses on Painting. The numerous MSS. that I have in my possession penned by my uncle on various subjects, and often in my presence and that of my sister, the Marchioness of Thomond, when it was his habit to walk up and down the room in which we were sitting, and as the thought occurred commit it to paper, and the subject of those thoughts, is a convincing proof and would furnish such proof to any person of literary talent, that Sir Joshua possessed a mind of original conception and considerable power, needing no assistance from Burke either in composition, or 'retouching' of his discourses; and as Burke and my uncle were men of dissimilar and characteristic talent, and Burke had not that conception of idea as to the art of painting which must have originated in my uncle's mind, the unfair calumny on his fame can have no credible foundation with those who either knew him or Burke.

"Northcote in his preface to the life of Sir J. R. says, 'Another motive to my undertaking this subject was that some of the circumstances which I had to relate might help to clear Sir Joshua in respect to the unwarrantable ideas many persons have entertained, that he was not the author of his own Discourses.'

"In regard to Farringdon I know not that he was the immediate cause of my uncle's resignation, as Sir J. R. does not mention his name in his account of that transaction; but I will give you a little extract I have just made from the MS. I have relative to it, without being able to throw any light upon who the spokesman is meant to be. 'An Academician, who has long been considered as the spokesman of the party, demanded who ordered those drawings to be sent to the Academy? President answered it was by his order. Asked a second time in a still more peremptory tone, and the president said, 'I did.' 'I move that they be turned out, or sent out of the room. Does any one second my motion?' I have to apologise for being so long in answering your note, and am

"Yours &c.
"THEOPHILA GWATKIN."

"*25th.*—My birthday—fifty-eight. Good heavens! Forty years ago I surveyed my acquirements and life, and planned a course of study. The course of study I have pursued was in French, Italian, Latin, and Greek. I think I do not know an atom more than I did at eighteen. Worked, but not pleased with the Duke's head. I was warming some oil when it caught fire, and roared up the chimney; a good omen on my birthday. I shall yet make a blaze in the world more than ever."

Painting Napoleons, in all manners of musings, had now become regular bread and cheese work with Haydon.

"*February 1st.*—Worked, and finished a sketch of Curtius, and began to finish another of Romeo and Juliet. Alexander they have not hung up at the Gallery. I fear some prejudice. They took Napoleon and Saragossa, which are old pictures, but declined hanging Alexander. This is the first time such an insult occurred to me. As I get older, I fear it will be repeated.

"15*th*.—Worked well, and finished a small sketch of Napoleon in his bedroom the night before his abdication, 1814.

"16*th*.—Thank the Duke of Sutherland who sent me 25*l*., and ordered me to send my cartoon of Edward the Black Prince to Stafford House. I hope he means to buy it. I felt such agony at my want of money, while I had legal securities coming due, that in the middle of the night I awoke and felt as if the Lord had quite deserted me. I turned over my late actions, and found as little sin as might be expected, perhaps less. I appealed to God for mercy.

"20*th*.—Worked gloriously, and got in Napoleon in Fontainebleau Garden. Three musings—Fontainebleau, —Bedroom—Ocean.

"21*st*.—Went to poor Von Holst's funeral,—a young man of considerable genius, who died from disappointment, in the prime of life, who felt his want of nature, and candidly told me so, but said, it was too late, which was a mistake. As his sister stood lingering at the brink of the grave, I thought what a touching subject it would make—'The last look,'—and when the service was reading in the dim chapel, the Resurrection and Judgment, on each side in fresco, entered into my head. Oh, if I am not let loose before I die, what a pity it will be!

"One of the women said to me, with the greatest simplicity, 'we are all so delighted at this mark of respect to poor Theodore, and he will be delighted too.'

"23*rd*.—Worked hard, and got another Napoleon done, musing the night before his abdication, 1814.

"29*th*.—End of February. I thank God for all his mercies, and they have been great. I have painted a dozen Napoleon sketches, finished Alexander, painted a large Napoleon. Surely I have done my duty. I could not have done more.

"*March* 4*th*.—Worked well, and finished Napoleon meditating at Marengo.

"5*th*.—Worked *con furore*, and finished Napoleon in

Egypt, musing on the Pyramids at sunrise. Collins called.

"6*th*.—Got in and sketched the Duke and Copenhagen.

"7*th*.—Nearly finished the Duke and Copenhagen. I have painted nineteen Napoleons. Thirteen musings at St. Helena, and six other musings, and three Dukes and Copenhagens. By heavens! how many more?

"It is impossible to get that equality of gemmy surface Reynolds and the old masters got but by impasting the whole canvas before you begin, and painting into it. Equal quantities of mastic varnish and old raw linseed oil (half a pint each), a bit of pure wax as big as your thumb, and without spermaceti (be sure), makes a divine vehicle, simmered ten minutes over a chafing dish, not over the fire in the grate, for I upset the whole and it went roaring up the chimney. Engines came, and I was forced to pay 1*l*. 11*s*. Sir Joshua paid 5*l*. 5*s*. for the same thing.

"9*th*.—Worked at the Duke. Sent home six Napoleons musing, five guineas a-piece. What would Sir George, Lord Mulgrave, and Wilkie say to this? Got orders for three more at six guineas. At any rate this is rising.

"'You will be compelled,' said Burke to Barry, 'to do anything for anybody, and you will go out of the world fretted, disappointed, and ruined.' If I do, may I be d——d. Hem!"

Mention has often been made in the journals of Haydon's anxiety to see Art professorships at the Universities. This idea had found a distinguished supporter in Mr. Greswell of Worcester College, Oxford. But the Oxford man thought, of course, of working with the aid of the established authorities—the Academy and the Minister. This would not do, in Haydon's opinion.

"20*th*.—Wrote all day and finished my lecture on English High Art. Blazed gloriously at the latter part. The simplicity of Oxford professors is delightful. Greswell, at Worcester, read a lecture on Professors of Art, which I proposed, 1840. It was received, as my offer

was, with pleasure: up comes the simple man — never comes to me, but goes to the Academy. They invite him to dine, pump him of his intentions, find he means to write Peel. They prepare Peel for the application, and sneer at the whole thing. Greswell falls into the snare, writes Sir Robert, gets the usual official reply, and is thunderstruck at his apathy. Back he goes, finds the dons entirely altered now the minister is cool, and the plan is thrown back two degrees."

This month Haydon visited and lectured again at Liverpool and Manchester, painting a brace of Napoleons at first, I suppose, to raise funds for his journey.

"*23rd.*—Came down to Liverpool by train with a young blood, who talked away about the House, till the awful and usual question from me, 'Are *you a* member?' quieted him.

"*24th.*—Took a hot sea-bath. Awoke this morning with that sort of audible whisper Socrates, Columbus, and Tasso heard: 'Why do you not paint your own six designs for the House on your own foundation, and exhibit them?' I felt as if there was no chance of my ever being permitted to do them else, without control also. I knelt up in my bed, and prayed heartily to accomplish them, whatever might be the obstruction, as I had got through my other works. I will begin them as my next great works; I feel as if they will be my last, and I think I shall then have done my duty. O God! bless the beginning, progression, and conclusion of these six great designs, to illustrate the best government to regulate without cramping the energies of mankind. Grant me health of mind and body, vigour, perseverance, and undaunted courage; let no difficulty or want obstruct me; but let me put forth to their full intensity the powers of mind with which Thou hast blessed me, to thy glory, and the elevation and innocent pleasure of my country; and grant the moral duties due to my dear children and wife may not be neglected, whatever may be my ambition, my delight, my rapture in my art. Above all, let me daily

implore Thy blessing, and fearlessly believe in Thy aid till the great work be accomplished, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

"One of the most remarkable days and nights of my life. I slept at the Adelphi last night, high up, and just at break of day I awoke, and felt as if a heavenly choir was leaving my slumbers as day dawned, and had been hanging over and inspiring me whilst I slept. I had not dreamt, but heard the inspiration. When I was awake, I saw the creeping light. If this be delusion, so was Columbus's voice in the roaring of the Atlantic winds, but neither was, and under the blessing of God the result shall show it as to myself,—but only under his blessing.

"*April 16th.*—I this day lectured at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, where Davy, Coleridge, and Campbell had lectured before me. I have been kept from this for nine years by the apprehensions the Academicians contrived to excite in the minds of the managers. Hamilton proposed me two years ago, and every one voted against me. This year the managers appealed to him to apply to me. He said, 'No: apply yourselves. You refused me, to *you* belongs the *gaucherie* of asking him.' They did so; and I, seeing the great advantage of the hit, *Burked* my pride (as Burke advised) and closed. There was a stir in fashion about my lectures, as if *my* style was not adapted to this audience; but I am happy to say it was a complete hit. I read them the same lecture I read at the Mechanics', at Oxford, and at Liverpool, and thus have made a hit amongst all classes of society.

"*18th.*—Occupied and harassed in a just distribution of my gains. Obliged to leave out the good-natured to get rid of the ill-natured. Not just."

The following letter from Haydon's life-long friend Seymour Kirkup—a name familiar to all English lovers of art who know Florence, and to whom we owe the discovery of Giotto's portrait of Dante in the hall of the Podesta—gives a graceful and interesting detail of the

fête of the Buonarroti family, in the Palazzo where their great ancestor lived and worked.

"I thought of you the other night. I received a kind note from the Chevalier Cosimo Buonarroti to come to their fête, the birthday of M. A. There I met young Michelagnolo, the painter (very like the Vecchio in the face before he let his beard grow to a fashionable point), and Faustina the lady you formerly heard of, now grown grey, but a very nice English-looking gentlewoman. Her daughter is lately married. Ugly but attractive. Well. There was *the* house full of company, nobility, arts, sciences, and all the talents — music — a grand cantata written for the occasion by a first-rate maestro, and sung by a niece of Cosimo's, a first-rate private singer, the famous Testa, and the famous gallery lighted up and turned into a buffet for tea and ices, all brilliant and happy. At the top of the gallery, in his niche, sits the hero himself; a fine statue with much of the style of Lorenzo in the chapel, only not so gloomy. I never saw it well before, for it is between the windows. It is very alive and noble, and he was crowned for the occasion with a massive gold wreath, that agreed so with the action that he seemed to feel it and exult. I am no sniveller, but I should have wept outright with an unaccountable pleasure if I had been alone. I could hardly master as it was. The gallery was built by his nephew Leonardo (several of whose books I have with his name in them), and he employed the best painters of his school. It is about forty feet long and fifteen broad. On each side are four large pictures, life size, divided by pilasters, and two doors. The subjects are scenes in the life of M. A. in Rome, with different Popes, in Florence, at the siege, &c., of course the costumes and likenesses are authentic. At the bottom is one large unfinished fresco by his own hand, between two doors. The ceiling is divided into a number of compartments by richly gilt cross beams, and each contains a painting relating to him.

"The family are poor, but Cosimo has got on in the law. He is a judge; a mild, weak sort of man,—and he speaks very good English, as his sister Faustina does likewise. Michelagnolo is their first cousin. He is younger, and a painter, and not so well off. He possesses a villa with some chalk sketches on the wall by the great one.

"N. B. I have a bas-relief sketch in terracotta which I had

from the walls of the Grotti Palace in Venice. (Andrea was his friend.) A Jupiter and Antiope, first-rate.

"They (the B.'s) possess quantities of letters and a thick volume of inedited MS. in his own hands, which there is no mistaking. The most extraordinary of all his successors was the father of Cosimo, Filippo, who died in Paris long ago. He wrote an account of the conspiracy of Babœuf, of which he was himself a magna pars. You may see it at any library. The title, *Conspiration pour l'égalité, dite de Babœuf, par Ph. Buonarroti. Bruxelles*, 1828, 2 vols. in 8vo."

"*22nd.* — Called on Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie at Old Palace, Richmond. Breakfasted and had a delightful talk. Colonel Fraser, latterly of the Guards, who lost his leg at Burgos, was there, and set me down on his return. We had a most delightful chat about the Duke.

"He told me the men always knew when the Duke was at headquarters because *they* got their sleep as well as *he* his. When the Duke was absent the men were always harassed, from the anxiety of the officer in command.

"He said the Duke, as soon as he had foreseen and prepared everything, slept like a top, or sat down quietly and wrote a long letter about anything but military matters.

"Colonel Fraser said it was curious to see the security of everybody if they knew or saw the Duke was present.

"*30th.* — Lectured at the Royal Institution, and finished the introductory lectures — three. It is a great triumph indeed to have made people of fashion go through the process of an artist, and I hope it will have its effect.

"Several men of fashion were present, and took an interest in the proceedings, and many women of fashion and beauty.

"These principles must sink deeper, and having gone through all classes of society, I trust in God I have laid the foundation of a thorough reform.

"Thus ends April, and I have not painted the whole month — but I really wanted repose.

"*May* 1*st.*—I this day again (after lecturing till I am exhausted, twenty-two lectures in sixteen days, and beginning again the instant I came to town) have reset my palette. It pains me even to leave it. O God! bless my recommencement, progression, and conclusion till the end of the year, and whilst I live.

"7*th.*—Lectured at the Royal Institution.

"There is a picture at the Academy by Mulready, which is as great an epoch in the colour of our domestic school as was Wilkie's Blind Fiddler in composition,—The Whistonian Controversy.

"10*th.*—O God! bless the conception, execution, and conclusion of my new work begun this day. Let me bring it to a successful conclusion, and bless it with sale and success. Let no necessity or difficulty deter, nor ill-health injure or delay me. Amen.

"Rubbed in Uriel and Satan.

"Wrote Tite, the architect of the Royal Exchange, pointing out the opportunity which the flats on the Royal Exchange offered for a series of designs illustrating the rise and progress of our commercial greatness."

This year the competition in fresco, supplementary to that in cartoons, was opened in Westminster Hall, to which Haydon, disheartened by his previous ill-success, did not send anything.

"18*th.*—At my dear Harman's sale—Sir Joshua's Age of Innocence fetched 1596*l.*; Hobbima (Smith's Catalogue, 118), 1942*l.* 10*s.*; Le Bonnet Vert, 693*l.*; Jan Stein (No. 43. S. Cat.), 630*l.*; (S. Cat. 114.) Ostade, 1386*l.* (1320 guineas); Vandevelde (S. Cat. 21.), 1399*l.* 'Le Coup de Canon.' The National Gallery bid 1510 guineas for the Sir Joshua. I met Sir John Hanmer yesterday. He said, 'Do you compete for this fresco?' 'No, certainly; I've had enough of competition.' 'The fortune of war,' said he. 'No, Sir John,' said I, 'the treachery of the enemy.'

"These sales are melancholy—Sir George Young's,

Lord Lansdowne's, Sir Joshua's, Wilkie's, and now Harman's.

"19*th*. — As I sit looking at my picture, Uriel and Satan, I cannot help remembering the friends now gone, who used to call in on a Sunday and talk, and criticise, and cheer up — Lord Mulgrave, Sir George, Wilkie, Jackson, General and Augustus Phipps. How all was hope, and novelty, and anticipation, — and after forty years of most anxious study I am again at it in just as much necessity, or more, as when I painted my first picture in 1806 — thirty-eight years ago. Hardly any one now feels an interest in my proceedings; yet my proceedings always *do* excite an interest, and my fate is not fulfilled. My dear old friends are passed, and have led the way. After a few years I must follow them. The state of things is melancholy. I anticipate nothing from the promised opportunity for fresco. The spaces are contemptibly small. The nature of fresco decoration does not seem understood.

"The sale of small pictures yesterday has made a deeper impression on me than all advice. It is only by moderate-sized works a reputation gets into possession of foreign nations. The size of life, or small canvases, will secure reward, and not lose reputation. The gems of Sir Joshua are as broad as Michael Angelo's execution. They are in the true grand style of execution for any size, and yet by the moderation of his canvas he is admissible anywhere. My object has been to create and rouse up a high feeling for art, which full-sized works only give; but I ought not to be accused of shrinking if I more frequently *now* suit the capacities of my purchasers. I shall write all this, and then order a canvas 12 by 10. I'll combine the two more than I have ever done, and see the result. Perhaps it will be the same, without the same support from conscience which a great work always gives, — sale or no sale.

"23*rd*. — Raffled Saragossa to-day: J. G. Lockhart, Esq., in the chair; Lord Colborne threw 30, Lord Northampton 30, Duke of Sutherland 26, and Webb, my old pupil,

11, 11, 10 (32), winning. He was an old pupil, introduced to me by Sir George Beaumont, 1819. He became disgusted. Set up butter shops — has three in the town — has made property, and patronises his old master — poor Webb! There were thirty subscribers; the Duke had six shares. Eucles, Xenophon, and now Saragossa, were all raffled. Newman Smith won Eucles, Duke of Bedford Xenophon, and Webb Saragossa.

"*June 4th.* — I am tormented with hypochondria and melancholy. The thought of the Emperor of Russia's arrival, to whom I was presented twenty-eight years ago, and the humiliations I have undergone since I saw him, is literally shocking.

"*9th.* — Horace Vernet called when I was out. I regret it much. Since the Emperor has been here, I have not had a quiet thought. He went to-day, and I am glad of it, because I was not in the position I was in twenty-eight years ago; and I should have felt pain to have met him again.

"*10th.* — Horace Vernet called to-day after I called on him, and we had a regular burst. I called him '*Le Paixhan de Peintres*,' at which he laughed—'*Le soldat de l'art.*' I showed him Napoleon musing, and he immediately sketched for me his two uniforms — chasseur's and grenadier's—which I framed and kept, because they are correct. He wished a hearty farewell, said my Uriel was '*Michel Angelesque*,' but found fault with the right knee. He asked for my other pictures, and told me on his return with the King he would see them, and spend longer time with me.

"*19th.*—I went to the cartoons, and dined with a pupil at Richmond, at the Star and Garter. I met —— the sculptor who told me his rencontre with the Duke of Wellington. The Duke had written Storr and Mortimer he would see —— on Wednesday; they told him nothing of it till Wednesday afternoon. Off he set on Thursday, and came on the Duke when he was deeply studying some papers, and details connected with India (I suspect the Affghanistan

affair), and after keeping him waiting a whole day, which he had set aside.

"The Duke came down as soon as —— was announced, and on entering, flew at him in a fury. —— told me he included in the most violent imprecations himself, with all other artists, for what he called 'tormenting him,' adding that his career was over at forty-seven, and asking why they could not be content with what they had done already. —— said he bent his fist to knock the clay model to pieces; but the Duke got up on the horse, and —— modelled away.

"When he had done sitting he withdrew, and —— took his bag up to the steward, and was about to retire to the inn to dine. The steward said, 'Sir, the Duke expects you at dinner, and to sleep here.' 'Tell the Duke,' said ——, 'I'll be hanged if I dine at the table of any man who uses me as he has done.'

"—— went to the inn, and was drinking his wine, when he saw a groom galloping towards the house. He inquired for Mr. ——. He was shown in. —— said, 'Tell the Duke I'll neither dine at his table nor sleep at his house.'

"The next day he went again. The Duke came in, in a very bad temper, and said, 'I suppose I may read my letters.' He sat and read, and tore open his letters in a fury; —— finished. The Duke began to melt and excuse himself, and offered to sit again, but —— declined. Since then the Duke told Mortimer the silversmith, he would sit again. I like this, as it is amiable; but —— would not accept it.

"I like this burst of character; and thank God! he is like ourselves. —— assured me he had exaggerated nothing.

"15*th.*—Altered Napoleon's coat according to Horace Vernet's correction. My children's French master, who directed me in having a coat made for Sir Robert's picture, must have been an impostor.

"27*th.*—I spent the morning in the Exhibition, and

narrowly scrutinised every picture. Macready by Briggs, and the President of the Pharmaceutical Society by poor William Allen, are fine and powerful. There is not besides a really fine picture in the rooms, besides Mulready's Whistonian controversy, which is exquisite. Creswick's scenery and Danby's Artist's Holiday are exquisite in their way; but there is not a single picture in the whole place which gives evidence of power to manage a great public work."

In July came a gleam of hope of work in which Haydon would have gloried. The Commission for building the Royal Exchange inquired of Mr. Tite, their architect, as to the cost of decorating the panels of the merchants' area with frescos. The architect immediately wrote to make the inquiry of Haydon, who at once answered: —

"Dear Sir, July 11.

"I was honoured by your question, and I am most happy to to answer it, as you know I have always entertained a conviction that historical fresco decoration was essential to the completion of the new Royal Exchange.

"There are twenty-four large spaces and eight small ones. The large ones might be filled with a series of beautiful fresco illustrations of our rise, from the earliest to the latest period of commercial greatness. The small might contain, in chiaroscuro, portraits of the greatest men who have contributed to that rise. The whole series might be, like the ceiling and the building under the direction of one man and his assistants, as abroad; but if other artists have to share, they should be constrained in their respective sides, to carry out their part only of one great consistent object; and every subject they paint in that side should first be approved by Committee and Architect, as part of the original plan.

"Unless this be a positive law, confusion and failure will be the result.

"With respect to the estimate it may be impossible to be quite correct to 100*l.*; but if one man only has the direction, he could certainly accomplish the whole without loss, for 3500*l.* — the Architect supplying the two first coats of mortar before his last intonaco.

"Perhaps the safest way would be to make an experiment.

A fine fresco might be painted on the right side of the principal entrance, developing the earliest mode of commerce. For one only 300*l.* is not too much.

"Or two might be painted each side; the first, commerce at its least—the second, at its greatest; the earliest, the one at the right, being the beginning; the one at the left, the end. Both could be done for 400*l.*

"Or the whole west end might be done as an experiment, but still to be part of the great whole (when the whole was done), for 1000*l.*

"To conclude, my Dear Sir, 3500*l.* would prevent any man who undertook the whole from losing; 4000*l.* would put 500*l.* in his pocket; and 5000*l.* would enable him to lay by in the funds for old age and decrepitude.

"I respectfully, without presuming to suppose your letter had any reference to myself, offer to undertake one, or two, or a whole end as experiments; or I respectfully offer myself—perfectly delighted to do so—to undertake the whole for 3500*l.*

"I am, my Dear Sir, yours, &c.

"B. R. HAYDON."

This estimate staggered the Commission, and the idea was abandoned.

Here is a criticism on the frescos exhibited this year in Westminster Hall, with a justification of his own withdrawal from the competition:—

"21*st.*—The frescos are by no means what they ought to be. Instead of carrying the beauties of oil into fresco, they seem delighted to carry the horrors of fresco into oil.

"All the flesh of their frescos looks as if dipped in a tanpit, so utterly are they without cool tones. If they can put blue into the sky, surely they can put a due mixture of it into the flesh. There are also no reflections, and the effect is hot, and offensive, and dirty; black, sooty, as if painted with boiled fish-eyes.

"They say any established artist ought to try again, although unjustly dishonoured. Surely not. Were he certain of justice, he would try; but he may have able and influential enemies who will seize the chance to give him a final gripe.

"After the cartoon affair of 1843, many of them, on meeting me, expressed astonishment I had kept my health, and concluded, 'What is the reason of this extraordinary stamina—is it here?' (laying their hands on my chest). Their air was exactly as if they had been looking out for my death.

"I have no objection to compete, if employed to do so; but we all know the lurking disposition which exists, to lower established repute by pushing forward youthful promise. Is it prudent — would it be wise, even if there were no prejudices against me, to risk fame by contact with boys who have no fame to lose? I say, *no*. Excite the young by the hopes competition generates; but do not accuse established artists of shrinking, if they refuse to enter the lists when all the bad passions are their opponents, and when all that is amiable is sure to be enlisted on the side of those who have a name to get.

"On this principle I will not again compete, until employed."

Six artists were commissioned, in July, to execute frescos, — Maclise, Redgrave, Dyce, Cope, Horsley, and Thomas. Of these, the second and last did not execute frescos. The frescos now in the House of Lords are the work of the remaining four.

"*23rd.* — In thus again being left out from the artists employed to decorate the Lords, I am justified in concluding there exists a determination to exclude me for ever from all employment in that direction.

"*26th.*—By the blessing of God, to whose mercy I bow, I this day, by an advance of 100*l.* from a pupil, have been saved from ruin. Could I be but employed, I should be placed on a footing of security; but in him I trust, and doubt not He will protect me. How merciful have been my extrications! I am brimming with gratitude,—may I deserve protection!

"*August 14th.**—Began a new Journal—God bless me

* The Twenty-sixth and last Volume of the Journals opens at this date with the mottoes, "Nil magnum absque labore;" and "Love

at the beginning, in the progression, and to the end. 'Let thine ear be attentive, and thine eyes open, that Thou mayst hear the prayer of thy servant, which I pray before Thee now, day and night.'

"Wrote my life—second volume. Copied a magnificent letter of Keats.

"*15th.*—Worked and finished the head-tackling of the Duke's horse, in George the Fourth and the Duke visiting Waterloo, but worked lazily.

"*26th.*—Wandering—misery—thinking—concluding. Came home more fatigued than the hardest day's work makes me. Impulse is but a quicker perception of reasons that prove the truth. Bought the Report on the Decoration of the House. The two most important papers are Hallam's and Mahon's, on the principle of decorating the Houses of Parliament. Hallam judiciously maintains the subjects should not be confined to England, Mahon the reverse. Yet Mahon refutes himself when he very sensibly says, 'The English people have known how to combine the greatest security to property with the greatest freedom of action.' Undoubtedly. And in decorating the Houses of Parliament, this great doctrine, and this alone, ought to be the basis, for the illustration of which all subjects to be painted ought to be selected.

"This is but another view of what I have laid down at Edinburgh, Oxford, Liverpool, and London; viz., 'The best Government to regulate without cramping the energies of man,' abstractedly. Lord Mahon applies this to England particularly, and wishes it to be illustrated by English subjects alone. I maintain it cannot, and so does Mr. Hallam; and Lord Mahon, in this choice of subjects to illustrate this great doctrine, brings forward subjects which have no reference to it at all, as a principle, and shows the insufficiency of English history alone to do it.

"Yet Anarchy—Democracy—Despotism—Revolution

not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."—1 *John*, ii. 15.

—Jury and Monarchy — can be illustrated by English history.

" *September 2nd.*—Made a study of Uriel from nature. Always make an actual study from a head—never mind how ugly—to get the look of nature; then adapt, but always with actual nature as the basis.

" *3rd.*—I should be happy, if it pleased God, to die in my painting-room, after the successful completion of some grand head. In truth, I have no other real delight; but I should be happier if my mind did not overrun in writing and deductions.

" After painting, I always look back at the time I have lost in writing, but still I go on writing.

" *7th.*— Out and superintended the restretching of Solomon, began 1812, finished 1813, thirty-two years ago. I really am astonished at the picture, and so will the country be by and by. When one thinks of the trash now exhibited, good God! I had it put on a new frame, and hope to preserve it. I think it is the varnish which makes pictures so brittle. This was only varnished once. It was painted in oil, glazed in oil, varnished, and then I rubbed in oil to prevent chill. I do not wonder at the enthusiasm of the people at seeing such a work come out from a young man of twenty-six, in the midst of the hootings of the world.

" *9th.* — My son Frank ill; very anxious. Rubbed in a Napoleon, and settled Uriel. Worked *con furore*, and with effect. Frank better; he has knocked himself up with hard work. All in this house work hard.

" *10th.*—Exceedingly harassed about my son. Set my palette. Bored by incessant calls. My Uriel is making a sensation already; I am very proud of it. I think the head of Uriel the finest thing I ever did, except the head of Lazarus. Now for anxiety, gossip, calls, and young artists. I never had a moment's rest, and the day passed in folly. Dennys, my employer, called, and was pleased beyond expression. I exult at Uriel's head, but I ought to humble myself in gratitude to God for such a mercy.

"*20th.* — Out the whole day on money. The Tutor having resigned at Jesus', requires the balance of my son's college account, 140*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*, at four days' notice. The trouble and anxiety are dreadful. Frank is quite recovered from a nervous fever, and I dared not tell him; and the dread of having him degraded, if I were not punctual, was agonising. Bennoch and Twentyman advanced 100*l.* on my sketch of George IV. visiting Waterloo, so I have got 40*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* to make up. I trust where I have always trusted, and shall never trust in vain. How grateful I am!

"*21st.*—Three whole days have I been racing to raise the money to save my dear boy at Cambridge, and succeeded. God be thanked! His mercies have been great indeed.

"Thus ends the week, in which I ought to fall down on my knees, and bow my head to the earth for raising up such friends to me as Bennoch and Twentyman."

A bequest of 500*l.* having been left to the trustees of St. James's Church, Bermondsey, for the purchase of an altar-piece, the trustees invited artists to send in sketches, the sketch selected to be executed by midsummer 1846, to the satisfaction of two persons of competent judgment, and the sketches to be sent in by the 4th of December.

Haydon and Eastlake were ultimately selected as judges, and their choice fell on a sketch by Mr. John Wood, who afterwards executed the picture, though not to the satisfaction of Haydon, who offended the young man mortally by the bluntness of his criticism.

There is little worth extracting in the journals till the end of October, during all which time Haydon was hard at work on his Uriel and Satan. He notes this lack of thought in his Journals himself, and attributes it to his having fallen from "the solitary grandeur of high art."

"*Oct. 4th.* — The art with me is becoming a beastly vulgarity. The solitary grandeur of historical painting is gone. There was something grand, something poetical, something touching, something inspiring, something he-

roic, something mysterious, something awful, in pacing your quiet painting-room after midnight, with a great work lifted up on a gigantic easel, glimmering by the trembling light of a solitary candle, 'when the whole world seemed adverse to desert.' There was something truly poetical in devoting yourself to what the vulgar dared not touch,— holding converse with the Great Spirit; your heart swelling, your imagination teeming, your being rising."

On competition I find:—

"15*th.*—The whole system of competition will be a failure. It is not the way. It was not the way great men of former days were selected. It may do for young men, but selection among the established is the principle, and they will then form the youth. One commission to an established man is worth all the competition that ever was, and ever will be."

Now appeared the first volume of his Lectures.

"26*th.* Hard at work, and finished a fourth Curtius. How grateful to God I am that I have lived to bring out my first volume of Lectures! I pray God it may be successful!"

The following extract has an interest at this moment, in connection with the cleaning of the pictures at the National Gallery.

"*Nov.* 6*th.*—Went to the National Gallery, and found the Rubens of Moses and Brazen Serpent utterly ruined during the vacation,— the whole of the tone and superb glazing rubbed off. It is one of his Italian pictures painted at Genoa. What would Sir George and Sir Joshua say?

"Worked. My Journal seems to have lost all its copiousness and inspiration.

"16*th.*—They may talk as they please of the sufferings of humanity, but there is nothing so excites my sympathy as the helpless sufferings of a fine old oil picture of a great genius. Unable to speak or remonstrate, touching all hearts by its dumb beauty, appealing to all

sympathies by its silent splendour, laid on its back in spite of its lustrous and pathetic looks, taken out of its frame, stripped of its splendid encasement, fixed to its rack to be scraped, skinned, burnt, and then varnished in mockery of its tortures, its lost purity, its beautiful harmony, and hung up again, castrated and unmanned, for living envy to chuckle over, whilst the shade of the mighty dead is allowed to visit and rest about his former glory, as a pang for sins not yet atoned for.

"*24th.*—This day another large canvas was put up for one of my series of six pictures, my original designs for the House of Lords. I see they are resolved that I, the originator of the whole scheme, shall have nothing whatever to do with it; so I will (trusting in the great God who has brought me thus far, and through so many troubles) begin on my own inventions without employment.

"It is now thirty-two years ago since I began Solomon; my resources are more abundant, but my wants are greater. Still I am a name in the world. I am more adequate, more experienced, more versed in my divine art; but I almost knew as much then as now.

"The very theories I started then, and was considered impudent for starting at such an age, the world *now* listens to, on publication.

"*30th.*—Worked, and it was hard work to work, from eternal calls. I heard yesterday, from Kendal, the Duke's valet, he had a hat ready for me, so down I went, and tipping a sovereign, carried off a genuine hat,—the glorious hat which had encircled the laurelled head of Wellington. I trusted it to nobody; I took it in the hat-box, called a cab, and gloried in it. I set to work instantly, and before Kendal called had finished the hat in the picture. Kendal brought a pair of boots; I told him I must have a whole suit, cravat and all, and I am promised.

"Kendal was present at the Duke's rage with —— in the hall at Strathfieldsaye. He said the Duke lifted both his hands above his white head, and cursed all sculptors and painters, declaring he had sat 400,000 times to artists.

"*December 1st.*— The last month I have not done all I ought to have done, or might have done. I have had no excuse from bad health, for I have never been better. January, February, to the end of March, I did well; April and May I was interrupted by lecturing, but ought not to have been. June, my daughter's health took us to Dover. I have rubbed in and made studies of Uriel, advanced George IV., and painted Napoleons and Curtiuses at so much the dozen, and here I am at the last month. My Lectures are published, and have had success; it is a great thing to have lived to witness that. They are considered a manual for students, as they are.

"*December 17th.* — Strange the action of the faculty called genius! No circumstances of pecuniary difficulty, no depression of animal spirits, no danger, want, ill-health, or occupation seem to check it.

"I sketched Aristides, the populace hooting him. On Sunday I looked at it without thought or reflection. In flowed a brilliant flash of placing him in the middle; the gateways — the Acropolis — the Temple of Theseus — the expression of the Democrats, of Themistocles, of Aristides' wife, of his child; — for five minutes I was lost to external objects; I saw the whole — never clearer — never stronger — never finer. Thank God! Thank God!

"*19th.* — The year is nearly over. I have painted a large Napoleon in four days and a half, six smaller different objects, three Curtiuses, five Napoleons musing, three Dukes, and Copenhagens, George IV. and the Duke at Waterloo (1821) — half done Uriel — published my Lectures — and settled composition of Aristides. I gave lectures every day at Liverpool, sometimes twice a-day; lectured at Royal Institution. I have not been idle, but how much more might I have done!

"*26th.* — Began Aristides, and prayed for success, for health, for intellect, for eyes, for energy, for virtue, for purity, for success to bring the whole series of six to a glorious and triumphant conclusion, for the honour of my country and the purifying of my species.

"O God! whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee!

"*29th.* — Duke of Devonshire called; and to help me to pay expenses before my dear Frank took his degree, gave me an order to paint two sketches for two panels for a window at Chatsworth. I said, 'Napoleon musing at St. Helena, and the Duke at Waterloo.' He replied, 'Capital idea!' so at it I go. He paid me half by a cheque for 20*l.* 14*s.* 11*d.* How kind! and I despatched it by P. O. to Mortlock's, Cambridge, for Frank's college bill. How grateful to God I am!

"Got in Aristides gloriously. The Duke admired it much, and the Uriel; Aristides has brought me good luck. The Duke looked well, and was very strong and hearty, more so than ten years ago.

"*30th.* — Began and finished a Napoleon in two hours and a half; the quickest I ever did, and the twenty-fifth."

At the end of December he thus reviews his circumstances for the year, in his summary of the twelvemonths: — "This year, at the beginning, I received a blow by the Directors not taking Alexander and the Lion. I was obliged to dash it before the public at once at the Pantheon; it did not sell, so the dreadful struggle, through this picture not bringing me reward after my being disappointed in a prize for the cartoons, was another blow. My landlord's forbearance, and the kindness of my friends Bennoch and Twentyman, of 78, Wood Street, in getting me several orders at ten guineas each (for which in my palmy days I got fifty), carried me on. Uriel was prepared; George IV. finished. Dennys, a cotton printer, ordered Uriel for 200 guineas, 100 of which was paid to Jesus' College; so that with two sons, one at sea the other at Cambridge, I continued, by trusting in God, and praying to Him day and night, to bear up. Blessed by the energy of dear Mary, I worked away, and have come to the end of the year, in great difficulty, yet alive; for with eyesight, brains, health, love, and reliance on his Maker, what need a man fear? If I can only now carry my dear

Frank through his degree, finish Uriel, Aristides, and the five other great works — my original designs, I will resign my spirit into his hands from whom I received it.

"My position still is solitary and glorious. In me the solitary sublimity of high art is not gone. I still pursue my course, neglected, little employed, too happy if the approval of my own conscience is the only reward I get for my labours, under the blessing of God.

"Thus then, O most merciful Creator, I conclude this year 1844, and approach my fifty-ninth year. I have been blessed through twenty-five or thirty years of my life with uninterrupted health, and a beautiful wife and family; for all the blessings of this year accept my deep gratitude, and may I be more deserving a continuance of such blessings in 1845 than in 1844!

1845.

"*January 2nd.* — Worked hard, and finished the Duke of Devonshire's sketches of Napoleon and Wellington for Chatsworth. I hope he will be pleased. I have painted them with great gusto.

"*4th.* — If any man wishes to learn how to suppress his feelings of exultation in success, and of despondency in failure; how to be modest in elevation, and peaceful in disappointment; how to exercise power with humanity, and resist injustice when power is abused by others; how to command inferiors without pride, and to be obedient, without servility, to the commands of others; let him read day and night the Despatches of the Duke of Wellington.

"*4th.* — I have cleared dear Frank from all but his Christmas bill, 30*l.* 17*s.* 11*d.* God grant I may accomplish that, or his degree will not be granted; in Him I trust.

"*6th.* — Mackenzie gave me an order for a small repetition of George IV. and the Duke; so dear Frank is safe. Gratitude indeed is due. Lord Carlisle sent me 5*l.*;

Stanley refused; Peel declined; the Queen Dowager declined; the Duchess of Kent never replied; the Duke of Devonshire called, and gave me a commission; and now C. A. Mackenzie, an old friend of thirty-six years, by no means a man of fortune, helps me, and thus my dear boy is carried through.

"Is it not extraordinary that the enormous consequences of assisting a talented youth in such a crisis did not, in the minds of the nobility, outweigh every other feeling?

"*11th.* — Heard from the Duke of Devonshire most satisfactorily. He is pleased with the sketches, and sent me a cheque, which made out 50*l.* for the two, 25*l.* a-day, — not bad.

"*14th to 22nd.* — Eight days I have lost. Frank was taken ill. I feared for his examination. I rushed down and cheered him up, and brought him through. On my return I started for Bristol to give two lectures, and am come home this day truly fatigued.

"*24th.* — Returned to my dear painting-room again after ten days of anxiety, whirl, lecture, and public enthusiasm.

"O God, bless my labours this day and throughout the year, and carry me through all difficulties. Accept my gratitude for enabling my dear son to come through with honour.

"*25th.* — My birth-day, fifty-nine. This day forty-one years ago I first looked into my prospects in life. I was then copying Albinus, and had made up my mind to be an artist. What a life has passed in forty-one years!

"*February 8th.* — At the Gallery. Private day. Saw young Phipps. He said Lady Mulgrave was living and well, — that the other day in looking over several letters of Sir George's, he found his great anxiety was about Wilkie, Jackson, and myself.

"*10th.* — Very severe day. Went to Rochester to see a picture. I was told at dinner Wilkie copied his Blind Fiddler from a picture in the possession of a Lieutenant

soul. Contemplated my week's labour with all the delight, enthusiasm, and criticism of my youth. Is not life a blessing with such feelings?

"*10th.* — Worked hard, and finished Uriel except trifles. When I began this picture whom did I trust in? God. A commission followed. I shall proceed to Aristides, and in God I trust for that too. Coulton dined here. A very clever fellow.

"*11th.* — Got up as full of fire and high calling as in the most furious days of my youth. All this will be for a final working up of my glory!

"*25th.* — Worked like old times — like a hero. I had got the flesh of my Uriel in that state of all the most trying, nearly done, and not done, when you may spoil what you have done, and have to do it all over again; however I improved it. My heroic model, Brunskill of the Blues, had beat all the wrestlers last week in a match; won eight pounds, and a belt of glory. He floored two of the 2nd Regiment of Life Guards. He was in high glee.

"Thank God for this glorious day's work!

"*29th.* — Worked and added trifles of completion. Lunched with my dear friends Bennoch and Twentyman, who advanced me 20*l.* as usual. I lectured last night at the Mechanics'; and when I told them I would paint my own designs for the Lords, there was a roar of approbation and applause.

"*April 3rd.* — Moved the Aristides round this day for beginning to complete. O God have mercy on me and bless me with eyes, piety, health, intellect, and energy to get triumphantly through this and the other five of my original series for the old House of Lords, so applicable to the new!

"Let me not die, or become inferior, or crippled, or lose my eyes or faculties. O Lord prosper me through this great series, as Thou savedst me through my Solomon, in the midst of much more obscurity, and disease, and necessity than I now suffer.

"'Rejoice always in the Lord.' Thou knowest that I

Higginson, a very fine fellow, a thorough sailor, hearty and hospitable. I saw the picture; it was bad, but there was a resemblance to the position and action of the fiddler. That was all. Wilkie might have seen it. It detracted nothing from his invention, and it may have suggested the subject to him.

"*21st.*—Lieutenant Higginson wrote to me that Wilkie knew his father in 1799, and saw this fiddler then. In that case I really think there is something in the suspicion.

"*29th.*—The Conservative Club is decorated; but what flowers and griffins have to do with Conservatism, Heaven knows!

"To decorate a public building, means to illustrate by design the principles for which the building is erected.

"In the Vatican, the palace of the Pope is decorated with illustrations of the connection of religion with man, and the power of the Catholic Church, as the engine of God, to lead him by religion to salvation.

"The Royal Exchange has equally an object. It was built for the convenience of commerce. The decoration of it, therefore, should have had reference to the origin and progress of commerce as the basis not only of wealth, but of the intellectual and religious advance of nations. For nations are refined by their commerce with a superior nation, as much as by their conquests.

"The Conservative Club should have shown the progress of Conservatism — how all young men without a shilling are generally Radicals, because they have nothing to conserve, and end by being furious Conservatives when they have made their fortunes.

"*March 1st.*—O God bless me through this month! Amen. Grant I may bring Uriel to a glorious conclusion! Amen. How grateful I am I have brought it so near, beginning it trusting in Thee, as I have always done, and always shall do.

"Worked well, and got through the Cherub Devil.

"*2nd.*—Read prayers, and thanked God with all my

do. O Lord, from the first hour of my arrival in London, forty-one years ago nearly, to the present hour, Thou knowest I never lost sight of my great object — the reform, under Thy blessing, of the taste of the nation. Thou knowest, always praying to Thee, I have devoted my life to its accomplishment, and will, under Thy blessing, devote the remainder. Grant me before I die complete success. Thy mercies and protection have not been in vain; and, O Lord, if competence for my wife and children be not incompatible with the realisation of this just ambition, grant I may be able, if I die first, to leave them sufficiently protected, that they may descend to the grave blessing Thy holy name, or submissive to Thy holy will, if suffering still be their lot, for Jesus Christ's sake. Grant no obstruction on earth, no difficulty, no want, no necessity, no opposition, though greater than any human being ever encountered, may render me for one instant timid, or delay the accomplishment of these six great pictures for the honour of my great country, and for the glory of Thy immortal, innate, and unacquirable gifts.

"Amen! Amen! Amen! with all my burning soul. In awe, confidence, and enthusiasm, Amen!

"Dennys, my employer, is boring me to send Uriel to the Academy. Why should I hurry a work on for a spring season? I love my own silent, studious, midnight ways. I hate the glare, the vulgarity, and the herd. The solitary majesty of high art is gone, now. There was a time when its dangerous glories frightened the coward and alarmed the conceited. Then it was a single and a solitary flame. Now — the paltry flicker of farthing candles dims its steady fire and obscures its splendour.

"*4th.* — Higginson lunched with me. He sailed with Napoleon in the Bellerophon. He said his influence on the men was fascinating, and he really feared they would have let him go if an enemy's ship had hove in sight. He used to borrow sixpences of the men, pinch the ears of the officers, and bewitch them without the least familiarity, in a manner that was unaccountable. Even

Sir George was affected by the end of the voyage. Higginson said, when he was caught watching you, he put on an expression of silliness to disguise his thoughts. (So too said Madame de Stäel.)

"Higginson said the '*parole d'honneur*' did not seem so sacred to Frenchmen as to us, and therefore Sir George was too severe in judging Napoleon by the same standard as an Englishman.

"*7th.*— Moved in Uriel to the Academy, much against the grain. But my employer, Dennys (who must be a bye-blow of Lorenzo), seemed anxious, and I agreed, though it is an insult to them and a disgrace to me. I wash my hands. I regret to lose such a picture; it was a consolation to look at and dwell on. It generated higher feelings and nobler thoughts."

Before beginning a new design of Satan and Uriel, from another passage of the Paradise Lost *, he naïvely avers certain touches of remorse about these frequent paintings of the Evil One.

"*14th.*—I have some remorse in painting the Devil. I may excite admiration by encasing evil in beauty, but I wish to excite pity by showing the fatal consequences of the fall on what would have been a cause of delight had he kept to his allegiance.

"O God, if I deserve not to succeed—if danger to virtue would accrue from complete success in developing such a character, let me fail; but if I can promote piety by exhibiting the fatal consequences of impiety on a face and figure almost next to the Creator at one time, let me, as Milton has done, succeed.

"My object in painting him is not admiration but terror, and I have a sublime delight in dwelling on and developing such sensations.

"Got in Satan, covered the canvas, worked furiously.

* V. 736. Book iii. Where Satan,

"Toward the coast of earth beneath
Down from the ecliptic, sped with hoped success,
Throws his steep flight in many an airy wheel."

Dined with William Longman, in a splendid house, where used to be two hayricks where my dear children played twenty-one years ago. Such is the progress of things. The hayricks disappear; two young people are married, who were then scarce born.

"18*th.*—Worked with such intense abstraction and delight for eight hours, with five minutes only for lunch, that though living in the noisiest quarter of all London, I never remember hearing all day a single cart, carriage, knock, cry, bark, of man, woman, dog, or child.

"I washed, dressed, and walked, and when I came out into the sunshine and the road said to myself, 'Why, what is all this driving about?' though it has always been so for the last twenty-two years,—so perfectly, delightfully, and intensely, had I been abstracted. If that be not happiness, what is?

"My notion of supreme happiness is a splendid lot of drapery splendidly set on your lay figure; a large picture which shuts you in, just close enough to leave room to paint it; a delicious light, and conscious power of imitation. You go on like a god, spreading your half tint, touching in your lights and your darks. There is hardly an effort,—no anxiety, no fear, no apprehension.

"I cannot have many years to live, and, O God, grant I may amply employ every hour.

"This is a sunny day in my life.

"26*th.*—Did not begin till one, owing to want of money, and being out on business, but set-to with a model at one, and by five had finally blocked in Aristides,—left and right. Two pictures are now ready. Mapped and composed Satan and Aristides;—success to them.

"Alexander, Curtius, Adam and Eve, Duke and George IV., have not sold; nearly 1000*l.* I have now begun the first of my six pictures with hardly 10*s.* to meet other expenses, just as I began Solomon, only with more repute and established fame.

"What a pity it is that a man of my order—sincerity,—perhaps genius*, is not employed. What honour,

* In Journal marked "*private*, not perhaps."

what distinction, would I not confer on my great country! However, it is my destiny to perform great things, not in consequence of encouragement, but in spite of opposition, and so let it be. In fact, God knows best, and He knows what suits every man He gives. He knows that luxury, even competence, would dull my mind.

"*27th.*—A man who defers working because he wants tranquillity of mind will have lost the habit when tranquillity comes. Work under any circumstances,—all circumstances. I used to carry my sketch when arrested, and sketch and compose as I sat by the officer's side. The consequence was I was always ready, never depressed, and returned to my work with a new thought or an additional improvement, as if I had been all the time at home.

"*28th.*—I fear the squabbles in the School of Design will destroy it; unless instruction in design for manufactures be grafted on that for the fine arts, and under its control, it will never be effectual.

"I would propose that the National Gallery be given up entirely to the Academy, and that the right wing be a school of design for manufacture, attached to the School of Art, and under its direction.

"I would propose a permanent salary of 500*l.* to the president, and a retiring pension after twenty years; 400*l.* to a keeper, and ditto. I would place the Life and Antique Schools under one keeper; abolish visitorships; and I would have a master for manufacturing design subservient to the keeper of fine art. Every student of design for manufacture should be obliged to draw one year on the antique before going to manufacture, and no more. If at the end he choose to pursue fine art, let him; if manufacture, send him on; but a genius thus developed is an acquisition, and if others mistake their powers by pursuing art instead of manufacture, the results will be the check. I would keep the acting body still at forty, but I would abolish associateships and establish forty more academicians elect, who should have no more privileges than associates, and from whom the forty acting

should be filled up. This would gratify the vanity of the profession, and not impair the efficiency of the institution. I would abolish the right of sending eight pictures and limit the number to four.

"This is a rough sketch in consequence of Eastlake saying he would ask my advice, and that there was no doubt the Academy might be carried further. A pretty broad hint from that quarter.

"Extract from Lorenzo Ghiberti's manuscript (in allusion to Giotto):—

"'Quando la natura vuole concedere alcuna cosa la concede senza veruna avarizia. Costui fù copio in tutte le cose, lavorò in muro, *lavorò in olio*, lavorò in tavola, lavorò di mosaïco la nave di Sto. Piero in Roma,' &c.

"This settles the question as to oil-painting having existed in Giotto's time, though Raspe, and Lanzi, and Walpole, and myself, had proved it before.

"Lord Palmerston took the chair at the Artists' Institute, and made an allusion to the decoration of town halls in fresco or oil.

"*May 3rd*—Dear old Wordsworth called, looking hearty and strong. 'I came up to go to the state ball,' said he, 'and the Lord Chancellor (*quære* Lord Chamberlain?) told me at the ball I ought to go to the levee.' 'And will you put on a court dress?' said I. 'Why?' 'Let me see you and I'll write you a sonnet.' Wordsworth did not like this.

"When Wilkie and I were at Colchester in 1809, Sir George said 'Wordsworth may walk in, but I caution you against his democratic principles.' What would Hazlitt say now? The poet of the lakes and mountains in bag-wig, sword, and ruffles!

"I have never protested against any of these things, but I have never submitted to them but once,—at George IV.'s coronation.

"*4th.*—The first day of the forty-first exhibition of my time. For the first time these forty-one years, I did not go myself, though I have two pictures there. Wilkie, Jackson, Geddes, Seguier (who used always to

accompany me) are dead. I felt a repugnance to go. I couldn't tell why, — but I staid at home, and improved and advanced Aristides.

"Oh! heartily I prayed to God yesterday to bless me through these six pictures."

To his great delight the Times critic, "after twenty-two years of abuse," noticed his Uriel in the following agreeable terms:—

"There is one picture which makes us depart from our design of adhering to the great room exclusively on this occasion; that is, Haydon's large painting of 'Uriel and Satan' (605), which must arrest even those who are hastening to depart from the Exhibition as a most remarkable work. A striking contrast to the gaudy colouring on which the eye has been feasted, it appears with a subdued tone, reminding one of a fresco. The figure of the angel is drawn with a boldness which some might call exaggerated, but with the simplicity and anatomical effect of sculpture, every muscle looking hard and unyielding as iron. The face is noble and ideal, and a fine effect is produced by the golden colour of the hair. This huge commanding figure is backed by limitless space, represented by a very dark positive blue, and the whole conveys the impression of a simple vastness. There is a certain crudity about the picture, but the impress of genius is unmistakeable."

"*7th.*— This day, forty-one years ago, I left my home for life. Ah! with what sensations did I enter the great arena! But I have accomplished a name, and may I say a great one?

"I have advanced the art. I am still, in spite of all my misfortunes, considered the leader, and I believe in my conscience I shall die at the head of the art of my glorious country."

For the last two months the subject of schools of design had much occupied Haydon's mind. The London school was now split by the feud both among masters and scholars, of those who were for making the study of the figure the basis of the designer's training, and those who were for drawing the widest distinction between the instruction of

artist and manufacturing designer. Haydon ranked himself with the former, and was indefatigable in urging on the President of the Board of Trade (with which department the school was connected), and on the public by letters in the newspapers, the doctrine of the Lyons school, that all decorative art not based on fine art is, and ever will be, unworthy the name of art altogether. Here again it must, I think, be admitted, that his reasoning was sound, and his advice that which facts have best borne out.

"*May 15th.* — Hallam called to-day before going to the Committee. He said, Barry had so bescutcheoned and encrusted the houses, there was little room for fresco. What little there was would, he believed, be filled up with English history.'

"I said, 'On what principle?' He said, 'In the House of Lords, to explain its functions.' I said, 'What for the Commons?' 'There would be nothing.' 'Is that just? If the House of Lords be illustrated by pictures in fresco, why not the House of Commons, [redacted] mainly a functional part of the monarchy?' I then explained to him my principle, to show the best Government to regulate the species, man, by exhibiting the consequences of the worst. He admitted the extension of the plan, and said the pictures need not be confined to *six*. Certainly not, only a definite object must be laid down, to explain which subjects must be selected, and, as the whole development could not be accomplished in our lives, at least we might lay down the plan, do as much as we can, and let the rest be done by those who succeed us.

"Hallam seemed to be impressed by the plan. I said, 'Don't do the whole thing by contract.' He replied, 'There's the fear; but I don't think at present they are hurrying.' I said, I hope not.

"I showed him the fresco ébauche, and after I had begged and entreated him to impress on the Commission the utility of a definite plan and definite object, to illustrate which all subjects should be selected, he took his leave.

"*16th.* — Very anxious about the future indeed. In

going to the Exhibition and listening to the people, I don't think they are advanced one jot. Dined with my dear friend Serjeant Talfourd. He said Wordsworth went to court in Rogers's clothes *, buckles, and stockings, and wore Davy's sword. Moxon had hard work to make the dress fit. It was a squeeze, but by pulling and hauling they got him in. Fancy the high priest of mountain and of flood on his knees in a court, the quiz of courtiers, in a dress that did not belong to him, with a sword that was not his own, and a coat which he borrowed.

"London, 22nd May, 1845.

"My dear Wordsworth,

"I wish you had not gone to court. Your climax was the shout of the Oxford senate house. Why [illegible] think of you as Nature's high priest. I c[illegible] a bag-wig, and sword, ruffles, and buckle[illegible] the mountain solitudes.

"This is my feeling, and I regret if I h[illegible] wrong way.

"Talfourd thinks it was a glory to hav[illegible] to send for you, but would it not have [illegible] to have declined it? Perhaps he is right, [illegible] been able to suppress my feelings.

"Believe me, ever your old friend,

"B. R. Haydon."

"*21st.* — Called on Hallam, and had a long talk. I asked him about the old chronicles. He showed me Hall, beginning at Henry IV., but I wanted the fabulous heroes, and when I mentioned Geoffrey of Monmouth, Hallam stared at me with wonder as at a madman.

"Mr. Hallam said the selection of subjects for the Houses, in sculpture and painting, will be more commemorative of facts and persons than poetical or pictorial.

"'No naked?' said I. 'No,' said he; 'Lord Melbourne thinks the only naked subject he knows is Peeping Tom.' That's capital. I would select subjects from the fabulous, the authenticated, and the modern.

* The present poet-laureate has since worn the same suit on a like occasion.—Ed.

"Commissions had been given to Bell, Marshall, and Foley. They all deserve them. I then walked down to the Palace Summer-house, which is approaching conclusion. Dyce had superseded Etty, and most effectively. His fresco, though in parts ferociously German, is the best. Eastlake's was, but Dyce has fairly beat him. E. Landseer's I do not like. The latter ones are painted at home, and put in, which is not manly fresco.

"*25th.*—O God! I am again without any resource but in thy mercy. Enable me to bear up, and vanquish, as I have done, all difficulties. Let nothing, however desperate or overwhelming, stop me from the completion of my six designs. On these my country's honour [illegible] my own fame on earth. Thou knowest how [illegible] have struggled and resisted. Enable [illegible] t gasp of my life.

[illegible] volume of life and correspondence. [illegible] journals of 1818, I glory to see how [illegible] ed, how I pushed, how I vanquished. [illegible] h gratitude to God.

[illegible] Westmorland yesterday at the Exhibition. She had arrived from Berlin a few days ago. She [illegible] Westmorland had spoken so highly to the King of Hanover of the Napoleon, that he said he could not buy it without seeing it, and that Lord Westmorland had had it rolled up and sent off, and she had no doubt His Majesty would buy it. Heaven bless the wish!

"*June 12th.*—Nothing I do now equals the burning impression of my longing imagination. I want to paint a picture as if out of Perkin's steam-gun, as Rubens and Tintoretto did, and I *will*, if I live. In the foot of the mother, yesterday, I realised my feeling in a part of a great whole.

"*24th.* — Another day of pecuniary difficulty and harass,—lost. Paid 28*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, and have 21*l.* and 30*l.* to pay to-morrow, with only 5*l.* to meet it.

"I wish His Majesty of Hanover would buy my Napoleon. The King of Prussia would not, nor would

the Emperor of Russia. The King of Hanover is our last hope. Lord Westmorland has done everything a kind friend could do, and Lady Westmorland too.

"*26th.*—Exceedingly harassed for money. The Uriel has not produced a single commission. In great anxiety I glazed the drapery of Aristides, and was served with a writ for 21*l.* in the midst of doing it, by a man to whom I had given two sketches. I told the clerk I must finish the glazing if the Lord Chancellor brought a writ, and so I did; then went to the lawyer and arranged it, and blew him up; but what a state of mind to paint in! The reason is clear enough. I have never suited my labour to the existing tastes. I know what is right and do it. So did the early Christians, and so do all great men. Suffering is the consequence; but it must be borne. Should I have shaken the nation if I had not?

"*27th.*—Out the whole day on money matters. Got a promise of 30*l.* and came home with 5*l.* All the young men have got commissions — Bell, Marshall, Foley, Maclise, and others. I am totally left out after forty-one years' suffering and hard work, with my Lazarus, and Curtius, and Uriel, before their eyes; and being too the whole and sole designer for the House of Lords in the first instance, and the cause of the thing being done at all. Backed by encouragement I have never known, how steadily would my powers develope!

"I shall never know it. I only trust in God I shall get through my six works, under any circumstances, and die brush in hand.

"Had I been employed, the sense of a duty to be done would have banked up my mind and kept it running in one channel, deep and constant. Now it has spread out into a thousand irritable little rivulets, watering the ground, and exhausting the fountain-head.

"*28th.*—My visit to the cartoons to-day occupied the whole day from ten till four.

"There are not so many bad things as at first, but there are not so many fine ones. The error is apparent

—ignorance of what is the essence of a cartoon to be adapted for fresco. Instead of large parts, with breadth and simplicity, the greater proportion are marked by no breadth, no simplicity, and so great a number of small parts it would be absolutely impossible to execute them in fresco at all.

"Thank God, the week is ended. I have had hard work on money matters; but I trusted in God, and never in vain. I close it in gratitude. I think my six designs by far better than any at the Hall, and so will the public think when they see them. I hope God will bless me with life to get through them.

"*July 3rd.*—Passed the morning in Westminster Hall. The only bit of fresco fit to look at is by Ford Brown. It is a figure of Justice, and exquisite, as far as that figure goes.

"*8th.*—Eight days have passed, and it is a fact I have only worked two. I wonder the earth does not open!

"In the city all day. An execution certain. Bennoch and Twentyman, as usual, saved me. But what a condition to paint in after forty-one years' practice!

"*23rd.*—Colonel Leake called to-day. Much older than I expected. He admired Aristides very much indeed. He said the Hecatompedon had a pediment, with six columns. He did not know the dress of the archons. We talked of various things connected with Athens — the walls, roads, monuments, hills, climate, the family of Aristides. I was much pleased with Colonel Leake.

"Allegory should be avoided as much as possible. Illustrate a principle by facts, but do not personify by figures the principle itself, without reference to facts.

"*August 9th.*—Worked hard, and painted my blind mocking boy from two blind heads I got at the Blind School, St. George's Fields. I gave them a good dinner, and sent the poor fellows home contented. They both lost their eyes from violent inflammation. The blind mocker in the corner of my picture is successful. On Friday I failed because I made my son shut his eyes.

and used him for my model. But the ball of the eye being perfect, he looked not blind, but asleep. In the blind the ball is shrunk and the eye fallen in consequence.

"18*th*.—Went with the boys to the old Ship Tavern, Greenwich, to eat white bait, and spent the day in the park, inhaling the pure air, and enjoying myself immensely.

"Coming home there was an enormous fire, which I studied thoroughly for my next picture in the series. It was in Bucklersbury. How a working man like me enjoys the *far niente* once in a lifetime! Though it was a *far niente* day, yet everything was a study. The sails of the barges against the background and sky,—the distant view of London, — the chesnut trees, — the dells and bournes, where nymphs and satyrs might have toyed and loved,—and, lastly; the fire, so that I returned home a better painter than when I went out.

"19*th*.—Called on ——, once the favourite portrait-painter of royalty and fashion, and now almost deserted, except by a stray lord and lady.

"He said a noble duke whom he is now painting told him the aristocracy did not want high art. Nothing pleased them but first-rate specimens, and those they had of the old masters. This is exactly what I have always said. They do not want it. They don't care about it, and laugh at all who do. I do care about it, and the public voice will force, at last, justice and reward."

During the whole of these three months, and ever since the third exhibition of cartoons, frescos, and oil sketches, in Westminster Hall, which opened this year, Haydon had been a constant writer in the Times and Morning Chronicle, urging at considerable length and with much animation the danger of the Fine Arts' Commission being led away in the direction of modern German art. Kaulbach, Cornelius, Hess, and Overbeck are all brought under censure, and their minute attention to detail, sharpness of outline, flatness, and faults of colour, are dwelt on, without fair recognition of the purity of their line, the carefulness of their drawing, and their frequent dignity and sweetness of expression.

Haydon had now finished the first picture of his series of six—the Ostracism of Aristides,—and was about to begin his second — Nero playing on the lyre, with Rome burning in the background.

"*September* 10*th.*—O God! whilst I bless Thee with deep gratitude that I have nearly brought the first picture in my great series to a conclusion, permit me to ask thy blessing on the second, the sketch of which I begin this instant.

"19*th.* — This day I took a pupil, a very interesting youth. His mother, a woman of great energy, and his guardian came with him; and the boy was quiet, timid, modest, and believing.

"Good heavens! the premium was a blessing to me after fagging through Aristides, and the boy seemed delighted.

"It really has saved me. Was I not right to trust in the Lord? The guardian said to me as if half frightened, 'Will you believe I prayed to the Lord you might encourage him, if he ought to be encouraged? You did encourage him, and it was right.'

"How curious. Here was I, praying in the depths of midnight that no accident might prevent the youth coming to me, and here was the guardian praying I might think he had talent. Innocent people! How much religious feeling there is in the world! If the people did not fear the ridicule of scepticism, how much would be known.

"A remark Johnson would have relished.

"'Do you take him,' says conscience, 'because you think he has talent?' 'Yes. Ten thousand pounds should not have induced me to take him if he had not.' 'Would you have taken him if he had been *deficient*, for the sake of the money?' Ask my bitterest enemy.

"23*rd.*—Another day of victory and blessing. 'Troubles,' Shakspeare says, 'never come in single files,'—nor blessings either.

"The King of Hanover has bought Napoleon musing, a repetition of the one belonging to Sir Robert Peel.

"Thus I have received by the blessing of God, 410*l.* in five days, after painting the whole of Aristides (except 60*l.*) on borrowed money. Good God! how grateful I ought to be!

"On receiving my dear Lord Westmorland's letter, I knelt down and prayed, if it were successful, I might be humble and grateful.

"I once earned 60*l.* in six hours. Now I have earned 200*l.* in five days, for I painted this Napoleon in five days in the beginning of 1844.

"I really fear one is not good enough to deserve such blessings.

"I am so surrounded with family matters,—money matters,—that I have not touched palette or brush since Friday, the day my pupil came, to my daily pain of conscience.

"*24th.*—Saw my son Frederic off by train for the flag ship, till he goes to South America. In the city all the morning before he went.

"I declare my anxiety to dispose of my money disturbs me more than my anxiety when I wanted it.

"*29th.*—O Almighty God! accept my profound gratitude for thy mercies in blessing me with health of mind and body to get through the first of my great series, Aristides; and for thy infinite mercy in rewarding me by ample means at the conclusion. O God! I am this day about to begin the second (the third in the series) to show the horrors of despotism. Bless its commencement, progression, and conclusion. Grant me piety, health, and energy. Grant I may impress the world with a detestation of tyranny, and advance the great character of the British nation in high art. Grant these things I humbly ask, O Lord! to whom alone belongs success, either for great nations or individuals—humble and confiding.

"*30th.*—Nero rubbed in. As I approached the conclusion, and foresaw the effect coming, it was so terrific, I fluttered, trembled, and perspired like a woman, and was obliged to sit down.

"*Oct. 13th.*—On the 7th I left town by express train to visit Mrs. Gwatkin at Plymouth, to examine Sir Joshua's private memoranda concerning the Academy quarrel. Mrs. Gwatkin was Miss Palmer, sister to the Marchioness of Thomond, and niece to Sir Joshua. As soon as I arrived, I wrote to her to say I was come, and would wait on her next day; to which note I received the following reply from her grandson: —

"Dear sir,

"My grandmother has directed me to answer your note, and say that she will be happy, should her health permit her, to have an interview with you to-morrow, at or about twelve o'clock.

"Yours truly,

"J. REYNOLDS GWATKIN."

"On the 8th, after calling on many old friends of my youth, I waited on this last relic left us of the Johnsonian Burkeian period. She is in her eighty-ninth year. At twelve I called. Mr. Reynolds Gwatkin came down and introduced me. I went up with him, and found on a sofa, leaning on pillows, a venerable aged lady, holding an ear-trumpet like Sir Joshua, showing in her face great remains of regular beauty, and evidently the model of Sir Joshua in his Christian Virtues * (a notion of mine which she afterwards confirmed). After a few minutes' chat, we entered on the purport of my visit, which was to examine Sir Joshua's private papers relating to the Academy dispute which produced his resignation.

Mrs. Gwatkin rose to give orders; her figure was fine and elastic, upright as a dart, with nothing of decrepitude; certainly extraordinary for a woman in her eighty-ninth year.

"Mr. Gwatkin, her grandson, obeyed her directions, and brought down a bundle of arranged papers, and on the very first bundle was 'Private papers relative to my resignation of the presidency.'

"The first was a letter to Sir W. Chambers, refusing to resume the chair. The latter part bearing on my ob-

* At Oxford.

ject, I extracted. Mr. Gwatkin, getting interested at my anxiety, offered his services, and giving him part of the papers, we worked away.

"The dear old lady was soon in a bustle, for she did not seem to know the value of what she possessed, and said she had a trunk full, and ordered it down. Then there was no key; and then her eldest daughter, about fifty, was dispatched, and her niece, a little spirited thing, hunted; and Mrs. Gwatkin herself bustled about, stooping for this and that, as if she was thirty instead of eighty-nine. The key was found, but I turned a deaf ear to excursions from the main point. I had got what I wanted, and must keep at that. In about two hours I finished. Mr. Gwatkin had most to do.*

"I then joined her, and we had a delightful chat about Burke, Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Reynolds. She said she came to Sir Joshua quite a little girl, and at the first grand party Dr. Johnson staid, as he always did, after all were gone; and that she, being afraid of hurting her new frock, went upstairs and put on another, and came down to sit with Dr. J. and Sir Joshua. Johnson thundered out at her, scolded her for her disrespect to him, in supposing he was not as worthy of her best frock as fine folks. He sent her crying to bed, and took a dislike to her ever after.

"She had a goldfinch which she had left at home. Her brother and sister dropped water on it from a great height, for fun. The bird died from fright, and turned black.

"She told Goldsmith, who was writing his 'Animated Nature.' Goldsmith begged her to get the facts, and he would allude to it. 'Sir,' roared out Johnson, 'if you do, you'll ruin your work, for, depend upon it, it's a lie.'

"She said that after Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander came from their voyage, at a grand dinner at Sir Joshua's, Solander was relating that in Ireland he had seen a fowl

* See some of these papers, Appendix III.—Ed.

boiled in a few minutes in the hot springs. Johnson broke up the whole party by roaring out, 'Sir, unless I saw it with my own eyes I would not believe it.' Nobody spoke after, and Banks and Solander rose and left the dining-room.

"The most delightful man was Goldsmith. She saw him and Garrick keep an immense party laughing till they shrieked. Garrick sat on Goldsmith's knee; a table-cloth was pinned under Garrick's chin, and brought behind Goldsmith, hiding both their figures. Garrick then spoke, in his finest style, Hamlet's speech to his father's ghost. Goldsmith put out his hands on each side of the cloth, and made burlesque action,—tapping his heart, and putting his hand to Garrick's head and nose, all at the wrong time.

"She said she and her sister always went daily into Sir Joshua's painting-room after dinner, whilst he was taking his wine, to see how he got on; and he generally took his nap. 'Ho, ho!' said I, 'did he take his nap?' 'To be sure,' said Mrs. Gwatkin, 'don't you? After the fatigue of his brain he liked quiet, and we always let him alone.' 'You are a dear creature,' I told her; 'so does my wife with me; but,' I replied, 'he kept a great deal of company, and dined out too.' She said, 'Not a great deal — nothing regular. He was at home and with his family oftener than out. Now and then, during parliament, he had large parties.' She remembered that first party with Fanny Burney. She said she and her sister plagued Miss B. in the garden at Streatham to know who was the author of Evelina, never suspecting *her*. As they rode home, Sir Joshua said, 'Now you have dined with the author—guess which of the party.' They could not guess, when Sir Joshua said, 'Miss Burney.' Sir Joshua often walked round the park with her before breakfast; always took her to sales. Everybody in the house painted,—Lady Thomond and herself, the coachman, and the man-servant Ralph, and his daughter, all painted, copied, and talked about pictures.

"She told me Northcote never in his life dined at Sir

Joshua's table when there was a grand party. She showed me a rough copy of Burke's character of Reynolds, written in the drawing-room, within a few minutes of his death, Mrs. Gwatkin sitting by the side of Burke as he wrote it.

"Lunch was now announced, and we had all got so intimate that they made me promise to stay the day. At lunch down came young Mrs. Gwatkin, with a fine dear little boy, of the fourth generation. She was the wife of the handsome young man, so there were grandmamma and her daughter, and Mr. Gwatkin, grandson, and his little boy, great-grandson. It was quite a patriarchal party. I dined, and retired at ten to my inn. As I took her venerable hand, I kissed it, which brought a tear into her eye.

"16*th.*—I visited Ide, where I buried my dear mother, and was shocked to find a new church,—the aisle paved, and no traces of her grave. I rode away shocked, and wrote the vicar, from whom I received a kind answer, which is a credit to his heart.

"*November* 1*st.*—Blocked in a small Aristides, thank God, and began my other four sketches. The smell of the paint was incense to my nostrils. Why do I ever leave my palette? It is my only real source of happiness.

"5*th.*—Made a study of my daughter Mary. In the evening lectured, but very hoarsely. I never feel inspired but before a large canvas. Let me want what I will, I am then in my element, nor shall I feel happy till again at Nero. My money obligations, to finish small works for those who nobly advanced the prices to enable me to finish Aristides, must be attended to first.

"8*th.*—I have always said of Peel he had a tender heart. In 1830 he gave credence to me, and now, after all our row about Napoleon (and I said bitter things to him), my dear son Frank, shrinking from the display of the pulpit, after 860*l.* 10*s.* expense for a college education, in anguish of mind I wrote Sir Robert, and told him my distress. He answered —

"Whitehall, 4th November, 1845.

"Sir Robert Peel presents his compliments to Mr. Haydon, and must decline making any application to Lord Haddington on the subject of an appointment for Mr. Haydon's son.

"Sir Robert Peel will, however, avail himself of an early opportunity of nominating Mr. Haydon's son to a clerkship in one of the public departments under the control of the Treasury, if such an appointment would be acceptable to him.

"7th November, 1845.

"Sir,

"I am directed by Sir Robert Peel to inform you that there is a vacancy for a clerk in the Record Office, salary 80*l.* a year, with the usual prospects of promotion, to which he will be happy to appoint your son if it meets your wishes.

"Sir Robert Peel was induced to select this clerkship for him as from your description of him as a young man of retiring and literary habits he thinks it will suit him. If your son will present himself at the Record Office, Rolls Yard, Chancery Lane, he will be examined as to his qualifications.

"Your obedient servant,

"JOHN YOUNG."

"*30th.*—A very good month upon the whole. Nero, my second in the series, advanced.

"By bringing in such a monster as principal figure, I gain the object of exposing despotism more than if I had brought the effects forward by showing a family in distress and putting the monster in the background. It is offensive to endeavour to hit the characteristics of such a wretch, but the object is to show, in the most powerful way I can, the evil of a sovereign without popular check. It might be any other fire with a mere family, even though Nero might be perceived. Nero must be the prominent object, the fire the secondary.

"*December 2nd.*—Awoke in very great anxiety, yet trusting. My city friends, pressed by the times and panic, want payment. I went out, my heart bursting to proceed with Nero, but obliged to go. I was ruined in 1823 by putting on my jacket to fly at the Crucifixion instead of keeping a money appointment in the city; so, remem-

bering this, I sallied forth, and my presence did everything. By going I kept things floating on, and returned, losing a beautiful day, as light as summer. I looked at Nero and his glorious background with sorrow. So it is. It is my destiny to thirst for great works without calculating the impossibilities, without resources; but it is also my destiny to conquer the impossibilities, and do my great work.

"It is what I am fit for. An anxiety is a necessary sweater, or I should be too buoyant. Danger keeps me remembering my trust in Him, whom I might but languidly remember in prosperity. I am content if my health and eyes last, as I trust in God they will.

"10*th.*— Worked hard. Talfourd said, he introduced Dickens to Lady Holland. She hated the Americans, and did not want Dickens to go. She said, 'Why cannot you go down to Bristol and see some of the third or fourth class people, and they'll do just as well?'

"27*th.*— My picture in a glorious state. I hope to get it all settled for completing by the 31st. I have painted Uriel, Aristides, and nearly done Nero, besides a repetition of Aristides, several heads and sketches, &c. The year has not been unprofitable; but Aristides, which took four months, and Nero two, have not brought me a shilling yet. The 200*l.* from the King of Hanover was for the work of 1844, and the premium from a pupil was the other 200*l.*

"I trust I shall live to get through my six. What pains me is the repeated worry such great works entail on my tradesmen. I am never ready. This week a respectable young tradesman wanted 16*l.* I could not pay him yet, and I know he will be put to the greatest misery from my incapacity.

"29*th.*— On the 14th instant (I believe) I wrote '*Peel's move out is like Lord Grey's in* 1832—*to come back with greater power.*'

"I have a vast notion of my own political sagacity. Peel *is* back again, with double power, and he is the only man now for the difficulty.

"However, my political furor is waning. Next month I am sixty years of age, and begin to feel there are many beauties in art I have yet to mark, and my time of seeing and painting must have turned the corner. In God I trust. Amen.

"I hope I may yet last twenty years; if I do, I'll do greater things than I have ever done. I feel I shall. In God I trust. Amen.

"*30th.*—Last day but one of 1845. Well; I have not been perfect, but I have struggled to be so, and I have less vice to lament than any previous year since I was fourteen. The first step towards fitting the soul to stand before its Maker is a conviction of its unworthiness.

"I have been deeply touched by St. Augustin's Confessions; they are grander than Rousseau's, because founded on the religious estimation of Creator and created. Dr. Hook gave me an inestimable blessing in presenting them to me. They show me the corruption of the greatest saints; he shows the same belief in the opening of the Bible at hazard and applying the first passage to yourself, as I have always done.

"Good heavens! Gurwood has cut his throat. The man who had headed the forlorn hope at Ciudad Rodrigo — the rigid soldier—the iron-nerved hero, had not morale to resist the relaxation of nerve brought on by his over-anxiety about the Duke's Dispatches.

"Where is the responsibility of a man with mind so easily affected by body? Romilly, Castlereagh, and Gurwood!

"I ordered the third canvas immediately, as I now foresaw the conclusion of Nero. I knelt down and prayed God to bless my third in the series, as he had blessed my two first.

"*31st.*—The end of 1845 is approaching rapidly—ten minutes after nine. I prayed at the end of 1844 that I might get through the great works in hand. I have accomplished (all but) Aristides and Nero, of the six contemplated. O God! grant that no difficulty, however

apparently insurmountable, may conquer my spirit, or prevent me from bringing to a triumphant conclusion my six works originally designed for the old House.

"I prayed in 1844 that my son might be brought through his degree. It was by Thy mercy completed, and yet at the time I prayed I had not a guinea.

"I prayed to accomplish Aristides and Nero; I have attained, by Thy blessing, my desire. I prayed for health —I have had it. I prayed for blessings on my family—they have been blessed. Can I feel grateful enough? Never.

"I now pray, O Almighty, surrounded with difficulties, and in great necessity, that I may accomplish two more of my six — that I may sell the two I have done, and be employed for the remaining four!

"O God! not mine, but Thy will be done! Give me eyes and intellect, and energy and health, till the last gush of existence, and I'll bear up; and get through, under Thy blessing, my six works to illustrate the best government for mankind?

"O Lord! let not this be presumption, but that just confidence inspired by Thee, O God! This year is closing rapidly. I almost hear the rush and roar of the mighty wave from eternity that will overwhelm it for ever! O Lord, accept my deep, deep gratitude for all Thy mercies this last year; and grant I may deserve a continuance of such mercies, and conclude by the end of 1846 two more great works of my series! Amen, Amen, Amen.

1846.

"*January* 1*st.* — O God, bless the beginning, progression, and conclusion of this year, for Jesus Christ's sake, my dear family, my art, and myself!

"The Nero to-day looks well; but I am very uneasy. —I cannot keep my word for want of means. I paid away too rapidly, and left myself bare; and have now to struggle—paint—conceive — borrow — promise, and fly

at my picture, — get enchanted, — and awake out of a delicious dream, to think of the butcher. But in God I trust. At sixty, men are not so bold as at twenty-five; but why not? If Napoleon had behaved with the same spirit in 1815 as on the 18th Brumaire, he would not have died at St. Helena.

"There is no competition till next year. If I lose this moment for showing all my works, it can never occur again. My heart beat — my imagination fired. I thought on Him on whom alone I rest; Lord, bless my decision! Amen.

"*3rd.* — Went out on various matters connected with my Nero — to get various things to paint from, and succeeded. Called in at Christie's by accident, and saw a fine copy of the head of the Sybil in the Pace, by Raffaele. Waited, and got it for 19*s.*; paid for it, and marched off with it in a cab, and drove home, glorying. Such heads are worth all Vandyke's, Velasquez', or Reynolds', in style. They keep your eye in trim for great public buildings, as to largeness, and breadth, and style. As I was walking out Wyatt hailed me, and asked me to come and lunch in the belly of Copenhagen, before it was put together! I went, and squeezed in with women, Sir John Campbell, &c., and a jolly party, and a great deal of fun we had. Drank the health of the sculptor, and the horse, and his rider. I was invited to dine, Tuesday, but could not go.

"It will be something to say, some time hence, when the statue is up, I dined in the horse's belly!

"*7th.* — Called on Hart, who told me that near St. Miniato, in Florence, he took shelter in a shower of rain under a portico, where in the dark was a fresco by Massaccio of a figure, the origin of Raffaele's Christ in the Transfiguration.

"Thus of the Christ in Transfiguration, the Paul in Elymas, and one of the men in Paul at Athens, — Massaccio is the origin.

"Hart seemed lounging and overwhelmed — Italy be-

gets a lazy bewilderment. In the Vatican, he says, there is a whole suite of rooms painted by Pinturicchio, and a chapel of Fra Beato never seen, unless asked for.

"*8th.*—Anxious about the next three months. My fate hangs on doing as I ought, and seizing moments with energy.

"I shall never have an opportunity again of connecting myself with a great public commission by opposition and interesting the public by the contrast. If I miss it, it will be a tide not taken at its flood.

"O God, bless me with energy and vigour to seize the moment and make the most of it. Amen, Amen.

"*11th.*—Read prayers, and rendered thanks with true feeling.

"As there is great anxiety in my family about exhibiting, the following is curious.

Profits from various Exhibitions since 1820.

	£	s.	d.
Net Profit of Jerusalem	1453	19	10
Net Profit of Mock Election	190	7	0
Net Profit of Chairing	9	16	10
	1654	3	8
Loss on others	629	10	8
	1024	13	0
Profit on Lazarus	441	8	6
Net Profit on Exhibition since 1820	£1466	1	6

Loss on various Exhibitions since 1820.

	£	s.	d.
Loss on Exhibition of Solomon	99	9	10
Loss on Exhibition of Xenophon	27	0	0
Loss on Exhibition of Eucles	46	0	0
Loss on Exhibition of Napoleon	20	0	0
Loss on Exhibition of Passion	22	4	0
Loss on Exhibition of Reform Banquet	248	16	8
	£629	10	6

	£	s.	d.
Net Profit on Exhibition	1466	1	6
Sale of Agony	525	0	0
Mock Election	525	0	0
Eucles	525	0	0
Xenophon	840	0	0
Napoleon	136	10	0
Passover	525	0	0
Banquet	525	0	0
Net Profit and Sale	£5067	11	6

"*12th.*—O God! bless the beginning, progression, and conclusion of my taking my rooms for exhibition of my pictures this day. Amen.

"Took my rooms, so the die is cast!

"*16th.*—There surely is in human nature an inherent propensity to extract all the good out of the evil.

"One case. Out of what a mass of indigestion, fog, debt, discontent, opposition, vice, temptation, and trial, is every work of intellect accomplished.

"Oh, it is a fearful struggle, which nothing but the assistance of God could support me through.

"Worked hard and got well on.

"*22nd.*—I will not continue to record my prayers daily. I *feel* them, but it is too familiar to write them down, and bring them in contact with daily expression of worldly matters.

"*23rd.*—Worked moderately. At the conclusion of a picture beware of the freaks of invention. The mind, long dwelling on one idea, gets weary and starts alterations. Immediately that begins fly to a new subject.

"*24th.*—Sent my opening advertisement.* Success! O merciful Protector, without Thy blessing who can succeed? Thou knowest the purity of my motives. In Thee I trust.

"The absurd principle now set afloat by the Commis-

* Haydon's New Pictures.—On Easter Monday next will open for exhibition, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly (admission 1*s.*, catalogues 6*d.*), two large pictures, viz.—1. "The Banishment of "Aristides with his Wife and Children," to show the Injustice of Democracy. 2. "Nero playing his Lyre whilst Rome is burning," to prove the Heartlessness of Despotism. These works are parts of a series of six designs, made thirty-four years ago for the old House of Lords, and laid before every minister to the present day. The plan was to illustrate what was the best Government, by showing from historic facts what was proved had been the worst. The third and fourth will exhibit the consequences of Anarchy and Cruelties of Revolution, and the fifth and sixth the Blessings of Justice and Freedom under a limited Monarchy. This exhibition will open in no spirit of opposition to the Government plan about to be put in force, but with the view of letting the public see that works endeavoured to be executed on

sion of allegorizing everything is ridiculous. Everything is now spiritualised in the art, the basis of which is matter. The spirit of this, and spirit of that, when the absolute flesh and blood which represents the spirit is so completely in opposition to all spiritual notions.

"Instead of the old thoroughbred English notion of domestic happiness in a tea-party, we shall have the spirit of domestic felicity pouring out the tea, the spirit of benevolence putting in the sugar, while the milk will be poured by the genial spirit of agricultural protection, and the spirit of manufacture will spread the table-cloth.

the principles of the great masters of the British school, founded on those established by the greater men of other schools, are perfectly consistent with the decoration of any building, Grecian or Gothic, and that there is no necessity for endangering the practice of the British school by the adoption of the wild theories of a sect of foreigners, who have considered the accidental ignorance of an early age as a principle fit to guide an enlightened one. The British school was progressing to excellence five years ago, and would have attained it had not the weak recommendation of absurd fancies thrown the young men off the right road, and the whole school into confusion. Backgrounds are now considered a vulgarity, rotundity of imitation the proofs of a debased mind; nature a nuisance, and the necessity of models evidence of no poetry of soul; portraits are beginning to appear with coats of arms sticking to their noses; the petty details of decoration and patterns of borders take place of expression and features; and all those great doctrines, which the experience of centuries established, are now questioned with the dandy air of infinite superiority to Titian, Rubens, Velasquez, Reynolds, Vandyke, Michael Angelo's Prophets, or Raffaele's Cartoons. The end of such a state of things may easily be predicted; and Mr. Haydon respectfully hopes his humble attempt to prove there is no occasion to change the principles of the school for the purpose of decoration will be supported by the sound sense of the people. He was the first to petition the House for State support to high art — he was the first to petition for schools of design — he was the first to plan the decoration of the old House of Lords, and to keep up the excitement, till it was resolved to decorate the new — he has devoted forty-two years, without omission of a day, to simplify the principles of the art for the instruction of the people; and having been utterly neglected when all his plans have been adopted, he appeals to the public to support his exhibition, that he may be able to complete the series he has planned. The private day will take place on Saturday, April 11., and will open at 10 o'clock on Easter Monday, April 13., to the public.

"*25th.*—My birthday, sixty years old! O God! continue my eyes and faculties to the last hour of my existence. Bless me through my ensuing years. Grant I may live to accomplish my six great works, and leave my family in competence. Accept my gratitude for Thy mercies up to this moment, and grant I may so exercise the gifts with which Thou hast blessed me, that I may merit eternal life, and Thy approbation, through Christ, my Lord and Saviour. Amen.

"Rydal Mount, Jan. 24th, 1846.

"My dear Haydon,

"I was sorry that I could not give you a more satisfactory answer to your request for a motto to the engraving of your admirable portrait of my ascent towards the top of Helvellyn. My son William, who is here, has just been with me to look at the impression of the print in the unfinished state as we have it. But from the first he has been exceedingly pleased with it, so much so that he would be truly happy to be put into possession of it as it then was, if an impression could be procured for him, and would readily pay for it if purchased. Pray let me have a few impressions when it is finished sent to Moxon, as I myself think that it is the best likeness, that is, the most characteristic, that has been done of me. I wish to send one also to America according to directions, which will be hereafter given. I hope you get on with your labours to your satisfaction.

"Believe me, dear Haydon, faithfully,
"Your obliged friend,
"W. WORDSWORTH."

"*27th.*—I went out in misery. There is nothing like the forlornness of feeling, of knowing, you have not a pound to meet the bill of a rascal who is hoping you may fail that he may make property of the costs. Coutts & Co. had written to say it was against their rules to help me—still, personally, I had hopes. I went to-day. The bill would be in by twelve (26*l.* 10*s.*), I saw Mr. Majoribanks; I said, 'Sir, do help me.' He is humane. 'You know it is against all rule. I regret to see a man of your eminence so hard run. Shall it be the last time?' I

gave him my honour. He begged me to sit down—feeling as if I had been held by a prong over the burning pit and saw a reprieve. I signed a promissory note for two months, and he placed the amount to my account. He was looking much older than I. His head trembled a little and his hand shook. He said, 'I am fifty to-morrow.' 'Why, sir, I am sixty.' 'Sixty,' says he; 'no.' 'It is twenty-nine years ago since I opened my account—Mr. Harman paid me 300*l.*, and I came to your house.' 'Time passes,' said he. Sir Edward Antrobus was looking old and wrinkled. I declare I feel as young as ever. These rich men always look older than we struggling men of talent.

"I fear nothing on earth but my banker, where I have not five shillings on account, and have a bill coming due, and want help. The awful and steady look of his searching eyes; the quiet and investigating point of his simple questions; the 'hum,' when he holds down his head, as if he had Atlas on his shoulders, and the solemn tone when he declares it is against the rules of the house; the reprieve one feels as the tones of the voice begin to melt and give symptoms of an opening to let in light to the heart, are not to be described, and can only be understood by those who have been in such predicaments. Majoribanks is always kind at last. The clerks seem to be wonder-struck at the charm I seem to possess in the house amongst the partners.

"The fact is, Coutts' house have always had a great deal to do with men of genius, and they have a feeling for them, and seem to think it is a credit to the firm to have one or two to scold, assist, blow up, and then forgive. This is the way I have gone on with them for twenty-nine years.

"Once my trustee overdrew 21*l.* By degrees I repaid it,—5*l.*, 8*l.* at a time, and I always kept my word with them, and once they spoke highly of me in my misfortunes, and once they paid 100*l.* when I had not a shilling on account. This was in my palmy days.

"How grateful I am; God be thanked. 'He who trusteth in the Lord shall be even as Mount Sion;' I have found it so.

"*29th.* — The artists of the world are divided into Touchers and Polishers. The Touchers — Michel Angelo, Raffaele in his cartoons, Titian, Bartolomeo, Giorgione, Tintoretto, Veronese, Rubens, Velasquez, David Teniers, Rembrandt, Reynolds, Wilson, Wilkie, Gainsborough, Vandyke,—are the great men who had discovered the optical principles of imitating nature to convey thought. The Polishers are the little men who did not see a whole at a time, but only parts of a whole, and thus make up the whole by a smooth union of parts. Whereas the great men see the whole by the leading points which make up the whole, and conscious on optical principles of the power of distance to unite the leading points into a whole, leave the intermediate parts to be united by distance.

"*February 4th.* — In the greatest anxiety about money matters. Accommodation in the city out of the question. My friends with faces longer than my arm, croaking and foreboding.

"I have lost three glorious days, painted hardly at all, and have not succeeded in getting *5l.*, with *62l.* to pay. I must up with my new canvas, because without a new large picture to lean on, I feel as if deserted by the world.

"The reason of these perpetual failures in matters of decoration in England, whether in architecture, sculpture, or painting, is, that the management is left to commissioners and committees, which is all very well when the subjects to be settled are commercial or political, and every member knows something of what he is to discuss, but is perfectly ludicrous where art is concerned, and nobody but the professional man knows one iota about the matter.

"Committees are composed generally of men of rank and station, who have little to do, while each has a crotchet of his own. Crotchet after crotchet is proposed, till some day, after endless discussion, on a slack attendance, with

hardly a quorum, up gets a persevering member, proposes his own crotchet, which is carried by a majority of one out of five, and this is called the prevailing sense of the committee.

"*5th.* — 0, 0, 0! I sat all day and looked into the fire. I must get up my third canvas, or I shall go cracked; I have ordered it up on Saturday, and then I'll be at it.

"Perhaps this paralysis was nature's repose. I stared like a baby, and felt like one. A man who has had so many misfortunes as I have had gets frightened at leaving his family for a day.

6th. — Thus ends the week; by borrowing 10*l.* of Talfourd, 10*l.* of Twentyman, 5*l.* 10*s.* of my hatter, I contrived to satisfy claims for 62*l.*, but next week I must be at it again. Though I have Wordsworth's and the Duke's head engraving I can sell neither, and though I have not had a farthing on my lectures yet, I am now revising a second volume.

"My two works are done, a third canvas is ready, and, as if under trial, I have yet to begin, cheerfully trusting in God, and believing my life conducted by Him, so that from trials inflicted my genius is elevated more powerfully than from sunshine and luxury.

"*9th.* — Jerdan and Bell dined with me yesterday, and we had a pleasant evening.

"Laid up with an inflamed lid; always get ill in the interval of great works. Did nothing. Considered deeply my next subject. They advised me to paint The last Charette at the Revolution. I prefer now the quiet beauty of Alfred. My heart is fixed on fine English heads; I have a great many in my eye, ready models, who will be proud to sit.

"*10th.* — My dear mother's birthday.

"Twenty-five minutes past eleven, began on the canvas of my third picture. O God, I pray Thee, on my knees, bless me through this third picture, as Thou hast blessed me through the last. Amen.

"As I and my pupil, Fisher, were embruning my white ground with raw umber before sketching in, who should call but Sir Robert Inglis.

"Up he came—saw all my series. I said, 'Now, Sir Robert, what chance have I in the House of Lords?' 'Do you wish me to answer as commissioner, or as gentleman to gentleman?' 'As both.' 'Then you are too late.'

"When I took my sketch to Walmer and spoke to the Duke, he said 'it was too early.' When I laid it before Sir Robert Peel, he replied, 'He left all to the Commission.' In fact, they are determined I shall have nothing to do with it. I am always *too late, too early*, or *too importunate.*

"Well, I say again, as I said to my wife in 1837, after our release from Broadstairs, where for her health I had spent all, and we returned without a shilling: 'What shall we do, my love?' 'Trust in God,' said I, and suddenly came the Liverpool commission. So say I now, 'I trust in God,' and we shall see who is most powerful, He or the Royal Commission. We shall see.

"A great many extraordinary things have happened where I am concerned, and so will a great many more.

"17*th.*—Settled everything before leaving town for dear Auld Reekie. God bless my arrival there, and grant success and safe return. God protect my dear family till I come back, and my pictures and property.

"In case of accident I hope my dear friends, Dr. Darling, 6. Russell Square, and Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, will act as executors. In God I trust. Amen.

"18*th.*—Newcastle. Came in 10¾ hours, 303 miles. Curious—twenty-six years ago I called on poor Bewick, the wood engraver. I have lectured here since; and now I pass to lecture in Edinburgh once more.

"Thank God with all my heart I came safe.

"Old Bewick, who was eighty years old, *on dit*, was very proud of my calling, and used to couple the call of the Grand Duke Michael and myself as high honours, and talk of it in his boozings.

"*20th.* — Arrived at Edinbro' from Newcastle, after a delightful journey by Melrose, glimpsing Abbotsford, after which the Tweed became classical. Poor dear Sir Walter! he came into my mind incessantly.

"*23rd.* — Lectured on Fuseli, and was heroically received by a brilliant audience. Ah, Auld Reekie! I smile then again to my heart,—joy!

"*25th.* — Lectured on Wilkie. They listened as if entranced; not a breath, or a whisper, or a hum.

"*26th.* — Heard from Jeffrey. To his horror, I asked him to head the list for Wordsworth.

"Dear Mr. Haydon,

"I shall go on your subscription list with pleasure, but do not feel that I have any right to be at the head of it; and doubt indeed whether the distinguished poet whom it chiefly concerns (and whose genius I love more than I am afraid he believes) would quite like to see me there. I shall be glad to be put down for a *proof*.

"My health has for some years been a good deal broken, so as to prevent me from going out into society, or even to lectures. But I am still permitted to see a few friends at home, and they are kind enough, through the winter, to come and see me on Tuesday and Friday evenings, so that if you should be at leisure on any of these days, from nine to half-past eleven, it will give me great pleasure to see you.

"In the meantime, with all good wishes,

"Believe me always, very faithfully yours,

"J. JEFFREY."

"*28th.*—Dined with the worthy president of the Philosophical Association, Lothian. The lecturer on chemistry, Wilson, told me a young artist was so enthusiastic about me, when I washere in 1837, that he stood for hours close to my door to see me, and at last heard me cough, which he ever after used to relate with enthusiasm.

"*March 3rd.* — Dined with Cadell, and examined all Sir Walter's manuscripts of the novels, and was astonished at the purity of the writing; like Shakspeare's, without a blot.

"Cadell said he thought the anxieties and harass of such eternal visitors at Abbotsford during his embarrassments greatly contributed to his death. He has a capital portrait by Gordon — the very simple man.

"Went to Lord Jeffrey's in the evening. Sat by a very sweet and beautiful woman. Jeffrey looks as sharp as ever; but having been a severe critic in early life, is doing the amiable now. He must be seventy, but he is a very dear friend, and has an affectionate heart.

"*6th.* — What is the reason of this early publication of the 5th report of the Fine Arts Commission? It has always been published hitherto on the end of a session. Why now at the beginning? Are the secretary and his masters afraid of the probable consequences of Haydon's exhibition, with his two pictures, showing the consequences of democracy and despotism, part of a series to illustrate the best government to regulate, without cramping, the energy of man, laid before every minister for thirty-six years, and the cause of the present move?

"Called on George Combe. We were talking of the punctuality of the Duke of Wellington, when he said, a Mr. Peale, son of Mr. Peale an American portrait painter, told him Washington said to his father he would come early, and was seen walking backwards and forwards, looking at his watch. As the clock began to strike, Washington came to the door, and was in the painting-room before the clock had done. Whilst sitting, a dispatch was brought; he begged leave to look at it, read it quietly, and putting it down, said, 'I am happy to tell you Burgoyne has surrendered to the army.' I replied, 'Remember that was good news, which made all the difference.' 'In good news,' said Napoleon, 'never hurry; but in bad news, not a moment is to be lost.'

"*7th.* — Dined with the Philosophical Society. Mackenzie, Lord Mackenzie's brother, was there, who was also at the dinner given in Rome by the Duke of Hamilton and the Scotch and English to Wilkie.

"The whole evening passed off most agreeably, and all were full of heart.

"13*th.*—Left Edinburgh at seven. Came to Melrose, and to Abbotsford (playing at feudal castles). Went to Dryburgh—much affected.

"14*th.*—Started from Newcastle, and arrived in London by train at eight. Thank God for the safety of my family and self!

"16*th.*—Filled up my lecture on Elgin Marbles for the press. Recovering my fatigue.

"17*th.*—Recovered. Read Mrs. Merrifield's Fresco. Pounced on Pontormo's Journal with delight. From my own instinct, I have always practised in oil the habits of fresco. My enemies know that, and will give me no opportunity, till a race of young fresco painters are raised. Entered my painting-room again. God bless me in it!

"18*th*, and 19*th.*—Occupied preparing for my exhibition; but the pain of mind I feel when not painting is excruciating. I wish it was over.

"20*th.*—My dear friend Kemp advanced me 100*l.* on the anti-slavery drawings, which will give me a spring towards my exhibition.

"21*st.*—Saw Kemp, and arranged. Corrected the sheets of my second volume, and my Catalogue. Exceedingly fatigued. I shall be glad when my pictures are gone.

"23*rd.*—O God, Thou hast blessed me, I am sure. Accept my gratitude. Everything proceeds so far well. Think of my anxiety at Edinburgh how to get the means to open my exhibition. All was black, yet I felt trust in God. Home I came. The day approaches—my little money dwindled away—I was reduced to a few shillings. My imagination fired up. I wrote to four men,—Kemp of Spitalfields, Miller of Liverpool, Lothian of Edinburgh, and James the traveller,—to buy my drawings. Miller is too poor; James and Lothian have not replied. Kemp came with his good face, and advanced 100*l.* on the drawings. Here am I as ever—as if that condition kept me depending on God—again before the wind. Saw carpen-

ters, &c. and set all in motion. 'Now,' as Napoleon said, 'I can sleep, whilst my *employés* are getting ready for my orders.'

"*26th.* — Directed 224 envelopes for private day, with the tickets, and signed in the corner. Kept the men at work all day—nearly closed in the place. Pictures framed; all alive, as I relish.

"My dearest love, who has never left me for twenty-five years, is going by herself to Brighton, for her dear health. We were touched last night, as I tied up her trunk. I hope God will bless her with recovery.

"*29th.*—Saw my dearest love off. I hope she arrived safely. Got all covered in nearly. In driving along, the cab-horse fell. Would any man believe this annoyed me? As an omen, the same thing happened before the Cartoon contest. Such are human beings.

"Napoleon's coach broke down on his return from Elba. Well, it is glorious to be able to fight a *last* battle—*nous verrons.* In God I trust. Amen.

"*31st.*—Last day of March; April fool day to-morrow. In putting in my letters for the private day, I let three parts fall on the pavement—about 300. Another fall! Now for the truth of omens.

"*April 1st.*—Hung up all my remaining drawings, and finally arranged the exhibition. My pictures looked well. God bless it with success!

"*4th.*—It rained the whole day. Nobody came except Jerrold, Bowring, Fox Maule, and Hobhouse. Twenty-six years ago, the rain would not have prevented them. But now it is not so. However, I do not despair.

"PRIVATE DAY.

"Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly (upstairs to the right).

"*Admit* Noodle, Doodle, and their numerous Friends *to the private view of Haydon's Two New Pictures,* '*The Banishment of Aristides*' and '*The Burning of Rome,*' part of a Series for the Decoration of the old House of Lords.

"On Saturday the 4th instant, from twelve till six.

"B. R. HAYDON."

" Omens of failure in this exhibition.

" 1st. The cab-horse slipped on the wood, and tumbled.

" 2nd. I let all the letters tumble for the private day, and to-day, in trying to put up Wordsworth, he tumbled, knocked down Lord Althorp, broke the frame, and played the devil.

" After this what success can come?

" Do I believe this, or don't I? Half inclined.

" 6*th.*—Receipts 1846, 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*: ARISTIDES.
Receipts 1820, 19*l.* 16*s.*: JERUSALEM.

" In God I trust. Amen.

" 7*th.*—Rain. 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

" 8*th.*—Fine. Receipts worse, 1*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.* Is it not funny, my writing down those omens? They have turned out so correctly forerunners of evil.

" 9*th.*—Fine weather. Things begin to turn, I think. I dare say I was overstrained with hard work, and my mental and intellectual being partook of it. Once more I begin to trust in my Merciful Creator, and have no doubt He will carry me through.

" 13*th.*—Easter Monday.* O God, bless my receipts this day, for the sake of my creditors, my family, and my art. Amen.

	£	s.	d.
" Receipts, 22 - -	1	2	0
" Catalogues, 3 - -	0	1	6
	1	3	6

* Haydon's new pictures are now open at the Egyptian Hall, upstairs to the right. Admission 1*s.*; catalogue 6*d.* In these two magnificent pictures of the Burning of Rome by Nero, and Banishment of Aristides, "the drawing is grand, and characters most felicitous, and we hope the artist will reap the reward he merits," says the *Times*, April 6th. "These are Haydon's best works," says the *Herald*, same day. N.B. Visiters are requested to go up into the gallery of the room, in order to see the full effect of the flame of the burning city. Nero accused the Christians of this cruel act, covered hundreds of them with combustible materials, and burnt them for the amusement of the savage Romans.—(See *Tacitus.*) Haydon has

"An advertisement, of a finer description to catch the *profanum vulgus*, could not be written, yet not a shilling more was added to the receipts.

"They rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb. They push, they fight, they scream, they faint, they cry help and murder! and oh! and ah! They see my bills, my boards, my caravans, and don't read them. Their eyes are open, but their sense is shut. It is an insanity, a *rabies*, a madness, a *furor*, a dream.

"I would not have believed it of the English people.

"14*th*.—Receipts doubled to-day. Thank God. Amen.

"15*th*.—Half the month gone. God bless me this day. Amen. Sent dear Mary 2*l*. to keep on her bathing; left 4*s*. 6*d*. only in my pocket, with a hundred or two to pay.

"16*th*.—My situation is now of more extreme peril than even when I began Solomon, thirty-three years ago. Involved in debt, mortified by the little sympathy the public display towards my best pictures, with several private engagements yet to fulfil, I awoke this morning at four, as usual, filled with the next in my Series—Alfred and the Jury. I felt, 'is it the whisper of an evil or a good spirit?' but I believe it to be that of a good spirit.

"I call on my Creator still to support me through trials severer than I have ever gone through, to the accomplishment of my remaining four. I call on Him who has led me through the wilderness for forty-two years, under every depression and every excitement, to sixty years of age, not to desert me in this the eleventh hour. O God, on my knees I ask for Thy blessing on this the third of my Series, to grant that I may bring it to a glorious and triumphant conclusion, in spite of any difficulty, any obstruction, earth can oppose. Grant me eyes, intellect, and health; and under Thy blessing, leave

devoted forty-two years to improve the taste of the people; and let every Briton who has pluck in his bosom, and a shilling in his pocket, crowd to his works during the Easter week.

the rest to me. O God, how often have I wearied Thy Invisibility with entreaty! and I have always finished the works I began, when I have earnestly prayed for Thy blessing. Bless my exertions, O Lord, now. Bless the beginning, progression, and conclusion, not only of Alfred, but the remaining three; and grant I may accomplish the whole four remaining, with glory to Thy gifts, honour to my country, and blessings to my family.

"Grant all these things, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen! Amen! Amen!

"17*th.*—Worked hard, and got on with Alfred gloriously; made a small sketch, in a few minutes, of light, colour, and shadow, and then rubbed in the whole picture another stage.

"It had a splendid effect. God be thanked! How mysterious is the whisper which, in such anxieties, impels to paint, conceive, and invent! How mysterious!

"But why such anxieties? Why not allow the gift to work without the stumblings of affliction?

"18*th.*—God bless me through my daily trouble this day, as thou didst bless me yesterday. Amen.

"By the kindness of my dear friend Kemp, I am able to send my dear love 2*l.* to Brighton, and pay my wages at the exhibition. Thus far I have got over the troubles of the day. God be praised!

"*Sunday*, 19*th.*—O God! enable me to do my religious duties this day, in tranquillity and faith, filling my mind for a successful conquest over the struggles of the coming week. Amen.

"21*st.*—Tom Thumb had 12,000 people last week. B. R. Haydon 133½ (the ½ a little girl). Exquisite taste of the English people!

"O God! bless me through the evils of this day.

"I thank Thee. Thou hast done so. Amen.

"22*nd.*—Bless me, O God, through the evils of this day. Amen.

"God has blessed me. Thanks. Amen.

"*24th.*—Advanced Alfred gloriously. Borne down at first in misery. Six hours at work.

"*25th.*—Made a chalk sketch of my dear old friend Caroline Innes, a daughter of Beechey's.

"*26th.*—Read prayers with all my heart, and then went to my friend Dennys, who bought Uriel, and had built a gallery for it. It was hung, and looked excellently. How grateful I am that, beginning it trusting in God alone, He raised me up a patron who bought it and valued it!

"*30th.*—End of the month. One of variety of fortune.

"For the blessings—gratitude. For the evils—submission. I made this appeal again, despising Napoleon for not trying the 18th Brumaire after Waterloo. But he was right. He showed greater sagacity. You can never repeat the cause of a success, without its producing a failure. You cannot do anything twice in life with the same effect on the world. I find it so; but in my ambition—perhaps vanity, pride, conceit—I believed I was destined to prove the reverse.—*Et voici le résultat.*

"My dangers are great.

"*May 1st.*—Every spring time presses; money flies; the butcher, the baker, the tax-collector, the landlord, give louder knocks than before; away goes the only hope to the exhibition; for artists, like the evil spirits of hell, doubt and tremble, and yet abhor and do.

"*3rd.*—I put down in my Journal every thing which passes through a human mind, that its weaknesses, its follies, its superstitions, may be balanced against its vigour, propriety, and sound convictions.

"*5th.*—Came home in excruciating anxiety, not being able to raise the money for my rent for the Hall, and found a notice from a broker for a quarter's rent from Newton, my old landlord for twenty-two years. For a moment my brain was confused. I had paid him half; and therefore, there was only 10*l.* left. I went into the painting-room in great misery of mind. That so old a friend should have chosen such a moment to do such a

thing, is painful. After an hour's dulness, my mind suddenly fired up, with a new background for Alfred. I dashed at it, and at dinner it was enormously improved. I make a sketch to-morrow; then begin to finish with the Saxon noble.

"*6th.*—I went out yesterday to look for my employer, to make him pay me 37*l.* 10*s.* I had just received a lawyer's letter, the first for a long time. I called on the lawyer, an amiable man. He promised to try to get me time. I came home—my exhibition bringing nothing—a lawyer's letter -- my landlady's 30*l.* for rent at the Hall unpaid — I came home with great pain of mind; yet would any man believe, as I waited in the lawyer's chambers, the whole background of Alfred flashed into my head? I dwelt on it, foresaw its effects, and came home in sorrow, delight, anxiety, and anticipation. I set my palette with a disgust, and yet under irresistible impulse. In coming into the parlour, the cook, whose wages I had not been able to pay, handed me a card from a broker, saying he called for a quarter's rent from Mr. Newton. I felt my heart sink, my brain confused, as I foresaw ruin, misery, and a prison! It was hoisting the standard!

"This is temper. I went on with my palette in a giddy fidget. I brought it out, and looking at my great work, rejoiced inwardly at the coming background. But my brain, harassed and confused, fell into a deep slumber, from which I did not awake for an hour. I awoke cold, the fire out; but I flew at my picture, and dashing about like an inspired devil, by three had arranged and put in the alteration.

"I dined, expecting an execution every moment, and retired to rest in misery. I awoke continually; and this morning went off to Fairbairn of Leeds to ask him to pay me for his brother. He could not. I drove back, finding his brother was in town. He was out, and I flew up to my landlord Newton. He was irritable, and in bad

health. He said I was in a bad temper. I promised him payment this day week. He promised to let me alone. Home I came, and made a complete sketch; and this moment comes a cheque from my dear friend Kemp, which has really saved me for the time.

"This is historical painting in England!

"16*th*.—The unexpected assistance I have received, the dangers I have escaped, the art I have accomplished, the health I enjoy, the objects I have in view, and the ruin I may endure with my dear Mary, agitate my brain and heart; but in God's blessing I am firm. I see 'One that is Invisible' who will bring me through. Amen. I certainly feel more than ever the value of minutes, the importance of my mission, and the overwhelming duty upon my heart of completing my six works.

"The struggle is severe; for myself I care not, but for her so dear to me I feel. It presses on her mind; and in a moment of pain, she wrote the following simple bit of feeling to Frederick, who is in South America, on board the Grecian—a Middy. It shows the inmost state of her soul, and what she really feels as to the danger of our position.

To an absent Child.

I.

This is thy natal day, my child;
And where art thou so dear?
My heart is sad, and yet 'tis glad
To know thou art not here.

II.

Oh! tarry thou in sunny isles,
Where winds and waves have borne thee;
And return no more, to thy native shore,
When the care of years has worn thee.

III.

There is a pain upon thy brow,
And thy face is pale with care;
Then come no more to thy native shore,
For trial awaits thee there.

IV.

There is a curl upon thy lip,
Which speaks of pride and sorrow;
And a weight upon thy gay young heart,
Which dulls the hope of to-morrow.

V.

Then tarry thou in sunny isles,
Bright as thy own blue eye;
And come no more to thy native shore,
Where toil and care do vie.

VI.

Oh! could I waft me to those bright isles,
And dwell with thee, so dear!
Should I sigh for this land of oppression and toil,
Where each morn is expected with fear?

VII.

Then, pray for the day when we may dwell
In that sunny land together,
With those on earth we love so well,
And never again come hither.

MARY HAYDON, Mère.

"13*th.* — Captain Waller told Lucas that Alava, who acted as the Duke's aid-de-camp at Waterloo, told Waller that, as he was joining the Duke early on the field, he thought to himself, 'I wonder how he feels and looks with Napoleon opposite.' The Duke shortly joined, and called out in his bluff manner, 'Well, how did you like the ball, last night?' Putting up his glass, and sweeping the enemy's ground, he then said to Alava, 'That fellow little thinks what a confounded licking he'll get, before the day is over.'

"14*th.* — This day forty-two years I left my native Plymouth for London and life. O God! bless me through the numerous anxieties of this day satisfactorily.

"18*th.* — I closed my exhibition this day, and have lost 111*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.* No man can accuse me of showing less energy, less spirit, less genius, than I did twenty-six years ago. I have not decayed, but the people have been corrupted. I am the same, they are not; and I have suffered in consequence.

"I used to accuse Napoleon of want of energy in not driving out the senate after Waterloo, as he did on the 18th Brumaire. But he knew men better than I.—It would have been useless; he was not altered, they were.

"It becomes me now, in all humility, to pray God yet for health to complete my remaining four. Amen.

"19*th.*—Cleared out my exhibition. Removed Aristides and Themistocles, and all my drawings. Next to a victory is a skilful retreat; and I marched out before General Thumb, a beaten but not conquered exhibitor.

"23*rd.*—Awoke at three, in very great agony of mind; and lay awake till long after five, affected by my position. Prayed God, as David did, and fell asleep happier, but still fearing.

"I took the original sketch of Uriel, and went to my landlord and asked him to buy it in vain. At last, I offered it to him if he would lend me 1*l.* to pay an instalment, where failure would have been certain ruin. He assented, and I left a beautiful sketch. I then came home and darted at my picture. I have done a great deal this week under all circumstances, and advanced the masses of drapery for my Jury. There lie Aristides and Nero, unasked for, unfelt for, rolled up—Aristides, a subject Raffaele would have praised and complimented me on! Good God!—and 111*l.* 11*s.* 5*d.* loss by showing it!

"God be praised! I have got through this week. Amen.

"30*th.*—Worked gloriously hard, and finished the Saxon lord. If I can manage Alfred and the left corner of head by 30th June, that will do. God be thanked for his blessings this week and this day!

"31*st.*—Alfred is well on, in spite of dreadful need. O Lord! carry me through the next, and the dangerous month. Amen.

"*June* 1*st.*—O God, I begin this month, June, in fear and submission. Thy will, not mine, be done. Carry me through, in spite of all appearances and realities of danger, for Jesus Christ's sake; and enable me to keep my health in eyes and mind, and to bear up and get through my six

great works in spite of all the difficulties, calamities, or obstructions, which ever afflicted humanity.

"*3rd.* — Bless me, O Lord! 'Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we trust in the name of the Lord our God.'

"In proportion as you refine the *virtues*, so you do the *vices* of mankind.

"Worked very hard. Went to Christie's to see the Saltmarsh Collection.

"The Rubens I recollect, thirty years ago, at De la Hant's. I remember it used to be a wonder to me, but I saw through it at once now.

"*4th.* — I felt every touch from experience. I know what feelings he must have had when he touched so and so.

"*5th.* — Called on my dear friend Kemp, who helped me to get over the difficulties which harassed me. Thank God!

"By the time the six are done, they will all be mortgaged; but never mind, so long as I get them done. — The great thing is to get them done.

"*6th.* — Worked hard till half-past two. Then went to Saltmarsh Collection. Finished Alfred. Something to do to the head, and Saxon lord. If I can but finish the left hand corner and Alfred by 30th June, I'll do. If I had no pecuniary wants, I could. It is that which occupies my time.

"*Sunday, 7th.* — Read prayers, and poured out thanksgivings, and then went to see my Uriel at Dennys's, Addison Terrace. Dennys was dressed in black velvet, with slashed sleeves; and his fine head, fine gallery, and fine pictures, really carried me back to the *cinque cento*. Uriel looked well, and I said it would be honoured in Italy.

"*11th.* — I have 15*l.* to pay to-morrow, without a shilling. How I shall manage to get seven hours' peace for work, and yet satisfy my creditors, Heaven only knows.

"30*l.* Newton, on the 25th. 31*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* Newman, same day. 26*l.* 10*s.* Coutts, on the 24th. 29*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.*

Gillotts, on the 29th. 17*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* to baker, — in all 136*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.* this month, with only 18*s.* in the house; nothing coming in, all received; one large picture painting and three more getting ready, and Alfred's head to do. In God alone I trust, in humility.

" 12*th.* — O God! carry me through the evils of this day. Amen.

" 13*th.* — Picture much advanced; but my necessities are dreadful, owing to my failure at the Hall. In God alone I trust, to bring me through, and extricate me safe and capable of paying my way. O God! It is hard, this struggle of forty-two years; but Thy will, and not mine, be done, if it save the art in the end. O God, bless me through all my pictures, the four remaining, and grant nothing on earth may stop the completion of the six.

" *Sunday*, 14*th.* — O God! Let it not be presumption in calling for Thy blessing on my six works. Let no difficulty on earth stop or impede their progression, for one moment. Out of nothing Thou couldst create worlds. O God! bless me this week with Thy Divine aid. From sources invisible to us raise up friends, save me from the embarrassments want of money must bring on. O God! grant this day week I may be able to thank Thee from my soul for extrication, and preserve my health and head, and spirit and piety to bear up and vanquish all obstructions. Amen. Amen.

" 15*th.* — Passed in great anxiety; finally painted the background in the sketch, after harassing about to no purpose in the heat.

" 16*th.* — I sat from two till five staring at my picture like an idiot. My brain pressed down by anxiety and anxious looks of my dear Mary and children, whom I was compelled to inform. I dined, after having raised money on all our silver, to keep us from want in case of accidents; and Rochfort, the respectable old man in Brewer Street, having expressed great sympathy for my misfortunes, as I saw white locks under his cap, I said, ' Rochfort, take off your cap.' He took it off, and showed a fine head of

silvery hair. 'This is the very thing I want, come and sit.' He smiled, and looked through me. 'When?' 'Saturday, at nine.' 'I will, Sir;' and would any man believe, I went home with a lighter heart at having found a model for the hair of the kneeling figure in Alfred? This is as good as any thing I remember of Wilkie in my early days. I came home, and sat as I describe. I had written to Sir R. Peel, Duke of Beaufort, and Lord Brougham, saying I had a heavy sum to pay. I offered the Duke's Study to the Duke of Beaufort for 50*l.*

"Who answered first? Tormented by Disraeli, harassed by public business, up came the following letter: —

"'Sir,

'I am sorry to hear of your continual embarrassments. From a limited fund which is at my disposal, I send as a contribution towards your relief from those embarrassments the sum of 50*l.*

'I am, Sir,

'Your obedient servant,

'ROBERT PEEL.

'Be so good as to sign and return the accompanying receipt.'

"And this Peel is the man who has no heart!

"17*th.*—Dearest Mary, with a woman's passion, wishes me at once to stop payment, and close the whole thing. I will not. I will finish my six, under the blessing of God; reduce my expenses; and hope His mercy will not desert me, but bring me through in health and vigour, gratitude and grandeur of soul, to the end. In Him alone I trust. Let my imagination keep Columbus before my mind for ever. O God, bless my efforts with success, through every variety of fortune, and support my dear Mary and family. Amen.

"In the morning, fearing I should be involved, I took down books I had not paid for to a young bookseller with a family, to return them. As I drove along, I thought I might get money on them. I felt disgusted at such a thought, and stopped and told him I feared I was in danger; and as he might lose, I begged him to keep them

for a few days. He was grateful, and in the evening came this 50*l.* *I know what I believe.*

"18*th.* — O God, bless me through the evils of this day. Great anxiety. My landlord, Newton, called. I said, 'I see a quarter's rent in thy face, but none from me.' I appointed to-morrow night to see him, and lay before him every iota of my position. Good hearted Newton! I said, 'Don't put in an execution.' 'Nothing of the sort,' he replied, half hurt.

"I sent the Duke, Wordsworth, dear Fred, and Mary's heads to Miss Barrett to protect. I have the Duke's boots and hat, and Lord Grey's coat, and some more heads.

"20*th.* — O God, bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

"21*st.* — Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation.

"22*nd.* — God forgive me. Amen.

Finis
of
B. R. Haydon.

"'Stretch me no longer on this rough world.' — *Lear.*

End of Twenty-sixth Volume."

This closing entry was made between half-past ten and a quarter to eleven o'clock, on the morning of Monday the 22nd of June. Before eleven, the hand that wrote it was stiff and cold in self-inflicted death. On the morning of that Monday, Haydon rose early, and went out, returning, apparently fatigued, at nine. He then wrote. At ten he entered his painting-room, and soon after saw his wife, then dressing to visit a friend at Brixton, by her husband's special desire. He embraced her fervently, and returned to his painting-room. About a quarter to eleven, his wife and daughter heard the report of fire-arms; but took little notice of it, as they supposed it to proceed from the troops

then exercising in the Park. Mrs. Haydon went out. About an hour after, Miss Haydon entered the painting-room, and found her father stretched out dead, before the easel on which stood his unfinished picture of Alfred and the first British Jury—his white hairs dabbled in blood, a half-open razor smeared with blood, at his side, near it, a small pistol recently discharged, in his throat a frightful gash, and a bullet-wound in his skull. A portrait of his wife stood on a smaller easel facing his large picture. On a table near was his Diary open at the page of that last entry, his watch, a Prayer-book open at the Gospel for the Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany, letters addressed to his wife and children, and this paper, headed "Last thoughts of B. R. Haydon, half-past ten."

"No man should use certain evil for probable good, however great the object. Evil is the prerogative of the Deity.

"I create good,—I create,—I the Lord do these things.

"Wellington never used evil if the good was not certain. Napoleon had no such scruples, and I fear the glitter of his genius rather dazzled me; but had I been encouraged, nothing but good would have come from me, because when encouraged I paid every body. God forgive the evil for the sake of the good. Amen."

Beside this paper was another, his will, as follows:—

"In the name of Jesus Christ our Saviour, in the efficacy of whose atonement I firmly and conscientiously believe, I make my last will this day, June 22nd, 1846, being clear in my intellect, and decided in my resolution of purpose.

"I request that my dear friends, Serjeant Talfourd, Dr. Darling, both of Russell Square, and David Trevenon Coulton, of No. 1. Claremont Place, Brixton, will undertake the duties of executors, see a fair and just distribution of my assets, and protect, and assist by their advice my dearest Mary, and my daughter and sons, Frank and Frederic.

"My dearest wife, Mary Haydon, has been a good, dear,

and affectionate wife to me—a heroine in adversity and an angel in peace.

"The property available is as follows: —

"1st. My Curtius at the Pantheon, on which there is a lien of 80*l.* to my landlord, Newton; 200 guineas.

"2d. My picture of Alexander and a Lion is free, (at the Pantheon); 300 guineas.

"3rd. My picture of Aristides (Pantheon), on which there is a lien of 300*l.* to Messrs. Bennoch and Twenty-man of 78, Wood Street, Cheapside; 800 guineas.

"4th. My picture of Nero, on which there is a lien of 30*l.* for rent due to Mrs. Lackington of Egyptian Hall —(Pantheon); 400 guineas.

"5th. Lupton has a portrait of Wordsworth, my property, engraved. He is to be paid 80 guineas.

"6. Wagstaff has a print of the Duke in profile, my property. Due to him 100 guineas.

"7. I owe a great sum to my landlord, William Newton, of 13, Cavendish Road, Regent's Park. He holds pictures and books and prints, and the Judgment of Solomon, which is the property of the assignees of the late Mr. Prideaux of Plymouth, bankrupt; he took possession of the picture at the Western Exchange, and paid the rent due, on my insolvency in 1830. His claim is for warehouse-room, for which he paid. He has been a good landlord to me.

"8th. The furniture in my house was three times seized by him, and released, and I gave him a power to enter again in 1836 for the same claims. Great additions have been made since.

"9th. I am nearly 3000*l.* in debt from renewed claims, and from my resolution to carry on high art to the last gasp, till felt and acknowledged by the nation.

"10th. I have pressed heavily on all friends; but I have been generously supported. Jeremiah Harman, Thomas Coutts, Ed. Majoribanks, Thomas Hope, Watson Taylor, Lord Mulgrave, Honourable Augustus Phipps, Sir George Phillips, William Newton, Henry Perkins, J. P. Bell,

Bennoch and Twentyman, G. J. Kemp, the Misses Robinson and Poyntz advanced money to help me through my works.

"11. The Duke of Sutherland, Lord Egremont, Lord Mulgrave, Sir George Beaumont, Sir Robert Peel, &c. &c., late Thomas Kearsey employed and helped me, and William Hamilton. God reward them!

"12. Morally I fear it was wrong to incur debts on the risk of payment; but when one considers the precarious nature of the profession, pardon may be granted.

"13. I have manuscripts and my memoirs in the possession of Miss Barrett, 50. Wimpole Street, in a chest, which I wish Longman to be consulted about. My memoirs are to 1820, my journals will supply the rest. The style, the individuality of Richardson, which I wish not curtailed by an editor. Correspondence and journals for the rest.

"14. I return my gratitude to Sir Robert Peel, always a kind friend in emergencies. I hope he will consider the talents and virtues of my son, Frank, and Sir George Cockburn will not forget my son Frederick.

"15. I have done my duty to my children—educated them thoroughly. They are good members of society, and I hope will remain so, if, for no purpose of ambition, they never become borrowers or lenders.

"16. I have done my duty to the art—educated the greatest artists of the day,—Eastlake, the Landseers, and Lance, and I hope advanced the whole feeling of the country. I hope my dear friend Sir Robert Peel will not forget my widow and family.

"17. In the name of my God I hope for forgiveness for the step I am about to take—a crime, no doubt; but if I am judged immediately hereafter, I have done nothing all my life that will render me fearful of appearing before the awful consciousness of my invisible God, or hesitate to explain my actions.

"18. I know my innate sin,—my innate tendencies to evil as a human being; but I have tried hard to subdue

it, and I am sure He will be just, however awfully displeased, at the wickedness of my conclusion.

" 19. I forgive my enemies and slanderers from my heart, and hope my worthy and *unworthy* creditors will forgive me. I meant all in honour. God knows I have paid off vast sums of former troubles; and all the money advanced has been properly used in virtuous purposes, and not in vanity and vice.

" God Almighty forgive us all. I die in peace with all men, and pray Him not to punish, for the sake of the father, the innocent widow and children he leaves behind.

" I ask her pardon and my children's for the additional pang, but it will be the last, and released from the burthen of my ambition, they will be happier and suffer less.

" Hoping through the merits of Christ forgiveness.

" B. R. HAYDON.

" To my Executors."

The coroner's jury found that the suicide was in an unsound state of mind when he committed the act.

Haydon's debts at his death amounted to about 3,000*l.* The assets were inconsiderable.

Sir Robert Peel's kindness did not close with the painter's life. Liberal and immediate assistance was extended to the bereaved widow and family, and such comfort as the sympathy and help of friends could give was not wanting to those whom this unhappy and unfortunate man left behind him.

Thus died Haydon, by his own hand, in the sixty-first year of his age, after forty-two years of studies, strivings, conflicts, successes, imprisonments, appeals to ministers, to Parliament, to patrons, to the public, self-illusions, and disappointments.

His life carries its moral and lesson with it, or these memoirs are now given to the world to little purpose.

My object, up to this point, has been to give Haydon's own portraiture of himself. This is the aim which I have kept in view in selecting from and compressing his journals. I have not tried either to raise him into a hero or to

depress him below the level at which, on a review of all the circumstances of his life, he seems fairly entitled to stand.

In the preceding part of my work, having this conception of my duty as editor of his autobiography and memoirs, I have refrained, as far as possible, from the expression of my own judgment of the man and his conduct, and from any general estimate of his merits as a painter. I have done this advisedly, and at the cost of considerable self-restraint. But my work might, I think, properly be regarded as incomplete, if I did not, now that the editorial part of my duty is completed, give the reader, as briefly as may be, my own conclusions as to the man and painter, founded on the records of him which have passed through my hands, and on such of his pictures as I have been able to find access to.

THE CHARACTER OF THE MAN.

There can be little difficulty in decyphering this, if ever record of thoughts and acts can be trusted for *indicia* of character.

Haydon was self-willed to obstinacy. He rarely asked advice, and never took it unless it approved itself to him, without reference to the sagacity or information of the adviser. He was indefatigable in labour during his periods of application, but he was often diverted from his art by professional polemics, by fits of reading, and by moods of discomfort and disgust, and other distractions which are explained by his circumstances. What he undertook he generally mastered, and he shows a rare "thoroughness" in the manner of his inquiries and studies, and a pertinacity not often associated with so much vehemence and passion as belonged to him.

His judgment was essentially unsound in all matters where he was personally interested. His inordinate vanity (which is sometimes ludicrously exhibited) blinded him throughout to the quality of his own works, the amount

of influence he could wield, and the extent of sympathy he excited.

He was unscrupulous in conduct, but not unprincipled, and, I believe, though many will question it, that he seldom contracted obligations without the intention and expectation of meeting them.' But when a man once becomes embarrassed, it is hardly possible to estimate the value, or no-value rather, of such intentions. His conduct in inducing his pupils to accept bills for his accommodation admits of no defence, and I cannot offer any palliation for his habits of begging and borrowing beyond those which these memoirs must suggest to all fairly-judging readers,—I mean his necessities, his sanguine temperament, his occasional extraordinary successes, and his pervading conviction that he was the apostle and martyr of high art, and, as such, had a sort of right to support from those who would not find him the employment he was always craving. His constant demand was for work and wages, and in default of these, he asked for subsistence while he worked, in the hope that sooner or later the wages must come.

His religiousness is puzzling. Few men have lived in a more continuous practice of prayer; and though his are little more than requests for what he most desired, addressed to the Being in whose power he believed it to be to grant them,—begging-letters, in fact, dispatched to the Almighty,—it must not be forgotten that the prayers of many "eminently pious" people, and indeed of whole churches and sects, are little more than this. His faith in an overruling power was not strong enough to induce a calm and steadfast waiting upon God's will, but neither, as it seems to me, is the faith of the most prayerful persons of this character. One thing I may say, that he seems to have lived in the habitual belief of a personal, overruling, and merciful Deity, and that this belief influenced his inward life, his relations with his family, and, so far as his necessities did not interfere, with the world.

His love of his art is, to my mind, inextricable from his

belief in himself; and his struggle to advance the art was never without reference to the glorification of himself as the artist.

In taste he was as deficient as in judgment — if indeed the two be not different phases of the same element in character. This want of taste shows itself in the tone of his letters to men of rank, in which an unbecoming familiarity alternates with a gross servility of expression. The style of his appeals to the public, in his advertisements and catalogues, is equally offensive in a different way,— from the turgid and undisguised expression of his own exaggerated estimate of himself and his works. But he seems really to have believed that the public eye was fixed on him, and struggled against facts to maintain this delusion to the last. I may regret, but I cannot wonder that he did not meet with more sympathy. Considering how very boisterous and combative a martyr he was, I am rather astonished that he found so much. I believe that he died a victim to disappointment; that his exclusion from all share in the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament broke his heart; and that all his subsequent efforts to reassert his claims, through the Public, instead of the Fine Arts Commission, were void of true hope; a frantic "lashing the sides of his intent" to approve himself a great artist, when he had really more than begun to doubt it.

As a husband and a father I have nothing for him but praise. His love for his wife was unabated to the last, and he did his duty manfully by his children.

THE CHARACTER OF HIS TIMES AS RESPECTS ART.

In judging a man, one is bound to consider the times he lived in with reference to the nature of his work.

All evil, it has been said, results from the non-adaptation of constitution to conditions.* When we say that

* Spencer, "Social Statics."

Haydon's failure and sufferings were his own fault, we only state half the truth. In different times his faults would not have wrought the same effects, and his better qualities would have had fairer play. The conditions in which he was placed were unfavourable, not only to turbulent natures like his, but to every artist with a high conception of his art. Things are so much altered for the better in this particular, however unsatisfactory they still may be, that it is difficult for us to appreciate the obstacles and stumbling-blocks which an artist, bent on employing his skill in public edifices, and for national or municipal purposes, must have found in his way forty years ago. It is very much to Haydon's pertinacity that we owe such improvement as there is, in this respect, now-a-days. At that time the dominant form of art was, undoubtedly, portraiture. West and Fuseli, Northcote and Opie, did, it is true, paint historical pictures; but the first owed his position mainly to a royal employer; Fuseli lived more by the printsellers and publishers than by his patrons, and Northcote and Opie combined portrait-painting with history, and were supported mainly by that.

The class of pictures which now employs the largest number of artists, and is most sought after and best paid, combining some of the qualities of historical painting with still-life, — what is called *genre*-painting — may almost be said to have been founded by Wilkie, and to have grown up since Haydon first exhibited. This style affords a loop-hole through which to escape from the sole dominion of the portrait-painter, in a time when the public functions of art are still little appreciated. In works of this kind may be exhibited the highest qualities of invention and expression, though they give no scope for that largeness of treatment, that force and sweep of hand, for which great spaces and wide distances are essential.

Failing this, there was very little resource forty years ago for the painter who did not feel inclined to paint portraits. Hilton lived in narrow circumstances, which would have been indigent but for some private fortune

and his income as Keeper of the Royal Academy. The encouragement he found may give us a measure of what was to be hoped for by even the most gentle and inoffensive being who took to the higher range of art. Etty amassed a fortune after he abandoned such large canvases as his Judith and Holofernes series, and his other pictures of that size and time, for attractive nudities and rich scraps of colour, of cabinet size. If ever art was lowered by the conditions of a time, surely Etty's was. Haydon would not pine in neglect and silence like Hilton, nor condescend to small and sensual nudities or luscious bits of mere colour-painting like Etty.

He would paint large pictures with a high aim. The patrons did not want such pictures, the Academy did not favour them, the public could not buy them. They flocked to see them exhibited, but that was all.

The private patronage of that day was petty and mean, though there was no lack of rich and very kind friends of artists. Never did a painter receive more help than Haydon in all ways but the right one. Whether he was qualified to have done justice to any public employment that might have offered itself, especially in the latter half of his artistic life, may be doubtful; but between 1812 and 1823 I believe he was capable of producing works which, displayed under proper conditions, would have been nobly decorative or commemorative. But this chance he never had, for no single statesman or influential patron of his times seems to have admitted his doctrine that art has a public function; and that if it is ever to be great in our day, it must be by being employed nationally and politically — the collective nation, through its public bodies, replacing the princes and popes of the great eras of Italian renown.

What private patronage can do to found a style and schools of art has been best shown in Holland and Flanders. It is not to it that we can ever owe a Campo Santo, a Ducal Palace, a Sistine Chapel, or the Stanze of the Vatican.

Without at all shutting my eyes to Haydon's deficiencies

in both the conceptual and technical parts of his art, I cannot but sympathise in his prayers for a great national Council Hall, or a dome of St. Paul's, wherein to show the grasp of his mind and the mastery of his hand.

The New Houses of Parliament are as yet (after the great room at the Society of Arts) the only arena that England has opened for any of her painters who may indulge in aspirations like Haydon's.

OF THE QUALITIES OF HAYDON AS AN ARTIST.

No part of my work, in connection with Haydon, has cost me more pains, with less profit, than this of settling and putting into words my judgment of him as a painter.

Yet I am, in many respects, favourably placed for forming a fair estimate, as being free from partisanship and a stranger to the heats which gathered about Haydon and his works in his lifetime and among his contemporaries. The difficulty I have felt arises from the works themselves, considered without reference to the feuds and struggles of their author.

I have taken advantage of all opportunities within my reach for acquiring a knowledge of Haydon's pictures. The Dentatus I only know from Harvey's masterly wood-cut. The Macbeth, and Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, I have not seen. But I have been able to examine, at leisure, the Solomon, Lazarus, Xenophon, May-day or Punch, the Mock Election, the Englishman's Breakfast, Christ's Agony in the Garden, the Poictiers, and the Curtius, some portraits, the Spanish Nun, and a small head of the Gipsey Model. The Waiting for the Times, the Statesman Musing, the Napoleon at St. Helena, and the Duke at Waterloo, I am acquainted with only from engravings. I find in all these pictures, in varying degrees, the same beauties and the same defects. In the earliest the defects are least visible and the beauties greatest.

The Judgment of Solomon* seems to me, as a whole, beyond dispute the finest work Haydon ever executed, though there is nothing in it equal, in power of conception and execution, to the head of Lazarus.

I was fortunate enough, in some of my examinations of Haydon's pictures, to be accompanied by a friend,† who combines the artist's knowledge of technical means and eye for imitative detail, with that large appreciation of aims and intentions in which the criticism of artists is often deficient. His judgment, moreover, is that of one sympathising in many respects with Haydon, and cheerfully recognising his services as an earnest and eloquent advocate of the claims of high art on the Government and the public. I claim, therefore, all respect for the opinions of one whom I know to be conscientious, as I believe him to be competent, and to whom I wish here to express my thanks for the use he has allowed me to make of his communication, which expresses, in the main, what I myself feel on the subject. "I am afraid," Mr. Watts writes, "you will think I have forgotten the promise I made to give you my opinion on the characteristics of Haydon's art. But the fact is, I find it very difficult to arrive at a definite conclusion. Sympathising, sincerely with him in his views upon art, to their utmost extent, naturally inclined to appreciate the qualities he aims at, and doing full justice to the power and amount of knowledge displayed, I am surprised to find how little I am really affected at his works, and how difficult it is to retain any very distinct impression of them. This corroboration of public opinion in my own feelings I have been endeavouring to account for. When any qualities beyond common experience and knowledge, and above the most ordinary comprehension, are aimed at, the public

* Now exhibiting at the British Institution (June, 1853).

† Mr. G. F. Watts, the designer of the Cartoon of Caractacus, and the painter of Alfred Encouraging the Saxons to pursue the Danes, which respectively gained premiums of the first class in the Westminster Hall competitions of 1843 and 1847.

estimate can only be valuable when it has received the fiat of time; but when the first difficulty has been got over, and the public interested, it is rare that what is really good has failed to maintain its place.

"I think we shall find, upon examination, that all art which has been really and permanently successful has been the exponent of some great principle of mind or matter, —the illustration of some great truth,—the translations of some paragraph out of the book of nature. If Haydon read therein and strove to expound the lesson, he read too hastily to understand fully, and did not, like Demosthenes, take pains to perfect a defective utterance. His art is defective in principle and wanting in attractiveness, —not sufficiently beautiful to please,—not possessing those qualities of exact imitation which attract, amuse, give confidence, and even flatter, because they, in a manner, take the spectator into partnership, and make him feel as if they were almost suggestions of his own.—'This is what I have seen, and what I would do, if I had time to paint; *anch' io son pittore.*'

"The characteristics of Haydon's art appear to me to be great determination and power, knowledge and effrontery. I cannot find that he strikes upon any chord that is the basis of a true harmony. The art of Phidias translated and expressed perfection of form in its full dignity and beauty; that of Angelico, Perugino, Francia and Raffaele, religion; that of Michel Angelo the might of imagination; the greater of the Venetians were the exponents of the power of nature in its rich harmony of colour; Correggio is all sweetness; Tintoretto is the Michel Angelo of colour and effect; Rubens is profuse and generous as autumn; and, if he is sometimes slovenly, he is so jovial and high-spirited that one forgives everything.

"All these, and many others, worked with earnestness and conscientiousness. Absolute truth, in combination with abstract qualities, or without them, will always successfully appeal to the spectator's intelligence. Haydon seems to me to have succeeded as often as he displays any

real anxiety to do so; but one is struck with the extraordinary discrepancy of different parts of his work, as though, bored by a fixed attention that had taken him out of himself, yet highly applauding the result, he had daubed and scrawled his brush about in a sort of intoxication of self-glory.

"Indeed his pictures are himself, and fail as he failed. Whatever a man may suffer or lose in a cause, he will never arrive at the dignity of martyrdom unless he can persuade people that he has embraced the cause with views and aspirations unconnected with his personal gratification and advancement. In Haydon's work there is not sufficient forgetfulness of self to disarm criticism of personality. His pictures are themselves autobiographical notes of the most interesting kind; but their want of beauty repels, and their want of modesty exasperates. Perhaps their principal characteristic is want of delicacy of perception and refinement of execution. In these respects I have seen no work of his that is not more than incomplete. Pathos also is lacking. The good man, with his family, in the Mock Election, is in many respects an admirable bit of composition and painting; yet it appears to me that he is too much identified with the crowd, and almost looks as if he were following the fop to take an oath at the same table. In Punch the apple-woman is too rosy and too clean to sleep from any reason but health and enjoyment. He could give an idea of foolish pleasure and coarse delight; but while there is bitter satire there is no touch of feeling. Hogarth would have given you some wretched child, made indifferent to the humour of Punch by sickness and hunger, made old by misery.

"In the Retreat of the Ten Thousand he has missed making the principal incident the most affecting; in Lazarus he has lost all by the general vulgarity of the astonishment.

"To particularise—I should say that his touch is generally woolly, and his surface disagreeable; that the *dabs* of white on the lights and the *dabs* of red in the shadows

are untrue and unpleasing; that his draperies are deficient in richness and dignity, and his general effect much less good than one would expect from the goodness of parts, which I think arises principally from the coarseness of the handling; that his expressions of anatomy and general perception of form are the best by far that can be found in the English school; and I feel even a direction towards something that is only to be found in Phidias. But this is not true invariably: his proportion is very often defective, especially in the arms of his figures, and his hands and feet, though well understood, are often dandified and uncharacteristic.

"I have pointed out all the things that strike me as errors, because I know that you fully appreciate the greater qualities as I do, and because many of these defects you will fairly ascribe to the unfavourable conditions of his life. His first great work, the Solomon, appears to me to be, beyond all comparison, his best. It is far more equal than anything else I have seen, very powerful in execution, and fine in colour. I think he has lowered the character of Solomon by making him a half joker, but the whole has, at least, the dignity of power. Too much praise cannot, I think, be bestowed on the head of Lazarus; and in the absence of such important evidence as the Entry into Jerusalem would afford, it is hardly fair to pass judgment.

"It is somewhat remarkable that the only man who can be said to have formed a school in England after the manner of the Italian artists, is perhaps the only artist of any eminence who has had no imitators."

I believe that this criticism points out, honestly and accurately, the defects of Haydon's art, taking for granted, rather than expressing, its countervailing beauties. These appear to me, besides the general power in drawing and action, to be a fine feeling for colour in draperies and backgrounds, vigorous and pregnant conception, both of single heads, figures and groups, great occasional truth of expression, such as I have noticed in the Punch, and

such as is strikingly exhibited in particular parts of the Mock Election, (as in the head of the nurse behind the good man), and, in the earlier pictures at least, a large and noble arrangement of the composition. Besides these merits, there is a lower one even more distinctly shown, —that of great power of truthful imitation. The still life of Haydon's pictures is admirable, wherever he gave himself the trouble to elaborate it,—so excellent, indeed, as to make even more apparent his unaccountable carelessness in parts of greater importance. This carelessness I attribute to the joint intoxication of an impetuous conception and an inordinate vanity.

Throughout his pictures, as in his autobiographical painting of himself, I see the want of that delicacy which is equally required for the refined appreciation of the chastened and tender in form and expression, as of the self-denying, unobtrusive, and retiring in character. The absence of the former qualities I feel as painfully in Haydon's art, as the lack of the latter in his conduct. The want of calm is alike apparent in his pictures and in his life, and both, while they contain much to command admiration and sympathy, fail of that true dignity before which the mind bows, so to speak, involuntarily, and to which calm is essential.

Haydon will be remembered less as a painter than as a theorist and lecturer about his calling. He was the first artist who got a hearing in his insisting to the Government and public of England that art is a matter of national concern. Before his time no one had urged this truth except the passionate and cynical Barry.

I have said elsewhere that it is difficult to assign the exact effect due to the constant and energetic pressing of this doctrine by Haydon. The doctrine itself is now admitted in theory, and a beginning has even been made of realising it in practice. It is undeniable that Haydon preached it for forty years; that he lived to see it triumph, and to die, by his own hand, under the heart-break of

disappointment, when the triumph of his cherished principle brought no employment for him.

By his assertion of the real value of the Elgin Marbles, in the teeth of dilettantism, Haydon has earned a title to the gratitude of artists and lovers of art which is less likely to be contested. No one had so thoroughly mastered the secret of these great fragments as Haydon, and no artist of his day was so well qualified to do so, or so gifted with the power of making their beauties passable by description.

In doing the world this service, he used many channels —his letters to the newspapers,—his pamphlets,—his conversations,—the training and drawings of his pupils,—and above all, his lectures. In all these ways he poured upon the public ear a vast amount of sound theory touching painting and sculpture. And as a populariser of art his name stands without a rival among his brethren.

This merit, which I fearlessly claim for Haydon, is no mean one. Let the admission of it close gently and compassionately this record of a life, begun in high aspiration, urged through great varieties of fortune, reduced often to the deepest humiliation, and not always contained within the metes and bounds of right, embittered by perpetual conflict, cheered by the most buoyant self-confidence, misled in most points by a ludicrous vanity, and closed by a catastrophe, to which inveterate self-assertion and the love of effect concurred strangely with the distraction of pecuniary troubles and the sickening of hope deferred.

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

*Extracts from Sir Joshua Reynolds's Private Memorandum Book, copied by Beechey, and by Haydon from him, 1st April, 1840, with Notes of Beechey's and Haydon's.**

Mr. Pelham. — Painted in lake and white, and black and blue.

Varnished with gum mastich dissolved in oil, with sal. saturnin. and rock alum. Col. (colour) yellow, lake, and Naples and black, mixed with varnish. July 7, 1766.

Miss Kitty Fisher.—Face cerata (I suppose varnished.—Beechey.) (Of course not: rubbed with wax first.—B. R. H.) Drapery painted con cera e poi v—(varnished).

Lord Villiers. — Given to Dr. Barnard. Painted with vernice, fatto di cera and Venice turpentine — mesticato con gli colori, macerato in olio; carmine in lieu de lacca.

1767.—*Count Lippe.* Senza olio in finishing.

(Exhibited at the British Institution since: had stood well. —B. R. H.)

My own, Do. *Mrs. Goddard,* Do.

Miss Cholmondeley. — Con olio e vernice. Con Yeo's lake and magilp.

(Note of Beechey's—'Yeo's lake.' Mr. Yeo was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and made colours for his amusement.)

1767.—*Lord Townsend.* Prima con magylp, poi olio, poi mag. (magylp) senza olio; lacca; poi verniciato con vermilion.

Doctor Armstrong. — Painted first in olio poi verniciato poi cera solo, poi cera e vernice.

* These memoranda of Reynolds have been already published, some of them in Northcote's Life, and others by Sir C. L. Eastlake, in his Materials for a History of Oil-painting. I thought it best, however, to reprint them here, for the sake of Beechey's and Haydon's remarks, and also as this copy seems more literal and fuller than that given by Sir C. L. Eastlake.—Ed.

Speaker. — The face colori in olio mesticato con macgylp poi verniciato; cielo* macgylp e poi per tutto verniciato con colori in pulvere senza olio o magilp (* cielo—the background). (In fact, a dry scrumble.—B. R. H.)

(Some soot fell on a picture of Sir Joshua's drying by the fire. Sir Joshua took it up and said, 'A fine cool tint, and actually scumbled it beautifully into the flesh. From Jackson, who had it from Sir George Beaumont.—B. R. H.)

Master Burke finito con ver (vernice) senza olio o cera; carmine.

Duchess of Ancaster.—Prima magylp—secunda olio—terza olio.

Lady Almeria Carpenter.—Mrs. Cholmondeley. Mag. senza olio.

Mio proprio — given to Mr. Burke. Con cera finito quasi, poi con mast. ver, finito interamente, poi cerata senza colori.

"*Offe's** picture painted with cera et cop. (copal?) solo; cinabro. (Varnished with a little vermilion used as a stain over all. —Note by Beechey.)

Glazing.— Senza olio; varnish of mastic solo, Yeo's yellow, verm. and blue.

Sir Charles and Master Bunbury, 1768, July 29.—In vece di nero si puo servirse di turchino e cinabro e lacca giallo (probatum est, Nov. 20th, 1768) (*i. e.* It has stood.—B. R. H.) Second sitting too yellow.

The glazing di cinabro e turchino.

Senza cera.—(Note. Instead of black, he made use of Pr. blue and vermilion.—Beechey.)

April 3rd, 1769.—Per gli colori cinabro, lacca, ultramarin e nero, senza giallo.

Prima in olio, ultimo con vernice solo e giallo.

May 17th, 1769. On a grey ground.

First sitting vermilion, lake, white, black.

Second do., 3rd do., ultramarine — last senza olio, yellow oker*, black, lake, verm. touched upon with white. (* Here is evidence Sir Joshua used yellow in flesh, in opposition to Northcote's assertion.—B. R. H. 1st April, 1840.)

Mrs. Bouverie. — The face senza olio and the boy's head; the rest painted con olio, and afterwards glazed with varnish and colour, except the green, which was glazed with oil and

* See subsequent note of Beechey's, 1832.

then varnished. The vail and white *linnen* finished senza—(without oil?)

July 10*th*, 1769.—*My own picture* painted *first* with oil; painted with lake, yellow oker, blue and black, cop. e cera vernice.

Doctor Johnson and Goldsmith. First olio, after with copaiva with colour, but without white. The head of Goldsmith with cop. and with white.

Mrs. Horton.—Con copaiva senza giallo: giallo quando era finito de pingere, con lacca, e giallo quasi solo, e poi glaze with ultramarine.

June 22*nd*, 1770.—Sono stabilito in maniera di dipingere. Primo e secundo o con olio o copivi, gli colori solo nero, ultram. et biacca (? bianca). Secondo medesimo. Ultimo con giallo okero e lacca e nero e ultramarine e senza biacca (? bianca) ritoccato con poca biacca (? bianca) e gli altri colori. My own given to Mrs. Burke—(fine proceeding.—B. R. H.)

(This it seems was "his most approved method"—no yellow till the last colouring.—W. Beechey.)

Olio—primo biacca (bianca) e nero.

2nd.—Biacca (bianca) e lacca—terzo lacca e giallo e nero senza biacca (bianca) in copivi or copaiva.

(These are all glazing colours.—Beechey.)

Beechey's note, 1832.

"*Offe.*"—Theophila Palmer, his niece, sister of the Marchioness of Thomond, who was (so?) called by Sir Joshua and Dr. Johnson. She is now Mrs. Gwatkin.

"*Sono stabilito*, &c. &c."

His vehicle was oil or balsam of copaiva. His colours were only black, ultramarine, and white, so that he finished his picture entirely in black and white, all but glazing—no red or yellow till the last, which was used in glazing, and that was mixed with Venice turp. and wax as a varnish. Take off that, and his pictures return to black and white. (Excellent.—B. R. H.)

May, 1770.—*My own picture.* Canvas imprimed; cera finito con vernicio.

June 12*th*, 1770.—*Paese** senza rosso, con giallo nero e turchino e biacca. Cera.

* (Note.—This is a landscape of his in possession of Sir

George Phillips, which appears to be painted without red. I suppose from Richmond Hill, a landscape without red, with yellow, black, blue, and white lead. — Beechey.) (Turchino is Prussian blue. I remember Sir George Phillips buying the landscape in the last great sale of Sir Joshua's works, at Christie's, where he also bought the Piping Boy for 430 guineas — I pulling his coat to go on, at which Lady Phillips was very angry, because she thought it too much.—B. R. H.)

The Nicean Nymph with Bacchus. — Principiato con cera sola, finito con cera e copaiva, per causa it cracked. Do. *St. John.* (Of course.—B. R. H.)

" *Offe*" fatto (fatta) interamente con copaiva e cera. La testa sopra un fondo preparato con olio e biacca.

Lady Melbourne.—Do. sopra una **Tela di fondo.* (Note. — Balsam of copaiva and wax upon an oil ground; it must crack, and peel off in time.—Beechey, 1832.) (Of course.—B. R. H. 1840.)

(**Tela di fondo.* — Prepared cloth to paint on, or a raw cloth?—B.) (N. B. 'A raw cloth.'—B. R. H.)

Hicky Verni: carmine, azurro, Venice turp. e cera; stabilito in maniera di servirsi di Jews pitch. Lake, verm. carmine azurro e nero (*Vernice, Ven. turp. e cera.**)

(*Note.—'Varnish, Venice turp. and wax,' a comical varnish. —Beechey.)

My own, April 27, 1772.—First acqua and gomma dragon.* verm. (vermilion), lake, black, without yellow, varnished with egg after Venice turpentine.

(Heavens—murder! murder! It must have cracked under the brush.—B. R. H.)

(* Note. I rather think gum tragacanth, for that is a gum which mixes well with water, and makes a mucilage. That and powdered mastic dry hard.

This wax was thus prepared:—pure white wax scraped into very thin slices, and covered with spirit of turpentine, cold. In twelve hours it becomes a paste. With this and sugar of lead he mixed Venice turpentine or copaiva, or any balsam. His egg varnish *alone* would in a short time tear any picture to pieces painted with such materials as he made use of.—Beechey.) (Indisputably true.—B. R. H.)

29*th April,* 1776.—*Mrs. Basset.*

	Asphaltum and verm. solo, glazed and retouched.	Crossed out by Reynolds.
May 3rd.	Naples cinnabar, red lead, Cologne earth and black.	

June, 1776.—Blue, light red, verm., white, perhaps black.

Duke of Dorset.—Finito con cera solamente, poi vernicata con cera e turp. Venetia.

Hope (for New College, Oxon).—Cera solamente.

October, 1788.—La meglia maniera con cera mesticato (*a*) con turp. de Venetia. (*Justitia* *) ma di panni, cera sol.

Strawberry Girl.—Cera sol.

Doctor Barnard.—1st. Black and white.
2nd. Verm. and white dry.
3rd. Varnished and retouched.

October, 1772.—*Miss Kirk.*—Gum Dr. (gum tragacanth?) and whiting: poi cerata, poi ovata, poi verniciata e ritoccata. *Cracks.*"

(Beechey says, "This manner is the MOST ex[illegible] It is insanity. He had at his elbow a mocking [illegible] and whiting! then *waxed*, then *egged*, then *varnished*, and then *retouched!*

In November, 1844, Mrs. Gwatkin sent me u[illegible] Sir Joshua's book as a document to refute Sir [illegible] assertion that no such book existed, and on th[illegible] very part.—B. R. H.)

August 15th, 1774.—White, blue, asphaltu[illegible] nero. *Miss Foley, Sir R. Fletcher, Mr. Hare.*

August 26th.—White, asphaltum, verm., mi[illegible] principalmente giallo di Napoli, ni nero, ni turch[illegible] *con sorella.* Glaze con asphaltum and lake.

Sir M. Fletcher.—Biacca, nero, ultrama[illegible] principalmente minio†, senza giallo l'ultima volta; [illegible] and painted all over.

(† Red lead won't stand. It becomes green.—Beechey.)

Dr. Hare.—Except glazed with varnish e giallo di Napoli, finito quasi con asphaltum, minio, verm.; poi in poco di ultramarine qua e la, senza giallo.

Mr. Whiteford.—Asphal. verm., minio, principalmente, senza giallo.

* One of his Christian Virtues at New College, Oxon.—ED.

Blackguard (?) *Mercury and Cupid.*—Black and verm., afterwards glazed.

Sir John Pringle.—Verm. minio, giallo di Napoli e nero.

Mrs. Joddrel.—Head oil, cerata, varnisht with ovo poi varn con wolf, panni cera senza olio, verniciato con ovo poi con wolf.

Prima.—Umbra e biacca, poco de olio.

Secundo. — Umbra, verm. e biacca, thick, occasionally thinned with turpentine.

Nero, cinnabro, minio, e azzuro, thick. *My own Florence* * upon a raw cloth, cera solamente.

(* Perhaps his own head in Florence Gallery.—B. R. H.)

The children of Mrs. Sheridan.—Poi cerata.

Mrs. Sheridan.—The face in olio, poi cerata; panni in olio, poi con cera senza olio, poi olio e cera.

(O Reynolds—Reynolds! The drapery first with oil, then wax without oil, then oil and wax.

Beechey says the colours in this picture leave the canvas in [illegible] pt the head, which is perfect.)

Mrs. Montague.—Olio e cera, asphaltum, nero e cinnabro.

Lady Dysart.—Primo olio, poi cera solamente pour il viso.

My own picture marked F behind.

Finished con vernicio de Berming. (copal varnish from Birmingham) senza olio.

Lord Althorp. — Minio e nero sol.; poi giallo e verm. senza biacca, olio.

Mrs. Montague.—Olio, poi cerata; ritoccato con biacca.

Samuel — Flesh glazed with gamb. (gamboge) and verm. Drap[illegible]b. and lake. Sky retouched with orpim.

[illegible]ers except verm.—B. R. H.)

Appiano Perino del Vaga.—Saint Joseph dipinto con verm. e [illegible]to (glazed) con gambog. e lacca e asphaltum, poco de [illegible]nella barba; panni turchino e lacca.

My own picture sent to Plympton. — Cera poi vernissata senza olio. Colori, Cologne earth, verm., and white, and blue, on a common colourman's cloth, *first varnished over with copal varnish.*

My own, painted at the same time on a raw cloth, do.

(Beechey has written, "Good heavens!")

(Wilkie in 1809 saw this picture at Plympton. It was in perfect preservation. The corporation have since sold it. It was offered to the National Gallery, and ignorantly refused. Who has it now I know not.—B. R. H.)

Miss Molesworth. — Drapery painted with oil colour first, after, cera alone.

Miss Ridge. Do.

Lady Granby. Do.

Præsepe.—(Nativity or birth of Christ.—Beechey.) (Burnt at Belvoir Castle.)

A raw cloth senza olio; Venice turp. and cera.

(Sir George Beaumont wrote me he saw it the summer before it was burnt, and it was perfect.—B. R. H.)

Hope, August, 1779.—My own copy. First oil, then Venice turp. e cera; verm., white and black, poi varnisht with Venice e cera; light red and black, varnisht.

1781.—*Dido,* oil.

Manner. Colours to be used.—Indian red, light red, do. blue and black, finisht with varnish without oil, poi ritocc. con giallo.

(Bought by Lord Farnborough for George IV. at the great sale — 900 guineas — perfect preservation. — B. R. H.)

(Finis of extracts from Reynolds,
which I, B. R. Haydon, have copied faithfully, correctly, and without addition or alteration.
So help me God,
this day, April 1st, 1840.)

Beechey's Notes on Reynolds' Practice.

First and second time of painting in oil or copaiva; the colours only black and white and ultramarine; lastly, with yellow oker, lake, black, and blue without white lead, but retouched with a little white. This it seems was his most approved method.

No yellow till the last colouring.

3rd. These were all glazing colours.

"*Offe*" * painted entirely with balsam of copaiva and wax upon an oil ground. It must crack and peel off in time.

Lady M—— on the same kind of ground, and I imagine treated in the same kind of way.

* The portrait of his niece Theophila.

Miss Molesworth. — Drapery painted with oil colour first, after, cera alone.

Miss Ridge. Do.

Lady Granby. Do.

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Lady M——on the same kind of ground, and I imagine treated in the same kind of way.

* The portrait of his niece Theophila.

On Hickey's Varnish.

I am settled in my manner of using asphaltum. His (Hickey's) varnish, — Venice turpentine and wax, — a comical varnish. It must be removed the first time of cleaning, and the glazing with it. Venice turp. only. It was, I suppose thinned with spirit of turp.

I once painted a picture on wood primed with wax, which cracked all over before it was finished.

The oil softens the ground in drying, so the ground becomes softer every day, whilst the surface gets harder. It must crack.

Sir Joshua (Beechey adds) never studied chemistry much.

(Not much chemistry was wanted here.)

I dissolved mastic in alcohol, then mixed it with sugar of lead water, and strained it through a linen cloth, then mixed it in clear drying oil. It dried dead and hard, very like Rembrandt; by adding more oil it became a butter without stickiness.

One drop of copaiva made it better.

Frankincense and elame are the best gums for mixtures of every kind, and will not deceive you like resin, *who* is a deceitful fellow, and cannot be depended on.

They both dry without a skin.

Neither Rembrandt or Cuyp can be imitated with our common materials. (This is prejudice. — B. R. H.)

There is no Venice turpentine in this country. They make a substitute with common white resin dissolved in spirit of turpentine.

I have now got some real Venice turpentine, and have made many mixtures with it. It is what Wilson always used, but how he made his vehicle he would never say. When it dries, it does not dry with a skin, but dries from the bottom, *all through*.

I shall mention some of the best.

Dissolve sugar of lead in as much alcohol as will just cover it, over a gentle fire, or place your bottle near the fire, and it will soon melt and become a perfect fluid. While it is hot pour some of it on a small quantity of the Venice turpentine, and mix them well together with a knife, and then thin it with oil or spirit as you want it.

The same solution of lead with mastic varnish, and thinned with a single drop of balsam of copaiva and oil, is beautiful.

To make a drying Oil.

1 lb. of glum. Heat it in a shovel till white; powder it, with 1 lb. of sugar of lead well powdered. Add a gallon of oil, linseed. Stir them together three or four times a-day for a week; pour for use into a jar, large mouth. Covered with cloth, and expose it to sun.

(Better boil the materials together. B. R. H.)

Most excellent.

Very fat linseed oil thinned with great deal of turp.,
Mixt with paste, and sal. sat.,
Made thinner with raw linseed. Then add mastic varnish.
It makes a more manageable vehicle then any I ever used.
(This is excellent, and true.

The first coat must be hard before another is put on, or it cracks; the atmosphere hardening the last coat, and the under coat struggling for light and air splits the covering.—B. R. H.)

Wilson told me his varnish was white of egg, which he lamented he had ever made use of; nothing could be worse for a fresh-painted picture.

The background of Sir Joshua's pictures, the furniture and accompaniments, &c., were often painted by Northcote or Marchi in oil, and do not crack or peel off; but Sir Joshua's vehicle being composed of wax and varnish (generally copal from Birmingham) dried very hard, and whenever he had occasion to pass over their work, which he frequently did before it dried hard, it is always found to crack more than those parts which he painted himself, *i. e.* which he painted entirely from beginning. But his canvas was generally primed in oil: however his colours might adhere to it at first, as soon as they became hard and dry they cracked and left the canvas.

Serres Varnish.

Put in an earthen pipkin glazed on inside sixteen ounces of rectified spirits of wine; one ounce of picked gum mastich in its natural state; four drachms (?) of gum sandarach, and half an ounce of gum elame.

When these gums are dissolved and incorporated, add to them two ounces of genuine Venice turpentine.

The gum elame gives a consistence to the varnish, and prevents it from chilling.

(Beechey adds, that this is a literal receipt from Mr. Serres, but I suppose it is made by a slow heat like other wine varnishes, and should be often shook up.—B. R. H.)

Query whether any spirit of wine varnish is a safe one for oil pictures, as it may dissolve the colours in using.

Sacc. sat dissolved in alcohol

Cera diss. in turpentine

And Venice turpentine dissolved in alcohol, mixed cold.

Ditto, in drying oil instead of turpentine. Both excellent.

Venice turpentine creeps in drying—so do all resins with too much oil.

Paste thinned with drying oil, or linseed oil mixed with Ashburner's varnish and turps dries hard and dead, and works well.

Paste is common brown turpentine soap sliced very thin in a jug or any other open vessel, covered with water, and placed either in a cool oven, or near a fire till it is perfectly dissolved, making a tender jelly when cold. March 30th, 1830.

Dissolve sugar of lead in warm water, very strong; add this to the soap cold, stir them well together, then add spirit of turpentine, and separate the paste by squeezing it together with a knife, and adding more turpentine.

Dissolve saccharum sat in alcohol over the fire, and let it cool, (quantity immaterial) pour it on linseed oil, about twice the quantity of spirit, stirred well together. Then add mastic varnish, about equal quantities, half the quantity or less with the mixture.

An excellent vehicle, dries well, the best I ever had, to be kept under water.

Used to pour oil on it while hot; it appeared to do well.

Mastic, sacc. sat and spirit of wine dries hard.

Excellent vehicles and dryer.

Discovered by me by an accident.—W. B. March, 1832.

Dissolve sugar of lead in spirits of wine, as much as will cover it. When dissolved mix it with linseed oil. Then add mastic v. If wanted more coagulated, add mastic varnish.

Ohio turpentine dissolved in alcohol; then add sacc. ground in oil and turpentine—no oil—mixed with oil it makes a tender, melting kind of vehicle and dries solid. June 24th, 1832.

Experiment on the back of an old canvas rubbed out portrait. Gum sandrac, ground with sacc. sat in spirits of wine, turpentine, and then mixed with a little oil.

It mixes with mastic varnish or resin, ground with sugar of lead in oil.

This resembles the Venetian more than anything I ever tried. It dries solid, and not sticky.

The frankincense is the best of all resins. You may always depend on it. It is beautiful; first dissolved in alcohol, &c. It mixes with oil and turpentine like the pulp of a grape.

(This is the climax.—B. R. H.)

Lime newly burnt, slaked with warm water till it becomes as thick as dough. Then take the curds of milk of the same quantity as the dough of lime, and mix them together. This makes a vehicle in which you may mix oil.

Green colour. Whiting put in a pipkin over a fire, and oil of blue vitriol poured on it till it is absorbed. Then grind it in oil."

(Finis of Beechey's notes.—B. R. H.)

Having thus gone through the experiments of Reynolds, and the notes of my dear, old, goodhearted friend Beechey, I conclude with my astonishment at the childishness of many of them.

Reynolds was always pursuing a surface—was willing to get *at once* what the old masters did with the simplest materials, and left time and drying to *enamel*. That enamelled look, the result of thorough drying hard, and time, must not be attempted at once. It can only be done, as Reynolds did it, by artificial mixtures, which the old masters never thought of. And, therefore, the great part of Reynolds's works are split to pieces from their inconsistent unions.

To wax a head, then egg a head, then paint in oil on these two contracting substances, then varnish it, then wax, oil, then paint again all and each still half dry beneath, could end only in ruin, however exquisite at the time.

Whilst West's detestable surface has stood from the simplicity of his vehicle, half of Sir Joshua's heads are gone, though what remain are so exquisite, one is willing to sacrifice them for the works we see.

Reynolds said once, "Northcote, you don't clean my brushes well." "How can I?" said Northcote, "they are so sticky and gummy."

This is confirmed by these receipts. They must have been so.

A gentleman told Wilkie he sat to Sir Joshua. Sir Joshua dabbled in a quantity of stuff, laid the picture on its back, shook it about till it settled like a batter pudding, and then painted away.

ADDENDA (Beechey).

Sir Joshua having made use of Ven. turp. and wax as a varnish accounts, in a great measure, for the pale and raw appearance of his pictures after cleaning.

Rubbed ever so lightly with spirits of turpentine the glazing colours must inevitably be removed.

Venetian turpentine and wax must in time also become opaque, and if it dries hard (which I doubt) it must crack and turn yellow, if not leave the canvas altogether.

A most extraordinary a practice for so sensible a man. Every one could have told him carmine would not stand in oil, or his varnish be permanent.

Those pictures which he painted on unprimed wood, or unprimed cloth, remain fixed, because his first colouring is partly absorbed, but painted on a ground prepared in oil, the wax and varnish separate as soon as it becomes dry and hard, having nothing for these materials to adhere to, and the paste used in lining cannot penetrate through the oil priming, so as to come in contact with the painting in order to secure it. The picture cleaners take off what Sir Joshua thought the most precious part of his colouring, *i. e.* what he finished with, which produced what he called "a deep-toned brightness." The practice was good, but the means deplorable.

Hoppner used wax and mastic varnish with his oil colours, in a moderate degree, and his pictures stand well.* But Sir Joshua loaded his pictures with that mixture *without oil*, and seemed delighted to dabble in it without considering the consequences. It is, however, a most *delicious vehicle* to use, and gives the power of doing such things and producing such effects as cannot be approached by anything else, *while the pictures are fresh*, but time seems to have envied his fame, and to delight in the destruction of his most beautiful works.

Rembrandt followed the same mode of practice, but em-

* They do not stand. To wit, Lord Hastings (Moira) and another at Windsor.—B. R. H.

ployed other materials — materials which were permanent. Rembrandt only painted his lights with a full body of colour, his shadows were always smooth and thin, but very soft.

Sir Joshua loaded his shadows as much as his lights. There is a binding quality in white, which always dries hard like cement. Dark colours the reverse, and if thickly painted, crack with any vehicle except oil.

Vandyke's vehicle was principally oil mixed with a little varnish. The head of Gevartius seems to have been painted with it only, and that is bright enough for anything.

I think Rembrandt seduced Sir Joshua, for he seems to have used something of the consistence of butter, which is a most bewitching vehicle certainly.

He also produced his extraordinary effects by glazing, which the picture restorer easily removes, and which, in many instances, has been removed, and the possessor thought his picture the better for it.

Sir Joshua, in his notes, has remarked, he saw one picture by Vandyke which had not suffered by cleaning, in Flanders.

My Lord Cowper has a family picture which is perfect. The finest I ever saw.

APPENDIX II.

The following documents throw a light on the amount of Haydon's professional income at various periods.

Extract from Balance-Sheet filed in Insolvency in the Year 1830.

		£	s.	d.
1810.	Received premium voted by the British Gallery for the picture of Dentatus -	105	0	0
1814.	Sold Judgment of Solomon for - -	735	0	0
	Received premium for same from British Gallery - - - -	105	0	0
	Sold picture of Romeo and Juliet for -	52	10	0
	Received for sketch of the Entry into Jerusalem - - - -	30	0	0
1815.	Received by anticipation of Mr. Phillips for picture of Christ's Agony in the Garden - - - -	300	0	0
	Received for picture of Macbeth - -	50	0	0
1816.	Do. do. do. - -	60	0	0
	From friends - - - -	350	0	0
	Premium with pupil, Mr. Robertson -	210	0	0
1820.	Receipts for Entry into Jerusalem, 1800			
	Expenses - - - 664			
	——	1136	0	0
	Received premium with pupil, Mr. Prentice - - - - -	181	13	0
	Received from friends - - -	200	0	0
	Received for Entry into Jerusalem 956 8 6			
	Expenses of same - - 521 6 8			
	——	435	1	10
	Received premium with Mr. Major, a pupil -	210	0	0
	Ditto Mr. Jones - -	210	0	0

		£	s.	d.
1823.	Receipts from Lazarus - - 651 10 6			
	Expenses of same - - 210 2 0			
		441	8	6
	Received from friends - - -	50	0	0
	By cash received for Portrait - -	50	0	0
	Do. Silenus - -	150	0	0
	Do. Portraits - -	614	0	0
1825.	Do. Pharaoh - -	525	0	0
1826 and to July 1827.	Do. Alexander - -	525	0	0
1827. July to May.	Subscriptions for Eucles - -	338	17	0
1830.	Exhibition of Mock Election - -	321	11	6
	A commission - - - -	100	0	0
	Three portraits - - - -	78	0	0
	Purchase of Mock Election by his Majesty	525	0	0
	Sketch - - - - -	8	14	0
July 1828 to July 1829.	Remainder of subscription to Eucles -	191	3	0
	Exhibition of Pharaoh - - -	61	7	0
	Do. Chairing Members -	168	8	0
	Sale of studies for Mock Election	60	0	0
	Do. Chairing - -	300	0	0
July 1829 to Jan. 1830.	Do. of sketches - - -	62	0	0
	Two small pictures - - -	50	0	0
	Do. of sketch - - -	25	0	0
	The Eucles Exhibition up to 29th May -	109	0	0
	Subscriptions to Punch received -	73	0	0
19th Jan., 23rd Feb.	Received of Mr. Kearsey for a small painting - - - -	30	0	0
	Received of Mr. Strutt for sketch -	10	0	0
	Parties unknown -	10	0	0
Feb., March, April, and May.	For exhibition of Punch and Eucles at Western Exchange - - -	114	0	0
	Subscription for the purchase of Punch -	94	0	0
	Subscription of Mr. Clark - -	20	0	0
	„ Parties Unknown -	20	0	0
	„ Mr. Bowden (loan) -	30	0	0
	„ Mr. Carlon to take up bill - - -	28	10	6
	„ Mr. Wilkie (loan) -	12	0	0

	£	s.	d.
Since my marriage I have been in the receipt of 52*l.* 10*s.* per annum, the interest of 1000*l.* settled upon her by the will of her first husband, Mr. Hyman, of Plymouth. He became bankrupt, and his assignees paid the 1000*l.* to Mr. Boyer, a solicitor, then of Devonport, for the trustees of my wife, and the money is lost by their permitting him to retain it until his insolvency - - -	420	0	0
	£10,746	4	6

Causes of Insolvency.

Heavy rent; want of adequate employment; law expenses, and a large family.

Extract from Balance-Sheet filed on Insolvency in 1836.

		£	s.	d.
1831.	Received from profits of profession in this year - - - - -	637	10	0
1832.	„ the like „ -	798	6	3
1833.	„ the like „ -	631	10	0
1834.	„ the like „ -	675	16	0
1835.	„ the like „ -	927	0	0
1836.	„ the like, including subscriptions at various times to the picture of Xenophon - - - -	947	0	0
		£4,617	2	3

Insolvency attributed to heavy law costs, to the loss sustained by the exhibition of Earl Grey's picture, and to having been attacked by Fraser's Magazine.

APPENDIX III.

Account by Sir Joshua Reynolds of his Resignation of the Presidency of the Royal Academy.

(The following was among the extracts copied for Haydon from Sir Joshua's original memoranda, in the possession of Mrs. Gwatkin. There are other papers among Haydon's MSS. which have formed part of the same collection, but they are so fragmentary that I have been unable to give them a coherent form. The style of this statement rather gives colour to the notion that Sir Joshua had some literary aid in his discourses.—Ed.)

The consequence which every man is to himself, and the imaginary interest he vainly supposes the public take in what concerns him or his private affairs, may reasonably be supposed to be the origin of the various apologies for the life and conduct of very insignificant individuals. However I wish to avoid the ridicule that attends such appeals to the public, yet it has been suggested to me by my friends, that as the public appear to have already interested themselves from the daily account in the newspapers, and the statement of the dissensions in the Academy in those papers, and other publications not very advantageous to the President, it is proper that a fair account ought to be laid before the public, that the ridicule that might otherwise attend it was obviated by having presided in a public office, of however comparative inferior rank that office was — it is still such as the world has thought proper to interest themselves about its success or miscarriage. That if you can show that the opposition you met with in the Academy was in the prosecution of your duty, and the insult which you lately received was unprovoked and unmerited, it is a duty you

owe yourself and your character so to do, and at once clear yourself from the clandestine, as well as public insinuations that are now circulating in the world. To do this it is necessary to go back a few years, to get at the original cause of this dissension amongst the Academicians.

Years ago the Academy lost its Professor of Perspective, Mr. Wale. To fill this office no candidate voluntarily appearing, the President personally applied to those Academicians whom he thought qualified, and particularly to Mr. P. Sandby and Mr. Richards, begging them to accept the place, and save the Academy from the disgraceful appearance of there not being a member in it capable of filling this office, or that they were too indolent to undertake its duty. My solicitations were in vain. A Council was then called to deliberate what was to be done. Sir William Chambers proposed that as from the orders in our institution the Professor must be an Academician, he recommended that we should endeavour to find out some person, out of the Academy, properly qualified, and elect him an Academician expressly for that purpose, and I remember his adding that it was the custom so to do in the French Academy. This method of proceeding was adopted, but no person so qualified occurring to the Council, nothing more was done for the present. At a succeeding Council I proposed Mr. Bonomi. Mr. Edwards, an Associate, was likewise proposed.

It was then hinted with great propriety by our late Secretary, Mr. Newton, that he apprehended we should think it necessary that the candidates should produce specimens of their abilities. We all acquiesced in this opinion. I acquainted Mr. Bonomi what the Council required, and Mr. Edwards's friend gave the same information to him. The President soon after received a letter from Mr. Edwards, in which he proposes himself as a candidate, but that if specimens are required, he is past being a boy and shall produce none. Mr. Bonomi sent his specimen to the Exhibition, which was a perspective drawing of his own invention of Lord Lansdowne's library. At the following general meeting for the election of an Associate, the President reminded the Academy that the Professorship of Perspective was still vacant, and that Mr. Bonomi was on the list of candidates to be an Associate, with a view particularly to fill that office; that as they had seen his specimen at the Exhibition, they were to judge whether or not he was qualified for

the place he solicited, he carefully avoiding to utter a single word in his commendation. When the President sat down Mr. T. Sandby, the Professor of Architecture, without being called upon by the President or any one else, rose and said he did not know Mr. Bonomi, having never seen him in his life, but judging from the drawing at the Exhibition, he thought him eminently qualified to be Professor of Perspective to the Academy.

Notwithstanding this high authority in his favour Mr. Bonomi was not elected an Academician. At a succeeding election of Associates Mr. Bonomi wished to decline being any longer a candidate. I pressed him to continue his name on the list, that I would speak more fully upon the business at the next election than I had hitherto done, and that if I failed I never would ask him again. Accordingly, at the next election following, the President, after mentioning that Mr. Bonomi was again a candidate, complained of the little attention that had been hitherto paid to filling the chair of Professor of Perspective. That it was full as disagreeable to him to drop counsel in unwilling ears, as it was irksome to them to hear it. That nothing but a sense of duty could make him persevere as he had done for these five years past at every election, continually recommending them to fill this place, that it would continue to be his duty at every future election, and begged them to relieve him from this disagreable task, and for once to set aside their friends, or even candidates of the greatest merit in other respects, and give their vote to the general interest and honour of the Academy: in short, to make the Academy itself whole and complete before they thought of its ornaments. That it could not be questioned that it was as much his duty as President and general superintendent to preserve and keep the Academy in repair, as it would be the duty of Sir William Chambers when a pillar of the Academy was decayed, to supply the deficiency with a new one. Sir William, he acknowledged, had one great advantage; by his *fiat* the business was done at once, whereas the President had been five years ineffectually recommending the Academy to do what was certainly as much their duty to support, as it was the duty of the President to propose. He concluded this part of his discourse by exhorting them to save an infant Academy from the disgraceful appearance of expiring with the decrepitude of neglected old age. It is necessary here to mention that the President having been in-

formed that there was a party in the Academy who had resolved that Mr. Edwards, who was already an Associate, should be the Professor, whether he did or did not produce a specimen, and that they were resolved to unite in their votes in favour of any one of the candidates, to prevent Bonomi from standing upon the same ground with Mr. Edwards; for this end they fixed their eyes on Mr. Gilpin, an artist of acknowledged merit and certainly deserving their suffrages, but it may be suspected that it was not to his merit at present but to a faction (in which he most certainly had no concern) he was indebted to an equal number of votes with Mr. Bonomi. It became then a very irksome task for the President to be obliged to give the casting vote against him, whom he would be glad to have favoured upon any other occasion.

The President therefore took this opportunity of expatiating on the propriety and even the necessity of the candidates, whoever they were, producing specimens of their abilities, and when those were before them that they would give their vote in favour of the most able artist, uninfluenced by friendship, country, or any other motive, but merit; that the honour of the Academy depended upon the reputation of its members for genius and abilities, and reprobated the idea, which had been adopted, as he had been informed, by many Academicians, that great abilities or being able to produce splendid drawings were not necessary. Such sentiments, he said, might be excused if we were electing a person to teach perspective in one of those boarding-schools about London, which are dignified with the name of Academies, but to be able to do well enough was not the character of a Professor to a Royal Academy, which required its ornaments and decorations as well as what was merely necessary; that the highly ornamented ceiling of the room in which we were then assembled sufficiently shows that Sir William Chambers thought, (and he thought justly,) that something more than merely what was necessary was required to a Royal Academy.

Having now finished my relation of the causes that induced me to take this step, I cannot conclude without obviating a suspicion that I think will naturally arise in every reader's mind, that something is still concealed, and that an implicit confidence ought not to be granted to him, who tells his own story.

I shall only state what I have heard myself openly given or informed by letters as reasons against Bonomi: if there are

other causes, let the person whom the party have chosen for their leader and spokesman stand forth and convince the world that his insulting the President in his chair was reasonable and proper, and no more than what his conduct deserved, as appears from the great support that motion received.

The whole appearance was new to me. Instead of the members as usual straggling about the room, they were already seated in perfect order and with the most profound silence. I went directly to the chair, and looking round for the candidates' drawings, I at last spied those of Mr. Bonomi thrust in the darkest corner at the farthest end of the room. I then desired the Secretary to place them on the side table, where they might be seen. He at first appeared not to hear me: I repeated my request; he then rose, and in a sluggish manner walked to the other end of the room (passing the drawings), rung the bell, and then stood with his folded arms, in the middle of the room. Observing this extraordinary conduct of the Secretary, I took one of the drawings in my hand, and ——— took the other and placed them on the tables; the Secretary, who has thought proper to join the party, which in reality may be called in regard to him rebellion, not deigning to touch them; he only said he had rung the bell for the servant, which servant it is curious to remark (as it shows the rude spirit and gross manner of this Cabal) was to mount that long flight of steps in order to move two drawings from one side of the room to the other.

The drawings were now placed where they could be seen, though no Academician but Mr. P. Sandby deigned to rise from the seat to look at them.

The President having resumed his seat opened the business of their meeting — that it was to choose an Academician in the room of Mr. Meyers; that he should not now take up their time by repeating what he had so often recommended, that they would put aside every candidate and turn their eyes on him who was qualified and willing to accept of the office of Professor of Perspective, which had been vacant so many years to the great disgrace of the Academy; that as Mr. Bonomi's rival, by not sending to the Academy a specimen of his abilities, appeared to have declined the contest, he hoped, — hoped he confessed rather than expected, — that the votes for the honour of the Academy would be unanimous on this occasion; that they would consider the question before them

as ay, or no, is the author of those drawings which are on the table qualified or not qualified for the office he solicits.

As soon as the President sat down, an Academician who is and has been long considered as the spokesman of the party, demanded who ordered those drawings to be sent to the Academy. President answered, it was by his order. He asked a second time in a more peremptory tone. The President said, "I did." "I move that they be sent over or turned out of the room. Does any one second this motion?" Mr. Barry rose with great indignation. "No," says he, "nobody can be found so lost to shame as to dare to second so infamous a motion—drawings that would do honour to the greatest Academy that ever existed in the world!" Mr. Banks with great quietness seconded the motion. On the show of hands a great majority appeared for their expulsion. The President then rose to explain to them the propriety of Mr. Bonomi's drawings being there to oppose with Mr. Edwards's, which were expected and ordered by the Council, but he was interrupted from various quarters, that the business was over: they would hear no explanation; that it was irregular, (Mr. Copley said,) to talk upon business that was past and determined. The President acquiesced, and they proceeded in the election, when Mr. Fuseli, a very ingenious artist, but no candidate for the Professor's chair, was elected an Academician by a majority of twenty-two against eight.

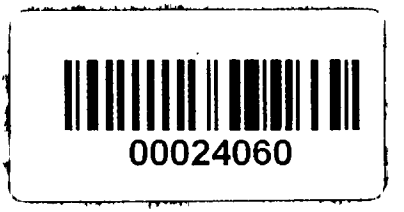
The next morning the President resigned by letter to the Secretary both his Presidency and his seat as Academician.

(Copied for me by Joshua Reynolds Gwatkin, by leave of Mrs. Gwatkin, Sir Joshua's niece, aged eighty-nine, at Plymouth, October 8. 1845, from Sir Joshua's original manuscript.

B. R. HAYDON.)

THE END.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.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